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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1980 $2.50

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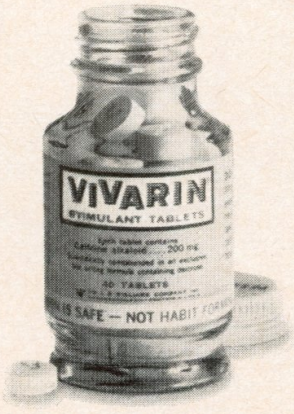

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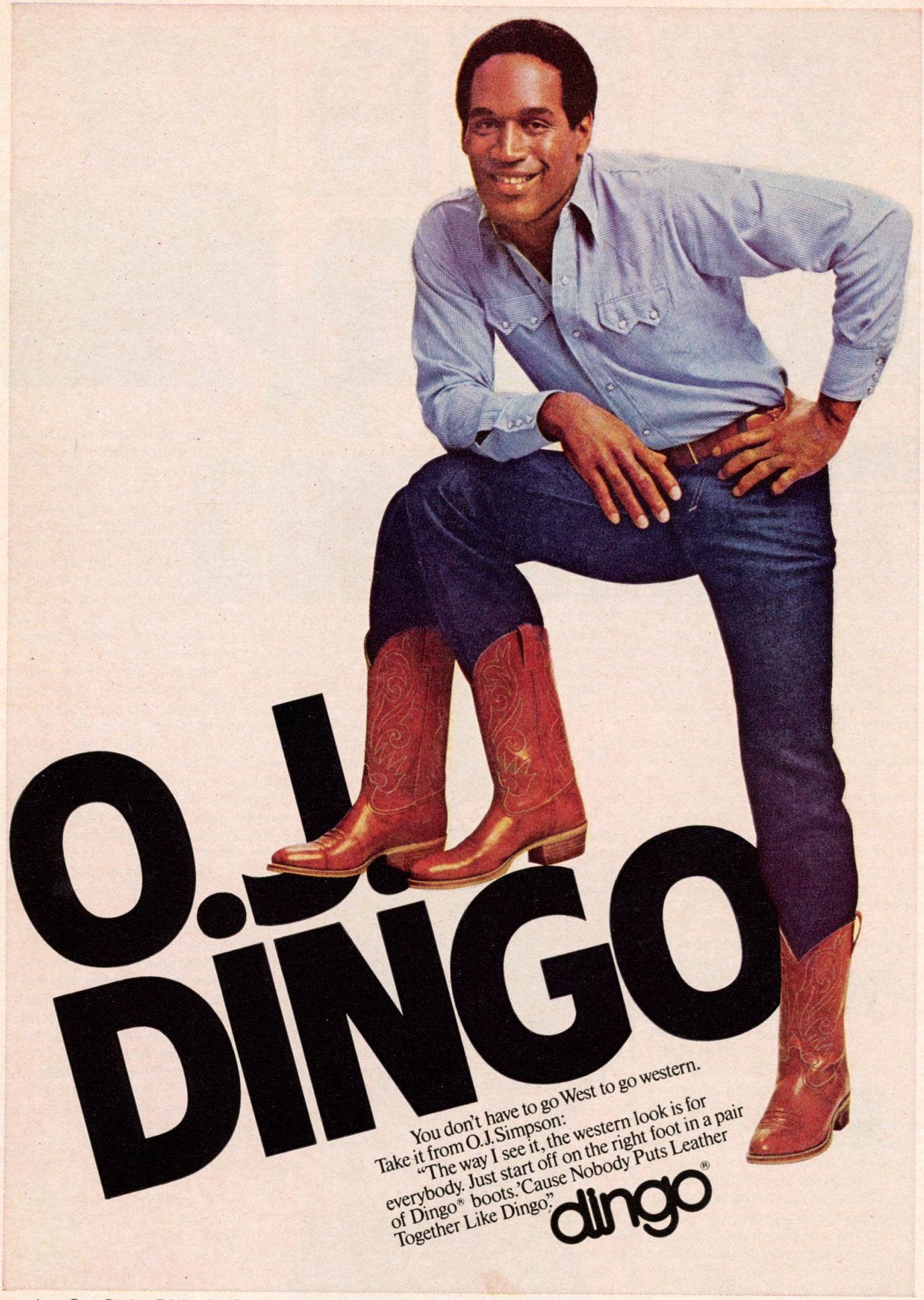

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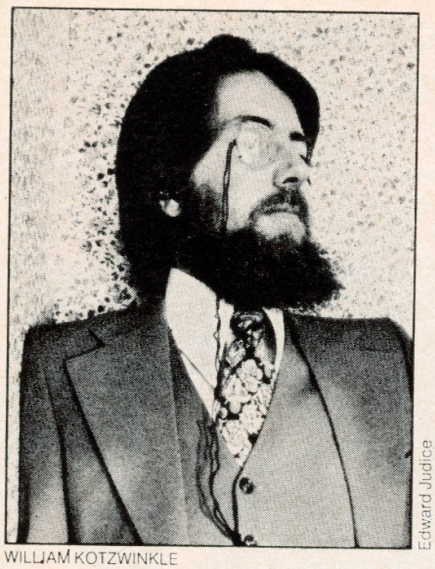

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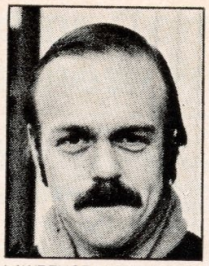

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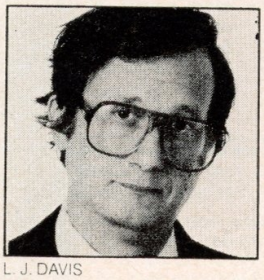

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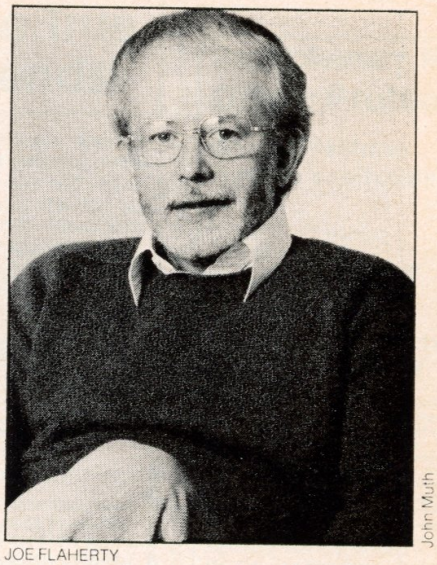

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HOUSECALL

Marilyn Monroe epitomized every man's dream of sexual rapture, a sex goddess elevated to a legend, one of the few immortal American myths. Yet, like so many of our popular idols, she was far more human and fallible than the carefully airbrushed image projected on the screen and in the media. In this issue (page 68) *Penthouse* is publishing an astonishing series of pictures from a 16mm stag film, recently unearthed by a Swedish photographer, that appears to depict the legendary face and body of a younger, plumper, less glamorous and as yet undiscovered Marilyn Monroe. They provide a wholly unexpected but enlightening new chapter in the mysterious, fascinating life of the unabashedly sensuous woman who is no less a dream for becoming, finally, more real.

Readers of *Penthouse* have long been aware of the enormous influence that David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, has had over national and international affairs. Many of the disasters of Jimmy Carter's presidency, most recently the hostage seizure in Iran, are linked in one way or another to Rockefeller–a situation that is not especially surprising when one realizes that Carter was handpicked by Rockefeller to be president of the United States. Naturally, reporting so extensively on the effects of David Rockefeller's power made us curious about the man himself. How did he manage to become America's real chief of state? What profits has he derived from his relationship with the other powerful members of his family? How good a banker is he? These are just a few of the questions we asked **L. J. Davis** to pursue in his investigative profile of David Rockefeller. Davis, a veteran journalist who has also published four novels, had previously written, for *Harper's*, the definitive report on another banker very close to Jimmy Carter–the onetime budget director Bert Lance. But Davis was to find out that Rockefeller is in an entirely different league from the hustling Georgia banker. The first part of Davis's article, "David Rockefeller: An American Disaster" (page 60), describes the Rockefeller family's ascent to banking supremacy: "The family needed a bank...the old man's fortune was too huge ...A way had to be found to hide it. The obvious answer was a bank of one's own." By 1955 the Rockefellers owned one of the largest banks in the United States. By 1965 David Rockefeller and his associates had given us, among other things, the Bay of Pigs, the Vietnam War, and they had set the stage for the disastrous "go-go" economy that ultimately would be responsible for the collapse of the world monetary system. The second part of "David Rockefeller: An American Disaster" will bring his story up to the present time. It will appear in a future issue.

In their own way, many people have been busy building America–people whose work and whose dreams have helped define our nation and made it great. Five of these people describe their lives in "The American Dream" (page 78), an excerpt from **Studs Terkel**'s new book, *American Dreams: Lost and Found*, which will be published soon by Pantheon. Terkel, an award-winning writer whose previous books include *Working* and *Hard Times*, interviews citizens with seemingly little in common: Jill Robinson, who grew up as a Hollywood princess and became a best-selling author; Dora Rosenzweig, who was born in a Russian ghetto in 1885; former U.S. Sen. James Abourezk; labor activist Jessie de la Cruz; and Detroit mayor Coleman Young. Yet their words eloquently reveal what makes the American Dream and the American experience unique.

Our fiction this month also documents a traditional part of Americana: prom night. In an excerpt from his forthcoming novel, *Jack-in-the-Box* (page 132), which will be published by G. P. Putnam's, **William Kotzwinkle** takes us into the world of *Grease* and *American Graffiti* with the tale of Twiller and Gina and their unforgettable evening that begins at Masonic Hall and ends in Twilier's "red-hot Buick convertible, converted out of the junkyard for fifty bucks, top permanently down."

College football is another great American tradition, and *Penthouse* traditionally celebrates the arrival of the football season by predicting the "Twenty Worst College Teams" (page 82). For the third time intrepid author **Lawrence Linderman** draws on his exhaustive research to produce what will certainly be our most controversial article of the year.

Two of Hollywood's most popular actors–two men who couldn't be more unlike–are featured in **Joe Flaherty**'s profile of Chuck Norris (page 86) and in our interview with Marty Feldman (page 120). Norris, a 40-year-old handsome, white, blond karate fighter, is the astonishing successor to the dead Oriental cult hero Bruce Lee. What Flaherty found even more astonishing is the fact that Norris's doctrine of discipline and inner confidence has won him a huge following among minority ghetto kids. Norris himself is not at all surprised: "They know I care. I let them know I came out of a background of poverty. But if you know what you want and apply discipline, which is what I stress in my karate teaching, you can climb the heights."

Marty Feldman, the movie's newest comic hero, has climbed the heights from working as an assistant to an Indian fakir in an English carnival to starring in such comedy epics as *Young Frankenstein*, *Silent Movie*, and *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother*. While engaged in directing his new film, he took time out to talk to **Richard Kleiner**.

As usual, there are more tricks and treats in this Halloween issue than we can mention, but you certainly won't want to miss the second part of **Bill Lee**'s epic investigative report on China (page 114), and of course we have a special October festival of beauty to help you rise to the fall season properly.

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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Cheerleader scores

I think this story might interest those readers who are especially turned on by collegiate cheerleaders. It is a true story and probably is not unique as far as our school goes.

I am a male "rah-rah" at a Big Eight school, where the female cheerleaders are pretty and shapely (although many of them have their noses so far in the clouds that they breathe ozone). We were all pretty excited about the first "road trip" of the season, since there are three-day weekends full of partying nonstop.

Since the drive to the games is a Friday afternoon affair, there were seven of us who wanted to begin the trip with a little pre-party. We met at the frat from which we were scheduled to leave (and from which the beer flows 24 hours a day) and started slamming brew and smoking some of the pot that had been purchased for the trip. By the time we were ready to leave, none of us was able or in the mood to drive, so we left it up to the five "nonpartyers" to get us to our destination as we continued with our "pregame" activities a day early.

The entire afternoon, evening, and early morning consisted of more of the same. Of course, not everyone partied as much as the seven of us. There were those "sorority sweethearts" who spent the weekend in their hotel rooms, ordering room service, watching television, and admiring themselves in the mirror. But we never saw the rooms until 3:00 A.M., when we returned from the bars to find one room to continue partying in. Rich, Larry, Billy, and myself were surprised that Jenny, Diane, and Robin could keep up with us all night, but that only made things more enjoyable.

I wasn't sleeping long when Robin woke me to ask if we could double the blankets and share them since she was getting cold. I accepted her invitation with open arms but thought little of it. Robin is a picturesque woman whose body is as perfect as the gymnastic stunts that I had taught her during our summer practices. But the fact that she wore an engagement rock big enough to slice a New York City phone book in half had me debating any ideas I was getting.

However, it wasn't long before I knew that this woman was very wanton. Her hands were roaming my chest, so I threw caution to the winds and returned the favor. I began to caress her warm body when she said, "I'm on the pill, Scott." I couldn't believe it. Here was the most desirable girl on our squad, offering herself to me.

As I removed the tube top that had been staring at me all day, I saw the most beautiful pair of tits that I had feasted my eyes on in a long time. I quickly threw her on her back and devoured the luscious mounds with great anticipation. Then I pulled down her cutoffs and decided that she would have to put up with a little teasing, as she had done to me all summer long at our practice sessions with her bikini tops and short shorts. I started at her ankles and ran my tongue over every inch of her calves and thighs. As I approached her musky love nest, I played with the elastic of her panties and occasionally ran my tongue over the precious mound that awaited me. Each time she would gasp a little more and dig her fingers into my scalp.

It didn't take her long to undress me and have my cock in her hands, but all the stroking she did simply made me want to tease her a little more. We were creating quite a commotion, but neither of us cared enough to stop.

I removed her soaked panties and ran laps around her clitoris with my tongue. In only a matter of seconds I was enjoying the warm flow of her juices as her legs clamped tight around my head. She pulled me up to her and grabbed my blood-engorged rod. Her hands worked wonders, but the mouth that followed was even better. She was obviously a master at giving head, and I didn't want her to stop, so I did my best to concentrate on Willie Stargell's game-winning homer in last year's World Series instead of on how good her warm mouth felt. That is, until she started playing with my already expanded balls. I told her to stop or I'd come, at which point she proceeded to suck faster and harder as she began to finger herself. I closed my eyes and lay back to enjoy the most intense orgasm of my entire life, filling her warm mouth with every drop of semen that I could muster.

She returned to my welcome arms, giggling as she wiped the excess come from her lips with her fingers. Quickly, our hands went back to work on each other. I had just come, but I wasn't going to pass up on a chance to hose this babe, so it wasn't long before I was hard again. As soon as she felt my readiness, she climbed up on top of me and guided my still-wet shaft into her soaked pussy. It slid in instantly, and quickly we were performing the partner stunt that I had

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dreamed of since I'd met Robin last summer.

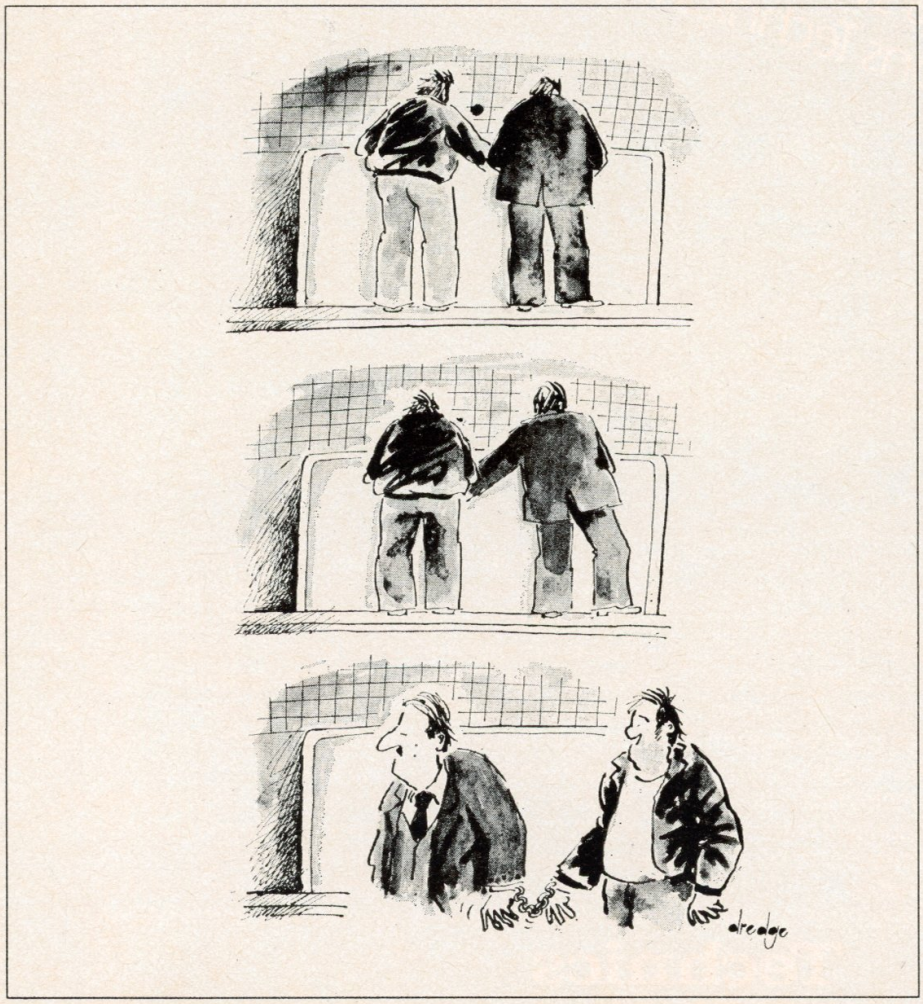
After a few minutes of fast-paced fucking, I ran my fingers from her beautiful chest to her red love button and proceeded to nudge the longest, squirmiest orgasm I had ever seen in a woman. As she came, I again felt her juices flow, this time down my shaft to my already wet balls. She had the most unbelievable muscle control, and I could feel each contraction of her cunt as she bit her lower lip and closed her eyes. She seemed to lose all control of her senses as every muscle in her body would spasm without choice. If I hadn't known better, I'd have guessed this was her first orgasm, but it obviously wasn't.

After the spasms had ended, she moved up to straddle my face. I buried my mouth in her beautiful blonde mound of hair, which she obviously spent much time trimming. Looking up to see her tits bouncing freely and her head thrown back in ecstasy had me so excited I was ready to explode again. I continued to run circles around her clitoris as she grabbed her tits with hands too small to hold even half of them. Suddenly, as her moaning grew, I felt her thighs squeeze my head tightly and I knew I was about to be drenched again. I could feel her warm pussy quiver as her entire body shook with each wave of orgasm. This girl obviously loved sex and for a good reason. Her orgasms were so intense I couldn't believe it.

Quickly she rolled over to the floor and spread her long legs to expose her beautiful cunt and begged me to fuck her again. I teased her by placing the tip of my cock just inside her and pulled it out over and over again as she gasped and jerked, pulling at my ass to get me inside her. I continued this teasing until she grabbed my come-filled shaft with one hand and balls with the other. That was all it took as I spread her long legs high in the air and placed a pillow under her beautiful tanned ass (she must sunbathe nude because her body is completely tan). I then began a fierce fucking session to end all fucking sessions. The sight of her mammoth chest and my glistening rod disappearing in and out of her blonde box was too much for me.

I placed all ten of my fingers on and around the beautiful pussy that I was buried in and played with her lips until I felt the contractions again. As soon as the muscles of her pussy began to pulsate, I felt the first surge of come from my balls to the tip of my cock deep inside her. I knew now that there was no turning back, and I let loose with a rush of come that seemed to last forever. The sight of this blonde bombshell lying on a pillow, spread-eagled, with her blonde hair draped across her chest, her warm, wet pussy extended in air to meet my cock, made my orgasm last forever. I couldn't believe it—here I was in the middle of a hotel room full of my friends, slapping my balls against the one ass I never thought I'd be fucking. I was in heaven.

As the excitement of the past hour subsided, we lay in each other's arms and relaxed, joking about the fact that we had been so loud and rowdy and nobody had woken up or would ever know. That's what we thought, at least, until we woke up to the sounds of everybody else taking showers and whispering about our clothes being strewn all over the floor when they had slept in their partying clothes. Then I heard Diane say, "I guess they had their own party after we all crashed. That wasn't very nice of them not to include us, was it?"—*Name and address withheld*



Coming at 80 mph

This past weekend was so incredible that I had to share the experience with someone. My boyfriend, Michael, took me to his parents' house in the Poconos, where we could be alone. We were looking forward to getting away from school and taking in a relaxing weekend. We brought along an ounce of pot and a gram of cocaine to make it even better.

On the hour-and-a-half drive up there we were partying and getting very wasted. Michael started reaching down my pants and getting me very horny. I helped him get off my pants and slowly pulled down my bikini underwear to show him the present I had for him. I had shaved my pussy for him. His mouth dropped open as he grabbed me and started finger-fucking me with his strong hands. I got so excited that I started pulling his pants down over his bulging dick. He kept on driving and fingering me while I gave him the best blowjob I could. His dick was standing up for me while I was trying to swallow it. I licked and sucked for about 45 minutes.

He pulled my mouth off his tasty dick and asked me if I wanted to fuck! I quickly slung my leg over his lap and sat on his swollen cock. I was trying to rock up and down with the great rhythm Michael has when he fucks me. The juices from my pussy were dripping down my legs. He was having so much pleasure with this fuck that he was driving about 80 mph on this dark, winding road. I didn't care because I was coming so much that all I could do was sing along with Bette Midler, who was playing on the tape. This outrageous fuck lasted for over a half hour and ended with Michael shooting his hot load out of his erect dick.

Needless to say, the rest of the weekend was just as wonderful as the car ride up there. We fucked many more times and had oral sex with coke sprinkled over my cunt and Michael's dick. As Pink Floyd would say, we were definitely "comfortably numb." So all you people who know how to enjoy life, thanks for letting me tell my story, and sex, drugs,

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Physical "education"

I am a 27-year-old married female. Since I am a phys ed teacher, I have kept in good shape, my body is firm, and my 36-inch bust doesn't need a bra.

A few months ago something happened that has brightened up my life considerably. At the close of school one day two senior boys and the girl friend of one of them asked me to fill in for a basketball game of two-on-two. We played for what seemed hours, and the janitor asked me to lock up the gym when we left, as he was through. A little later we quit, and John and his girl left immediately while I went to the coach's quarters to shower and Russ (the other boy) went to the locker room to change. As we parted to separate rooms, I noticed Russ looking at me rather openly. My sweat-soaked T-shirt was clinging to my body, and my nipples were erect from the cool air. I could not help but notice the leap in his pants as his cock responded. I was amused that this 18-year-old boy would be responding to an "old" woman and chuckled to myself as I prepared to shower. Slipping out of my clothes, I stepped into the shower, pulled the curtain, and turned on the hot water. The steam and the drumming of the water on my body was relaxing. I soaped up, and as the water played on my back and stroked my ass, I began soaping my breasts and pussy. Each stroke by my hands seemed to quicken my pulse, and my body seemed to become alive sexually. As I closed my eyes, I fantasized about how my stroking was actually a secret lover. My hands caressed my breasts and nipples, and gently my fingers insinuated themselves into my pussy. My body was now completely immersed in the sensations from the shower and my increasingly feverish ministrations.

Suddenly, a rush of cool air signaled that the curtain had been pulled aside. There stood Russ, naked, with his gigantic penis at full staff. In my shock I was powerless to move as he, with true admiration in his voice, blurted out how beautiful I was. Russ immediately took me in his arms, while my brain, coming out of its confusion, alerted my body to the assault. I pushed feebly against Russ, who, as a well-developed teenager, was a mountain compared to me. As he held me tight and sought my lips, I could feel his cock, because of my well-soaped body, slide easily between my legs. The rubbing of our bodies as I struggled became erotic, with my breasts responding involuntarily. I resisted with all the might my confused mind could order from my body as the two sensations of revulsion and eroticism flooded through me. I could hear myself remonstrating feebly with him to stop. His prick sawed back and forth continually between my pussy lips. His lips alternated between burning kisses to my lips, my neck, my shoulders, my tits. It was, in my mind's eye, a lewd picture of teacher locked in a losing struggle with student. Russ was now fully between my thighs. My legs straddled him as he bent to bring the huge cock to my now burning pussy. I was completely overcome with lust. The only man to know me sexually, my husband, had never stirred me to such heights as this teenager. I was about to be technically raped, but my mind and body were fully acquiescent. Russ lifted me slightly and brought me down, impaling me completely on his eight-inch log. I exploded almost immediately in orgasm and now clung to him and heard myself uttering unintelligible cries of pleasure. He was only a few moments behind my climax as, with his mouth suckling first one tit and then the other and his hands clutching both ass cheeks, he drove his cock to my very depths and poured a fountain of come deep into my cunt.

As the drumming water brought us to our senses, Russ fled from the shower room. I crumpled to the floor and sat with his come trickling from my pussy, marveling at the intensity of the experience. It had been my most violent orgasm ever. He was gone by the time I had dressed. My night was a whirlpool of confusion. What had happened was very wrong, but I could not bring myself to let on to my husband what had happened, and he was too engrossed watching game films to see my confusion. I decided to confront Russ the next day to reassure him I would not make trouble and to lecture him on the deed.

Later the next day I had Russ called to my office. As my colleagues were nearby, I asked Russ to meet me in the equipment room at the close of school—there we would not be disturbed. Russ was frightened. I tried to reassure him, but at first to no avail. He was terribly agitated, and I took him in my arms to comfort him. It was the wrong move. The touch of his body brought back the erotic images and feelings of yesterday. His hand was under my shirt in an instant. My breast cupped easily in his hand and my titties jumped to full erection. I could hear my moans of passion as his other hand caressed my pussy on the outside of my shorts. My crotch, reacting quickly, was soaked with love juice, and I knew I was lost again. I fumbled for his belt and quickly had his pulsating cock in my hands. By now my breasts were bared with my blouse pushed back. I begged, "Please, let me suck that beautiful cock." I was on my knees in a flash and gave him his first blowjob. I had never done it for my husband, but I just had to for Russ. Engulfing that luscious cock as deeply as possible, I fondled his balls with one hand while jacking the shaft with

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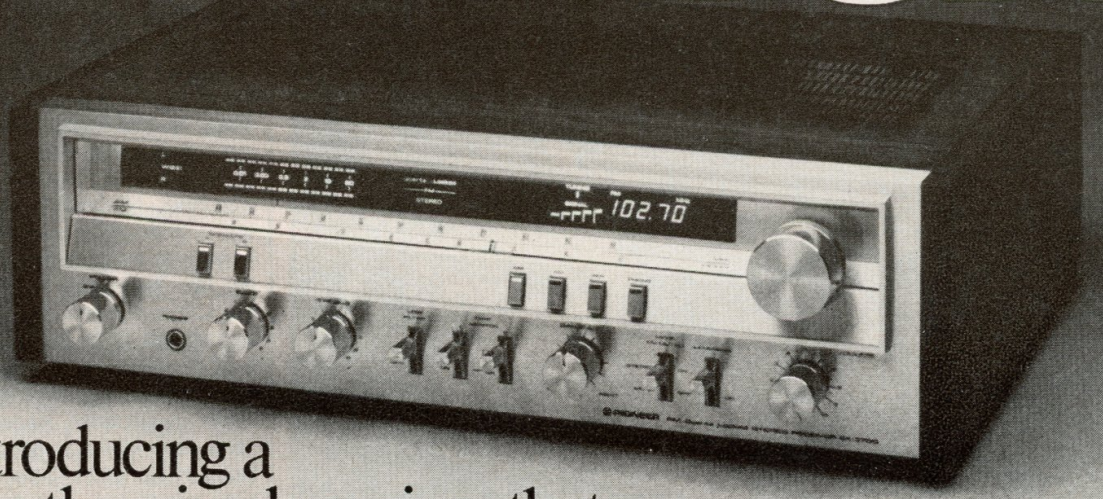

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the other. His muffled cries of delight impelled me on. His hands gripped my hair and pulled me to him, and his climax was tremendous. My mouth overflowed with his come, and I licked the wonderful shaft clean.

It didn't take long to tease his mighty cock to full glory again, and laying him back on the gym mats, I mounted him and pounded us both to another mind-blowing orgasm. Now, all of our after-school basketball games are followed by fabulous sex, and sometimes we don't even play basketball.—*Name and address withheld*

Muppet magic

I would like to share with your readers an experience I had while attending a small college in the Midwest. I usually don't like to discuss my sex life with anyone, but this little escapade was so wild I had to write you a letter.

Last Friday my roommate (whom I will call Mark) and I were planning our partying schedule for the weekend. We decided that we would just smoke some hash, watch the Muppets, and then hit the frats for some beer. We never did get to the frat house, and here's why.

Just after we got an incredibly mellow head buzz from some kick-ass hash, the Muppets came on. We had the volume turned up so we could really get into what those crazy puppets were doing. After about five minutes two rather nice-looking coeds came into our room and asked us if we would mind if they stayed and watched. Naturally, we told them they were more than welcome. Kim, a brunette with long, shapely legs, sat right in my lap. Needless to say, this surprised the shit out of me. Mark got right up and locked the door because he and I both had a pretty good idea of what was in store for us. As soon as Mark sat back down in his seat, Karen, who was also very nice-looking, placed her beautiful body in his arms. Soon Kim started rubbing my thighs, and my eight-inch cock began to grow. She looked down at my crotch, and when she saw how hard I was getting, she whispered in a very sexy voice, "How would you like to finger a shaved pussy?"

I thought my pants were going to split at the seams. I guess the expression on my face told her my answer because she immediately undid my pants and dislodged my member. I couldn't believe the events that were taking place! Kim dropped to her knees and started tonguing my balls, and within seconds she had the length of my manhood in her mouth. She bobbed and sucked till I had one of the most tumultuous orgasms recorded by man. At that I practically ripped her jeans off, and my tongue went right for her bald slit. She started to shiver and soon was moaning, "Fuck me with your tongue. Don't ever stop eating me." I turned toward Mark to ask him if this was really happening, but he had moved onto

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the bed in a 69 position with Karen. He just stared at the ceiling between licks and said, "Wow!"

Kim pulled me back and said, "I'd just love that cock between my legs." We fucked in just about every possible position, and I could hear the bed springs squeaking, so I knew that Mark was doing the same. After about an hour we switched partners. Kim walked over to Mark and said, "Let me introduce you to my cockwringer" and just sat on his face. I couldn't believe the way she was talking! I did love it, however. Karen came over to me and informed me that she had never been fucked up the ass before and asked if I would like to introduce her to the world of anal sex. I gave her no answer. I just walked over to my medicine chest and took out a jar of Vaseline. I then proceeded to grease up my pole and her ass hole and just rammed my nightstick up her raceway. After about 20 minutes of butt-fucking we both collapsed in a restful sleep. After they left, Mark and I just looked at each other and smiled. I wonder who will guest star on the Muppets next week.—*Name and address withheld*

The old rope trick

My boyfriend, Dave, and I always like to try something new and out of the ordinary, and so one night I decided to live out one of my fantasies. We were upstairs in my bedroom at my parents' house, and my parents were gone. So, to set the mood, we took a shower together, and I really worked up a lather on his cock but just enough to get him excited. Then I told Dave to go upstairs to my room, lie down on the bed, and cover his face, and I would be up soon. He gladly followed my instructions. I finally found a couple of pieces of rope and headed upstairs.

When I walked into my room, he was lying on my bed with the wet towel still wrapped around his waist. Without saying a word, I gently spread his fantastic hairy legs apart. I pulled one to the edge of the bed and tied it securely and did the same with the other leg on the other side of the bed. Then I blindfolded him with a scarf. I took off my robe and with the rest of the rope tied his arms down while I let my erect nipples slide over his mouth. I crawled to the foot of the bed and sat down between his legs, which were quivering from excitement, and pulled off the towel that had been covering my favorite part of his body. After licking and teasing the insides of his thighs, I began to give him a blowjob.

When he was about ready to come in my mouth, I pulled my mouth away. I found an old half-empty bottle of wine on the window sill and poured some of it over his belly and on his cock and balls. Then I started licking it off, sucking both balls deep into my mouth and fingering his ass hole at the same time. Pretty soon he was moaning and thrashing around on the bed, so I sat down and let every inch of him slowly glide up my soaking-wet pussy.

For a while I just sat and rubbed my clit through his pubic hair. Then, to our horror, we heard my parents' car pull into the garage. We were both too hot to stop now, so we took our chances on getting caught and had a really wild fuck. After he had finished pouring his hot come inside of me, I got up off his cock and moved up to his face, leaving a trail of juice from his crotch to his chin. Then I lowered the dripping lips of my cunt onto his burning mouth, and he buried his tongue in me, lapping at my ass hole and sucking every drop out of me. After I was too weak to hold myself over his face anymore, I let my tongue erase the trail I had left up his belly.—*J.S. from P.*

The magnificent seven

After two years of marriage, my wife and I opened our marriage to include others in our sex life. We have been swingers now for about six months, but recently we had an experience that could come under your "I Can't Believe It Happened to Us" file.

The group we normally swing with numbers about ten couples, and all are very attractive people. My wife, Chris, says that the ten men are among the most sexy she's ever seen, and I would have to say the same for all the women. Well, on this one very special particular night, we started the normal proceedings by having a few drinks, smoking up a few joints, and watching some porno films. Before we had left our house, Chris had told me that she was particularly horny, and she was looking for all the cock she could get. Little did she realize that she would get just what she wanted.

After one of the films ended, Dave stood up and told all the group that Chris and I were celebrating our anniversary. I don't know how Dave found out, since Chris and I usually celebrate alone. But then he said, "In honor of the occasion, as our gift to the two of you, we have something truly special planned for all."

Mike then said, "As special guest of honor, Chris gets anything she wants tonight. And as your surprise," he said, looking at me, "you get to watch everything." I was more than excited at the prospect, and Chris literally drooled at this terrific idea.

The ground rules were that Chris would remain in the main bedroom and ask for what she wanted, and I was to be tied to a chair in the bedroom, where I could watch everything. There was no limit to the number of people that my wife—who is 23 and has beautiful red hair and a 37-23-34 body—could have on the bed with her. The only one who would not be allowed to touch her at her request was me. Could I stand it?

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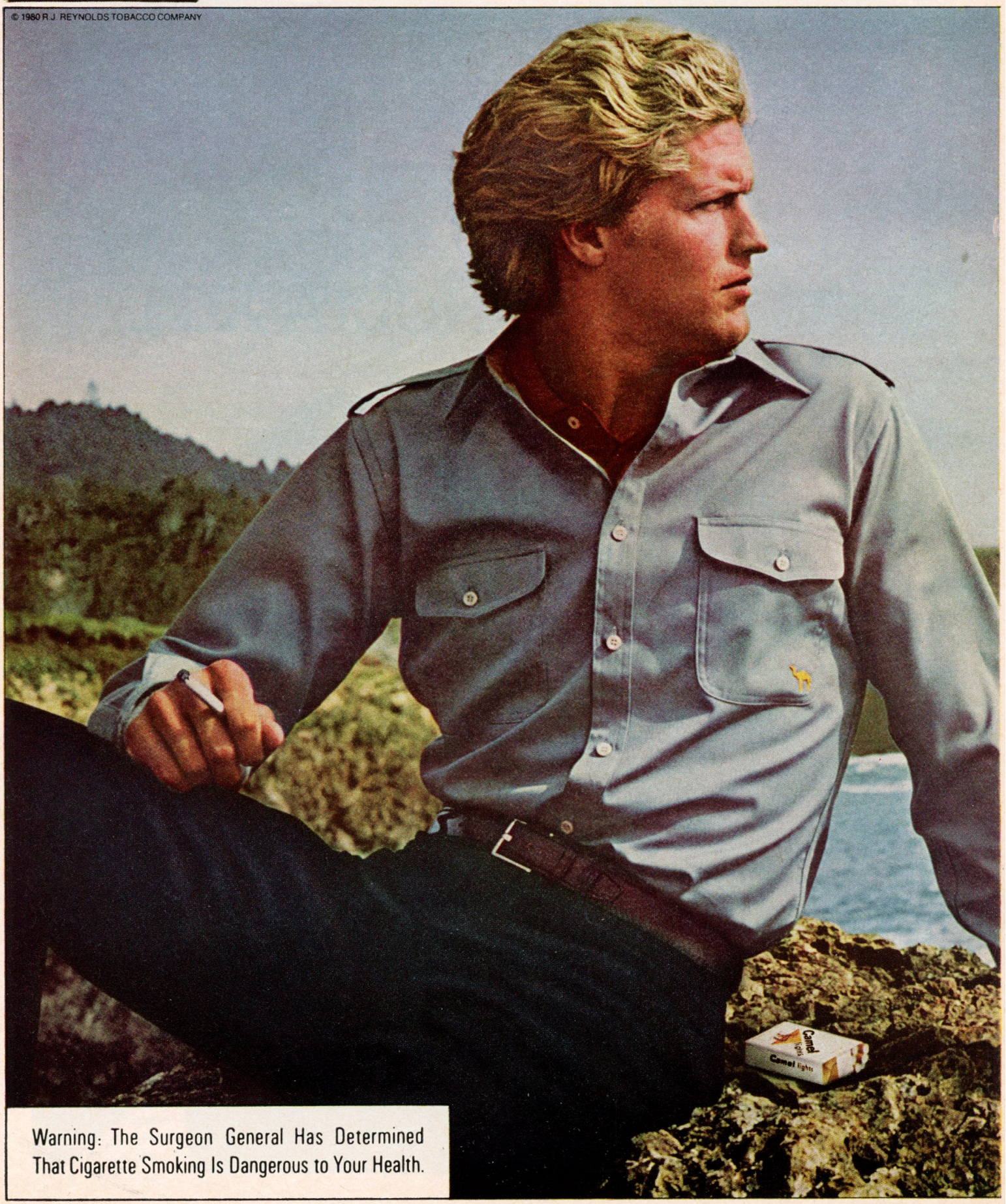

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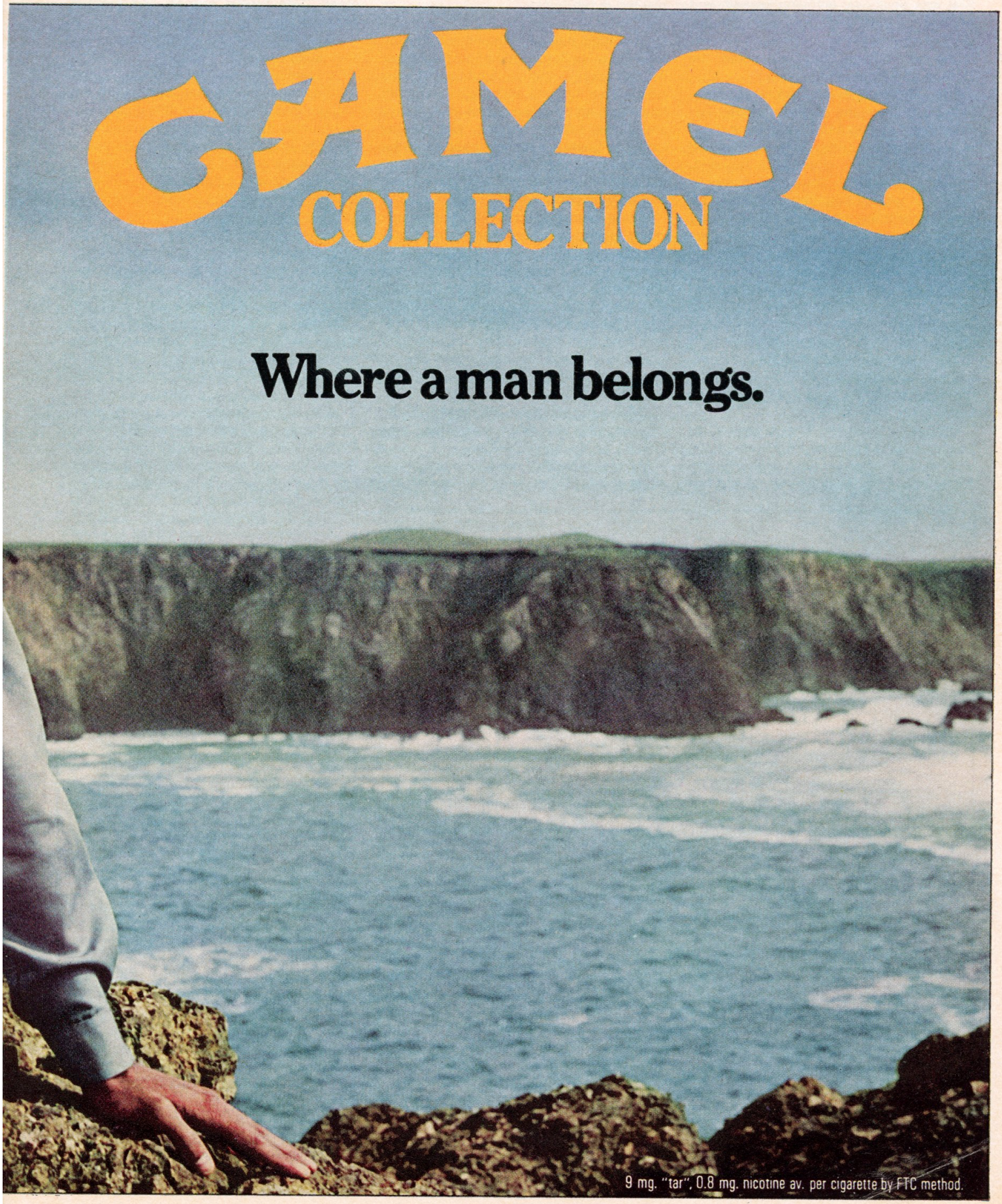
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I was tied into the chair, and Chris and I were left in the bedroom alone. "I'm going to start by teasing you out of your mind," she told me and began rubbing her breasts through her black satin blouse and rubbing her pussy through her bright blue, skintight Spandex pants. She was obviously enjoying herself, and when she looked at me and ran her tongue around her lips, I thought I would come right then. (They had taken my clothes off before tying me up.)

She began a slow, undulating striptease and after she was completely naked began sliding two fingers in and out of her wet pussy. She suddenly stopped and went to the door and hollered, "Mike, you're first." Mike was barely in the room when Chris began literally ripping his clothes off. I wasn't surprised that Christy chose him first, since he has the largest cock in the group. He's got to have at least 11 inches.

After he was naked, Mike decided to try to move my wife to the bed, but Christy stopped him, saying, "No, this is my celebration." Then she dropped right to her knees and started sucking him off. Chris is an expert cocksucker, and Mike came in no time flat, and Chris swallowed every drop.

My wife got off her knees, walked to the door, and hollered for Steve. Steve was naked shortly after entering the room, and Chris begged him to eat her out. Steve gladly obliged, and with a tongue in her cunt, Chris started jerking off Mike to get him hard. After he was hard, she told Steve to move up to her mouth, and she had Mike move down. In no time at all, Chris had Steve's cock in her mouth and Mike's dong firmly planted in her cunt.

I thought I would go out of my mind. Even during earlier swinging sessions, I never saw my foxy wife get so turned on. As she sucked and got fucked, she was rubbing her breasts and playing with her nipples. Shortly, Mike came in her cunt and Steve started coming. My wife let loose of Steve's spurting cock, and the hot liquid sprayed her face. Speaking to the two men, she said, "You guys leave and send in two women."

I was stunned. My wife had never made love to a woman before, and now she was asking for *two* of them. I had a feeling that I was going to enjoy this experience a lot more than I thought. Chris was lying on the bed, masturbating, when Donna and Tina walked in. Donna and Tina both had bodies that wouldn't quit, and as I watched them move toward the bed, I suddenly came with a tremendous shudder.

"My, but your husband seems to be enjoying this so far," said Tina, who looks a lot like Pam Dawber.

My wife looked at me with a very sexy smile and said, "He hasn't seen anything yet. Feast your eyes on this."

At that, Chris reached out and drew Donna toward her. Donna's head was moved down toward my wife's cunt, and I soon heard slurping noises. Tina moved up and began licking Steve's come from Chris's face. After licking Chris's face clean, Tina turned around and planted her cunt squarely on her mouth.

I watched Tina's huge tits bounce as she rode my wife's tongue, and soon Tina came. She moved off my wife and left the room. Donna then moved around and got into a 69 with my wife. I had never been so turned on as I was watching my wife and this beautiful blonde make love to each other. I saw Donna's tongue rimming my wife's pussy lips, and in no time at all I was again approaching orgasm.

After they were both spent, Donna and Chris moved apart, and Chris had Donna leave the room. She then looked at me and asked if I remembered the porno movie we had watched earlier. I said that I did, and she said, "Remember the part where the woman had five men at one time?"

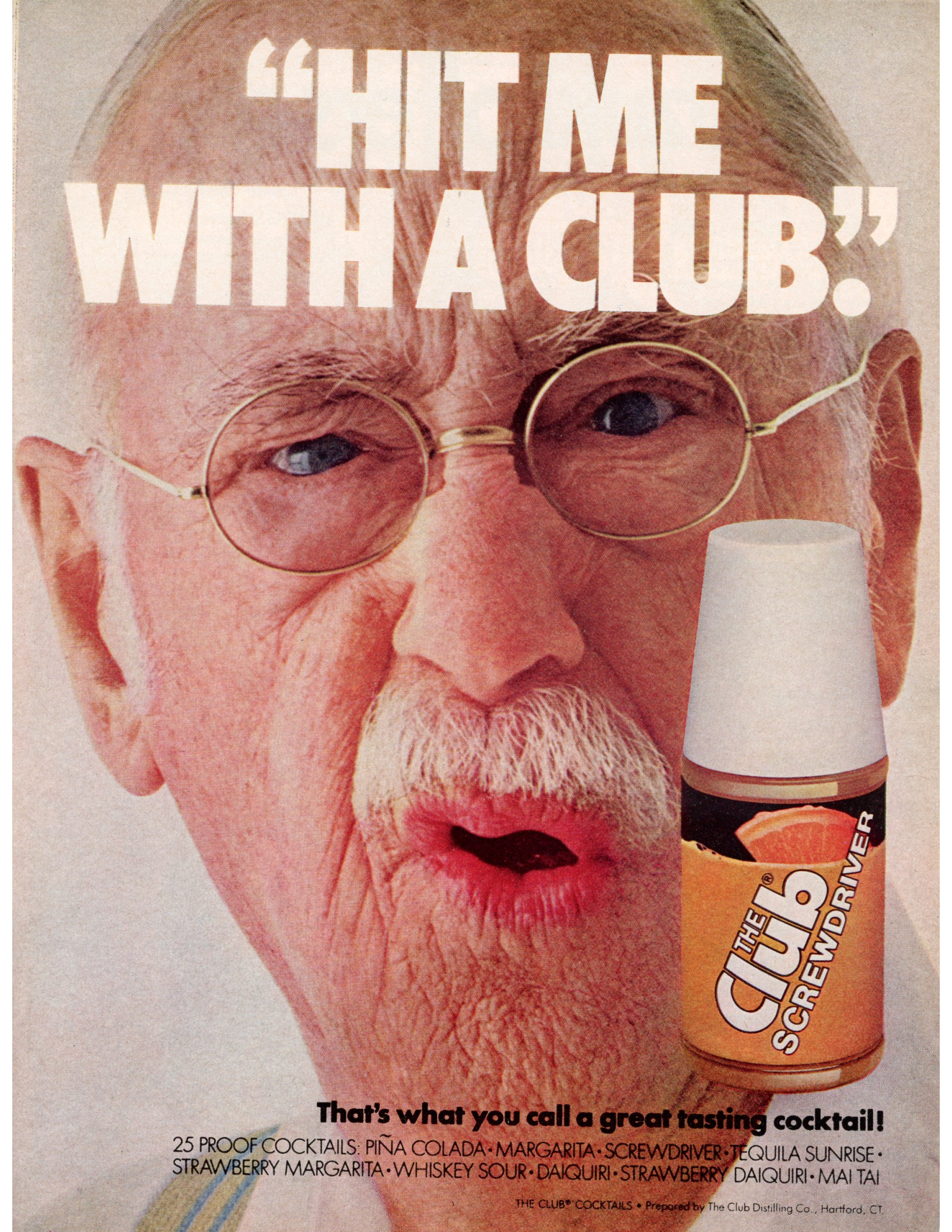
My cock strained even more as I recalled that outrageous scene. Chris got a sexy look on her face and said, "You're going to see it again." She went to the door and asked for Paul, Lars, Andy, Tim, and Randy. They all marched into the room, and Chris, standing naked right in front of them, said, "I want all of you—at the same time. And I want everyone else to watch, too." With that, the other people in the other room came in and took seats on the floor.

Chris immediately seized control and began giving orders. "I want Paul on his back on the bed because I want his huge cock in my cunt," she said. Paul obeyed, and Chris immediately lowered herself onto his cock. With Paul's tool in her pussy, my wife leaned forward and said, "Tim, put your cock in my ass hole." Tim licked her anus, and Donna put Vaseline on his cock, and Tim soon started slipping his dick up her ass. As Chris moved to get his cock in, she was also riding on Paul's cock.

She was loving every minute of it. She looked at me and asked, "Do you like watching me get fucked, baby? I love getting fucked in front of you. I love good, hard cock in my holes."

At that, I came for the second time. Noticing my spurting tool, Chris said, "Yes, you *do* like watching me get fucked." All the time she was speaking, she was rocking back and forth on the two cocks. She then told Lars to get in front of her and told Randy and Andy to stand on either side of her. She took Lars's cock into her mouth and started sucking for all she was worth and then took hold of the two cocks at her sides and began jerking them off.

The sight was an incredible turn-on. There was my beautiful wife, five feet away from me, with five naked men being



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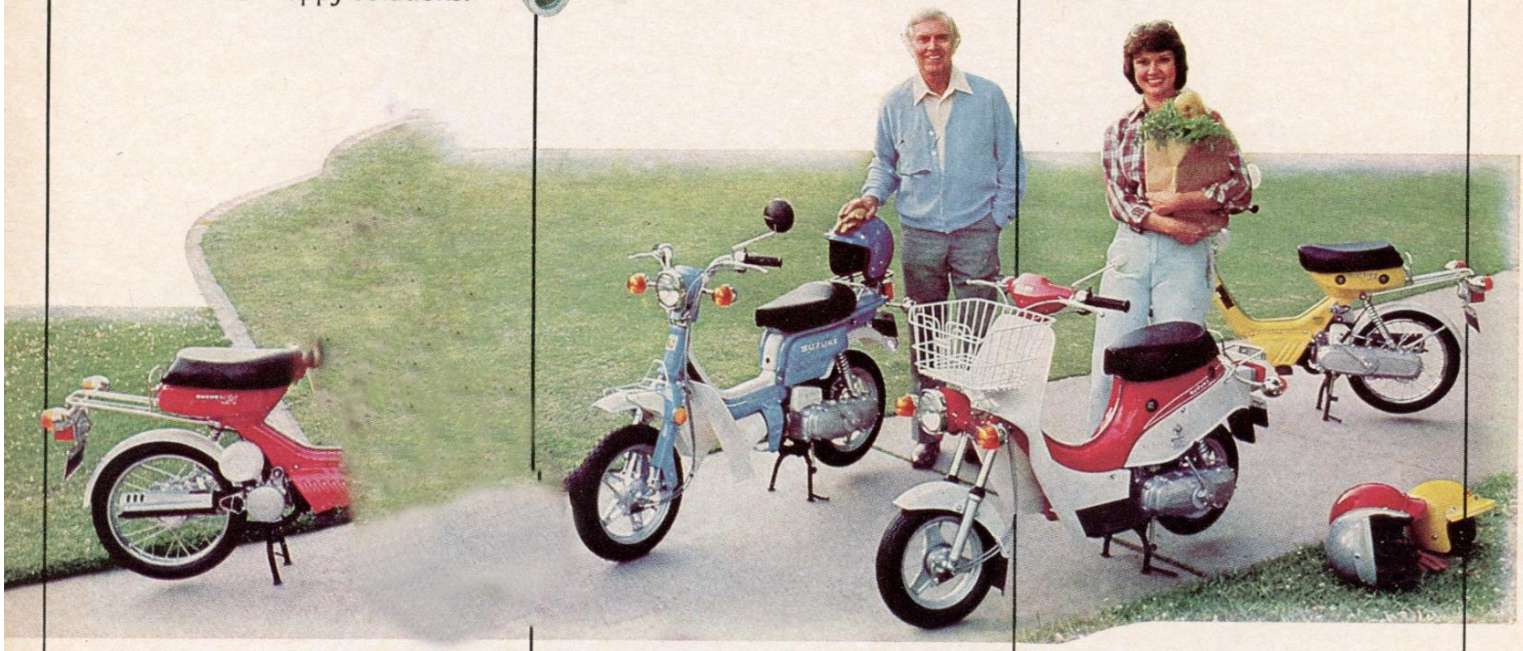

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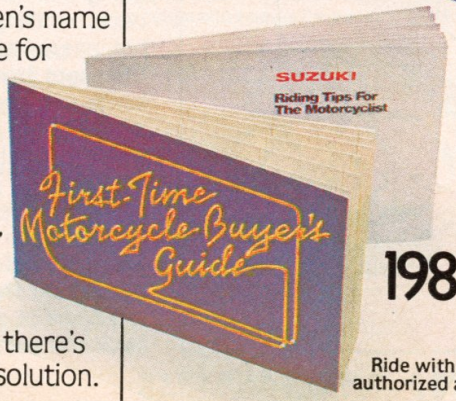

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handled by her. With her excellent handwork, Randy and Andy both came within seconds of each other, covering her cock-filled body with come. Lars came, too, and his cream covered her breasts. At that, two of the women who had not yet taken part in the scene, Shauna and Lisa, moved forward and began licking the come off my wife. Another man, Frank, moved to Chris's mouth for a blowjob, and two others, Hal and Dan, took their cocks and placed them in her hands. The sight was beautiful: Chris being serviced by seven people at once. One in her pussy, one in her ass, one in her mouth, two in her hands, and two women tonguing her breasts.

Soon the guest of honor was spent. As everyone left the room, I saw my wife lying face down on the bed, with come oozing from her ass and cunt and covering almost all her body. She got off the bed, came over to me, and, untying me, said, "Now it's your turn." She began giving me a blowjob like I've never had before. She slowly moved her lips over my cock, teasing with her tongue and teeth. I started fucking her mouth, but she told me to stop. "I am going to make you come again," she said. "I saw you sitting there coming, and that really turned me on. I just wanted more cock, and it really turned me on knowing that you couldn't stop me."

She turned her attention back to my cock, and in between licks and sucks, she kept talking to me. "Just keep thinking of me on the bed with all that meat in me," she said. "I love getting fucked by a lot of cocks. I like sucking cocks." I picked up on the conversation. I said, "Do you like licking pussy?" "Mmm, yes," she purred. "I love sucking pussy and having another woman eat my cunt. Did you like it, baby?" "Yes, I loved watching you fuck and suck," I muttered. The conversation and sucking was bringing me close to coming again. "Come, baby, come for me now," she said and began moving her head quickly up and down on my cock.

I came in spurts, and Chris took every bit in her mouth. She moved up and passionately kissed me, passing some of my own come into my mouth, and I didn't mind the taste at all. Shortly after that, we went home and fucked.

The anniversary special has become sort of a routine with the group now, and next year it's my turn on the bed while Chris watches. And I'm going to make sure my show is as erotic as hers was. And when she sees this letter in print, she'll really know just how much I enjoyed it.—*Name and address withheld*

Shave and a haircut

I'm in the air force and in my early twenties and would like to relate to your readers an experience that happened to me recently. It was extraordinary.

While on a base cleanup detail, I had the pleasure to work with the most beautiful girl on base. At five foot ten, she has short auburn hair, weighs 120 pounds, measures a voluptuous 37-26-36, and has the tightest ass to go along with it. Her boobs are full, firm, and stand right up there.

Throughout the day we just made small talk and became more acquainted as the day went on. As we were finishing up our detail, we made a date for that night to have dinner. After a quiet evening we returned to her apartment for a few drinks. Upon arriving, she made me a Scotch and water and herself a vodka and tonic. She then excused herself to change into something more comfortable. Upon her return into the living room, she had on her high-school cheerleader's outfit. It had a purple, skintight sweater with a big "5" on her left breast. Her not wearing a bra really made my bulge begin to show itself off. Also, she had on a gold short skirt barely covering her ass and crotch, purple knee socks, and white sneakers.

She stood in the doorway, letting me see her full, firm voluptuous figure. After a few minutes she came to where I sat on the couch and lifted her skirt above her waist, exposing the neatest trimmed pussy I'd ever seen in my life. Pushing her pussy into my face, she began to beg me to eat her out. So I began to flick my tongue over her clit, sending shivers up and down her body. While still licking and nibbling her clit, I pushed one and then two fingers up her drenched pussy. She began moaning, "Please eat me . . . Eat my juicy pussy. I want you to make me come, eat me, fuck me! Shove that tongue up my pussy. I want to taste my juices on your tongue and mouth when you're finished. Please don't stop. I'm coming, coming. Don't stop. Let me come long and hard." Which is exactly what I did. After she came, she collapsed on the floor, exhausted.

After regaining her composure, she started kissing me and sending her active tongue deep into my mouth. With her hands she began to play with my fully erect and engorged cock. I reciprocated by playing with her pert nipples, which looked like pencil erasers. She begged me to suck her tits and lightly pinch and bite them, making them fully erect. While doing this, she was licking my ear and neck, nibbling my earlobe and sending hot, passionate shivers through my body. She kept her tongue in motion till she came upon my cock, which she started to lick, from the damp tip all the way down to the base of the shaft, including my aching balls. Finally, after what seemed to be hours of her expert tonguing, I came in big spurts, filling her mouth with so much come it started to dribble out of the corners of her mouth. After the last spurt of come she licked my aching cock and balls clean.

"I'm sorry. Did I hit a nerve?"

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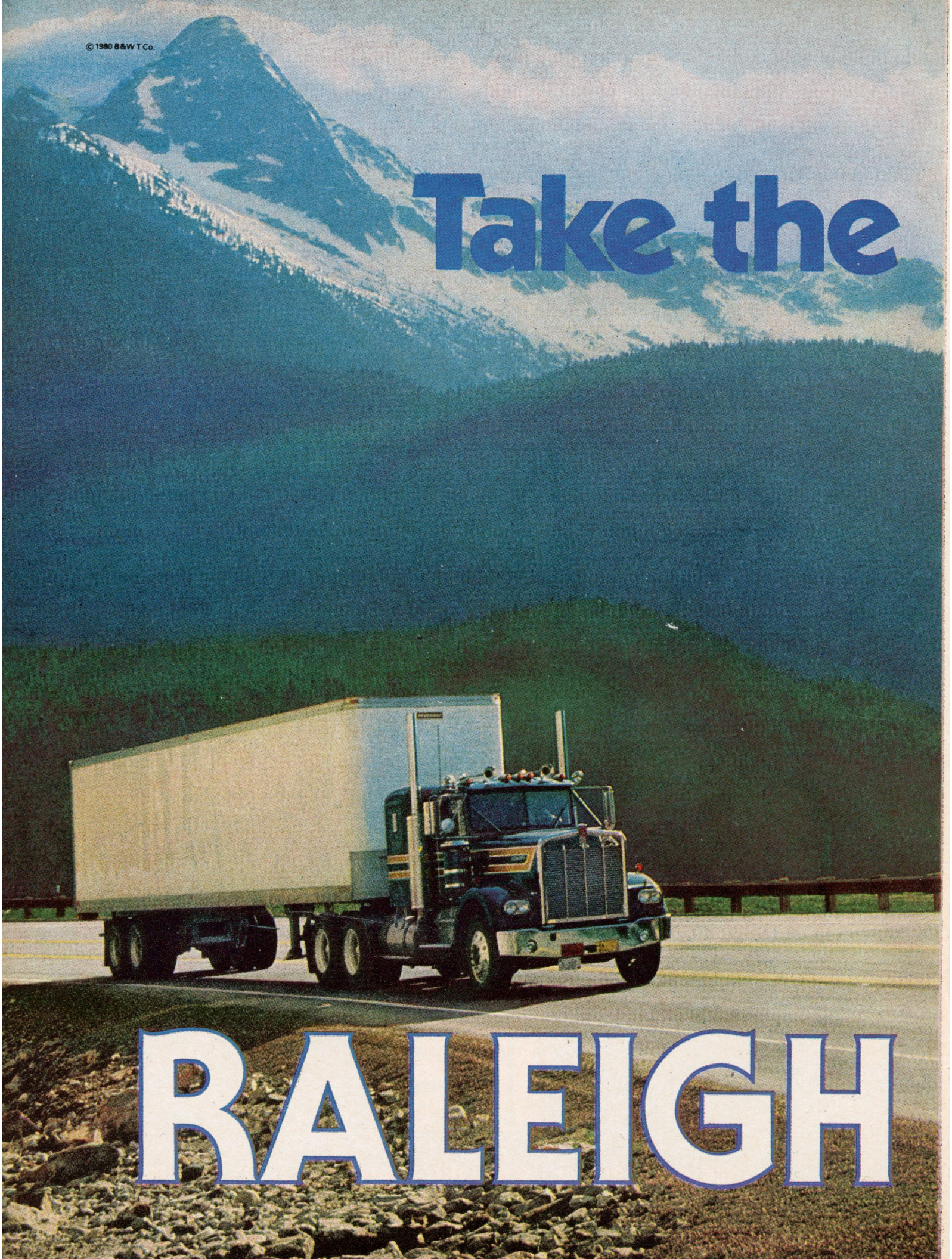

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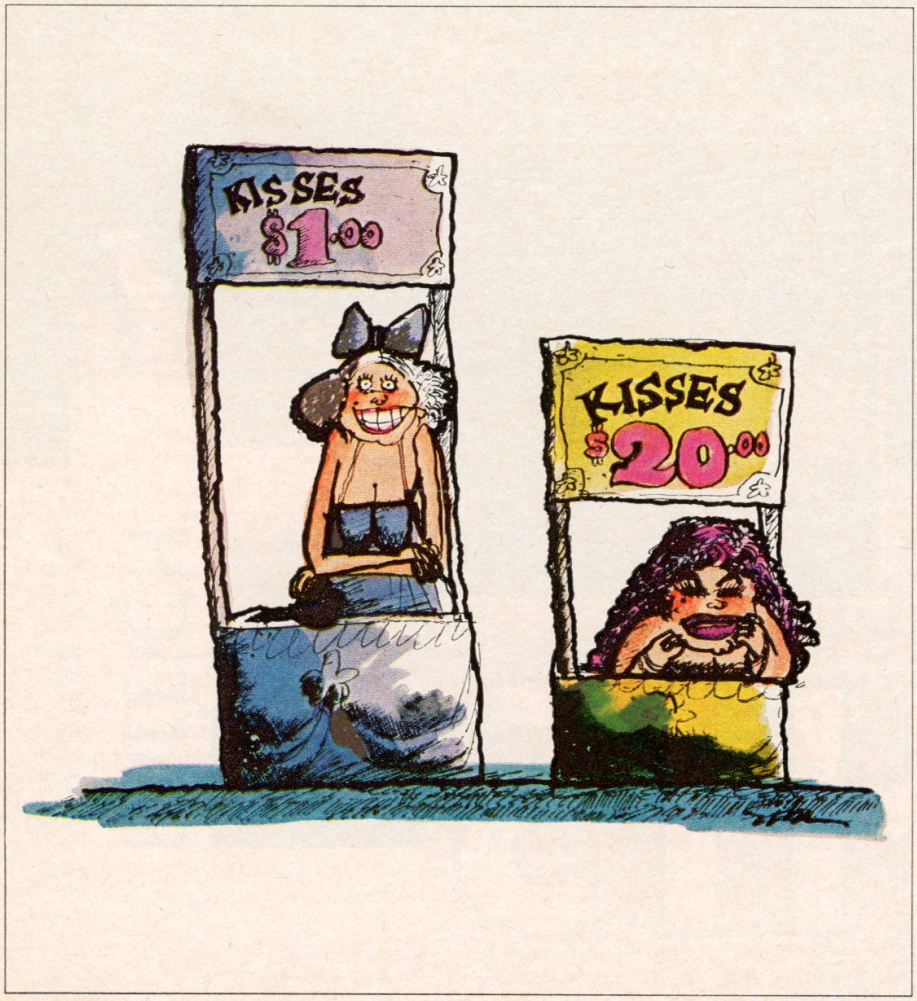
LIGHTS

She then left the room to freshen up and get us another round of drinks. But upon her return, she had in her hands a pair of scissors, a can of shaving cream, one razor, and a bottle of baby oil. She asked if I'd let her shave my cock and balls. I said okay but only if I could then shave her pussy, which she agreed on. She led me to her bed and had me lie on my back with my long legs spread, leaving my prick and balls totally exposed. First, she cut my pubic hair with the scissors short enough to where she could use the razor. She then spread shaving cream all over my pubic region extending to the crack of my ass. As she began with the razor, I became motionless, afraid any movement on my part would hurt poor old "Oscar." After she was through, she spread baby oil on me and jacked me off to an excruciating orgasm.

Now it was my turn to shave her. I had her lie on the bed, legs spread wide with a throw cushion under her ass. I did the same procedure on her as she had on me. But while shaving her vaginal lips, I had to use my other hand to pull her lips taut so I could get a close shave. My playing with her vaginal lips made her become very aroused, which made the task that much harder. Finally, when I was through, I fingered her pussy and anus simultaneously till she came with a mind-shattering orgasm.

After we finished our drinks and took a shower together, we were back in bed, playing with each other. We started rubbing baby oil all over each other's body, making each other more excited by the minute. We turned into the 69 position and sucked and licked each other to where we were ready to come, at which time I rolled her onto her stomach and shoved my long prick up into her juicy pussy. She started moaning how much she was enjoying it. I kept stroking in and out and, using circular motions, brought her to the verge of another orgasm. She kept pleading with me not to stop, to go faster, faster, harder, harder in and out, in and out, which made her have one orgasm after another. She begged me to stop, saying she couldn't take any more. But I kept right on shoving it in and out.

I finally came with one hard and final thrust. Her cunt juices were all over her legs and running down the crack of her ass. I quickly began to lick all of her juices off her, especially since she was clean-shaven. Licking her tight ass hole made me hard again. Realizing this, she rolled over onto her stomach and begged me to fuck her up the ass, which really turned me on. First, I put my cock at her opening, forcing it in inch by inch. She was moaning like crazy, telling me not to stop pushing it in. The whole time she kept backing her ass up into me, wanting more and more, begging me not to pull out. The whole time she was fingering her clit and rubbing her breasts alternately. We both finally came and fell asleep in each other's arms.—*Name and address withheld*



Animal house

I am a student at a law school located in a southern state and am dating a fine and lusty part-time coed. Barbara is small with long, thick black hair, a full yet firm ass that twitches when she walks, full tits with taut, grainy nipples, and a thick black bush that I love to bury my face in.

She is full of fire when making love and likes nothing better, as I do, than to spend a weekend at her apartment, fucking and sucking the days and nights away high on whatever fine weed is in stock. We are well suited sexually, and our passions often rise to tremendous heights as we throw ourselves at each other, trying to give and get as much as we can. But nothing can compare to the raw animal lust that got unleashed a few weeks ago.

Some male friends of mine and I were a few hours away from taking off on a three-day canoe trip after final exams, and I was at her apartment, killing time until they picked me up. She was pissed at being left alone for three days, and I was both amused and irritated by her attitude. I had just polished off a fat doobie of powerful Colombian weed and was feeling randy and half-mean, caused, probably, by the relief that exams were finally over, by the anticipation of three days on the river, and, also, by her prissy-ass attitude.

She was standing at the sink, washing a few dishes, and was dressed in a pair of jogging shorts and a T-shirt, no bra, when I came up behind her and pressed my hard-on against the crack of her ass and reached around to fondle her tits. As I was making my move, she turned quickly and smacked the back of her upper arm powerfully against the side of my head, causing me to jump back, surprised, with a burning ear. "Fuck you, you bastard," she said. "Fuck you, bitch," I said, my anger rising, "I'm going to show you what's what around here." At this point I was still in control.

She was about three months into a karate course, so, as I advanced on her, her reaction was very predictable. She kicked, and I grabbed her leg and swarmed onto her, picking her up and pressing her back to me with one arm through her legs and across her snatch and the other across her shoulder and onto her chest. I carried her kicking, screaming, and cursing into the bedroom and threw her onto the bed on her stomach. I quickly straddled her, sitting, at 160 pounds, in the small of her back. I grabbed a handful of her full, black hair, and pulled her head back roughly. It was about at this point that I started to lose control. It can feel good, losing control.

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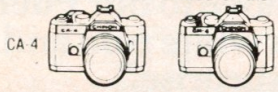

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I had a handful of her hair and was pulling her head back so that her neck was stretched tautly. I caressed her throat and moved the palm of my hand up over her chin and across her lips, nose, eyes, and forehead. "You're outa luck, bitch. I'm gonna waste your sorry ass," I said and let go of her hair. She had detected a change and lay still, breathing quietly. "Don't hurt me," she said. "Fuck you," I said.

There was a full roll of one-half-inch cotton cord on the table beside the bed that she used in her jewelry making, a hobby that she was beginning to have some success with in some of the local stores, and I pulled my pocketknife out of my jeans and cut off two six-foot lengths. She was still lying quietly, but I was beginning to move with a fevered pace as my fury built and slowly eased me back to a base, animal state. I tied one end of each piece of the cord to each of her wrists and flipped her over onto her back, still straddling her as I sat on her stomach. She started trying to kick me and knee me, but I just laughed. Nothing could hurt me. She stopped with a scared yet wild look in her eyes. I tied the other end of each piece, stretching it so that her arms were outstretched, to each of the two top bedposts.

Her breathing was becoming more rapid and shallow, and her nostrils were flared like a fucking animal's. She was scared but wanting what I was about to give her. I leaned down forcefully and sucked her left tit across my teeth and into my mouth as far as I could get it. "Oh, God," she moaned, both in pain and in pleasure as she turned her head to the side. I could feel the heat rising up off her. I let her tit fall back out of my mouth, took a full tongue-lick across her nipple, bit it, and jumped up out of control like a wild animal. I stripped her shorts off her, cut some more rope, pulled her legs back and apart, bending them at the knees, and tied one end of each piece of rope around each knee and the other end of each piece around the same posts that each arm was tied to. She was now spread out, completely vulnerable, with her gaping cunt pointed straight up. I had turned into a fucking animal. I ripped off my clothes and bellied up to her and began running my thick-headed prick over her pussy, parting the juicy and now soaked pussy lips with the swollen, purple head of my dick. I didn't enter her but just mauled her pussy with my cock. The lips of her cunt were swollen, loose, and wide open, with the thinner inner lips ragged and gaping wide. Her pussy hairs were becoming soaked with her own juices as I moved violently about. She had started a low moaning, and I wanted more.

I pulled back, spread the lips of her cunt with the fingers of both hands, and plunged my tongue straight down as far into her pussy as it would go, mashing my face into the soft mushiness of her soaking and swollen cunt and causing my tongue to twist and turn about as if it had a mind of its own. With that her body began bucking against my face, and her low moaning turned into a louder and breathless "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . . ," and the juices poured out of her. It was like drinking from a fucking fountain. I began lashing her cunt with my twisting tongue as I had done with my prick. Her loud moaning had turned into a high-pitched keening that was stopping and starting intermittently as her juices continued to soak both of us. She told me later that when I plunged my tongue into her, it had felt like a charge of electricity had shot through her cunt, causing her to have a huge orgasm that continued as wave after wave of intense pleasure coursed through her body. She was in another world, she said, as my tongue twisted and turned in and around and over her swollen cunt.

I pulled back from her pussy after I don't know how long and saw only the whites of her eyes through her thick, nearly closed eyelashes as if she were in a swoon, her heaving breasts with nipples and areolas swollen to the bursting point, and the dark hairs of her cunt plastered down with her own juices around the wide-open lips of her cunt. I moved like a wild man as I freed her legs and arms and pulled her to a sitting position. "Suck it, bitch," I said, my voice thick with animal lust as I thrust my turgid, purple-headed cock at her lips.

With a moan she grabbed it and literally threw her head forward to take its full length over her tongue and down deep into her throat. I grabbed two handfuls of her hair as she plunged that big-headed bastard deep into her with each thrust. I was going out of my fucking head with lust. She pulled back and slavered her tongue around and over the head and then took it back in all of the way and back out again for a tongue-twisting delight. She could always suck a cock like no other, but never like this, as she moaned and slavered over my throbbing cock until I came in a mind-blowing orgasm, shooting huge wads of come down her throat until it filled her up and came running out of the sides of her stretched and stuffed mouth onto her chin, neck, and breasts.

The come was still rolling down her cheeks and my prick was still throbbing and jumping as she pulled back and moaned, "Fuck me, you bastard, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" I grabbed her and literally threw her onto her belly, pulled her ass up into the air, and rammed my thick, heavy-shouldered cock, still slick from her spit and my come, deep into the sopping gash that pointed back at me. I buried it deep and kept it there, grinding at her flaming box. She was moaning and coming as soon

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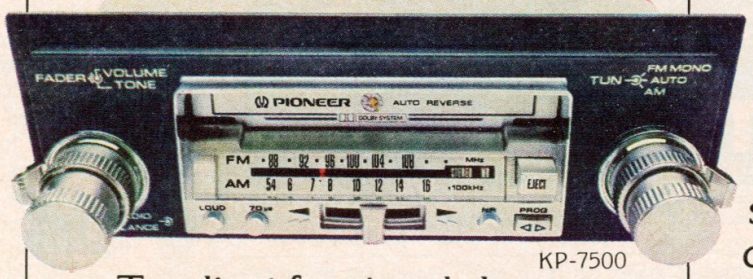

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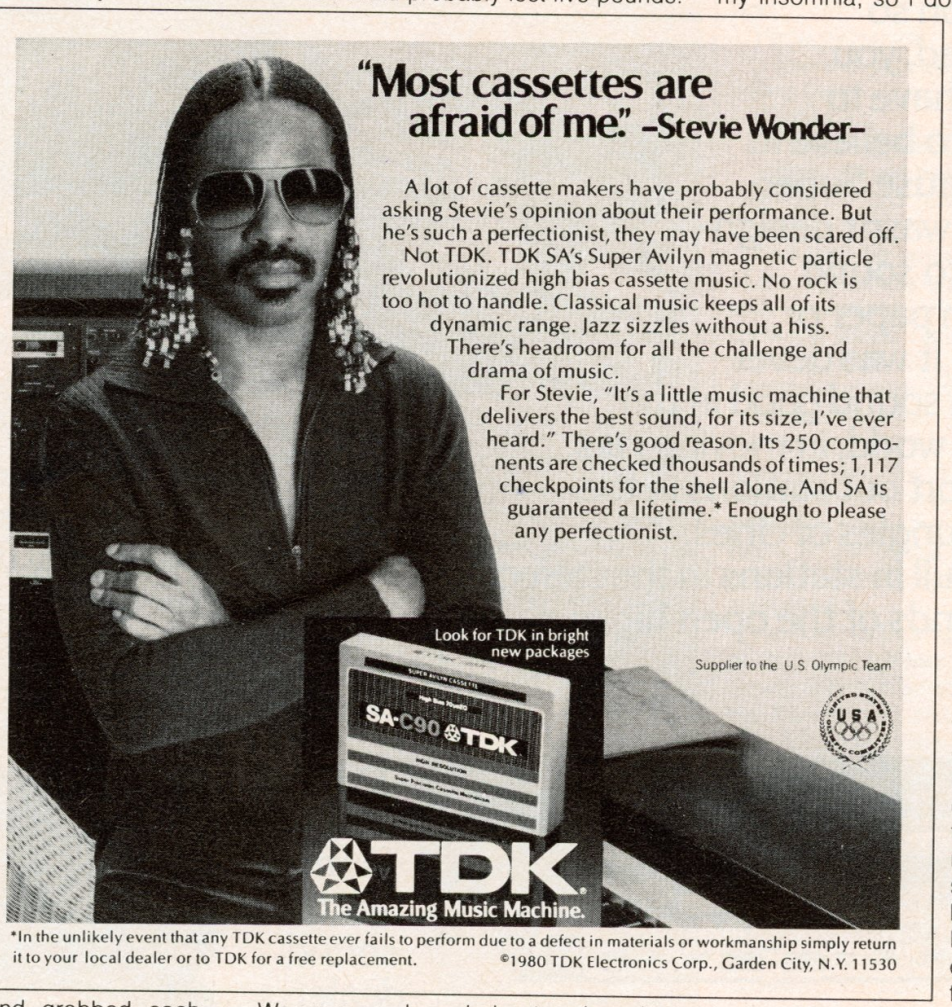
as I got into her. I could feel her pussy grabbing and working as if it were attacking my thick prick. She had her head buried into the bed, grabbing, twisting, and turning the sheets with her hands as she moaned her pleasure. I began pumping my cock in and out of her rapidly—pulling out all the way and then slamming it back home so hard that my stomach popped against her ass with a smack. I could see her hanging breasts in the dresser mirror beside the bed, a wad of come on the side of one, swaying and rocking in time with my savage thrusts. I raked my fingers down her sides, pulling back toward her ass as I continued my steady fucking and she shuddered twice and flooded me with her juices. Her pussy was a sloppy delight, my cock was glistening with her come, and the thrusts on my thickly swollen red cock were accompanied by the squishing and slurping of her hungry pussy, her breathless moaning, and my heavy breathing. Then I decided to pull out and flip her over onto her sweat-covered back.

She was as limp as a rag as I raised her ass off the bed with a grip on one ankle, fitted the huge head of my prick into her cunt, and leaned heavily forward, jamming the throbbing beast deep into her hole as I hooked each of her knees with the crook of each of my arms, causing her feet to stick straight and wedging my cock even deeper. She came alive, reached up, and grabbed each side of my head and pulled me down to her face, my arms still hooked around her knees. Her lips pulled back from her teeth as her tongue came writhing out of her mouth, twisting about in search of mine. Our tongues lashed at each other as I commenced by hard-driving fucking—pulling out and driving deeply into her as my balls swayed and slapped against her beautiful upturned ass, slick and shiny with her juices. She was completely delirious with pleasure as my thick, purple-headed cock ripped in and out of her swollen, heaving body. We were in a frenzy and had been for God knows how long, oblivious of all around us as we moved with a demonic fury and reacted like wild animals possessed with an unbridled lust for more.

I felt it coming from the tips of my toes—every orgasm that man the animal had ever had being pulled together, joined together, and coming up through me as she lay ravaged and wasted, heaving and moaning below me. I raised up and back and roared as I came and came and came with my hands under her ass and all but her shoulders and head off the bed, her legs hanging loosely around me as she hung with arms thrown wide and head lolling, passed out from the intense pleasure that was almost pain as my cock jumped again and again deep within her until I, too, passed out over her. I had probably lost five pounds.



We were awakened about an hour later by my friends pounding on the door, looking for me. All I had time to do before I darted out the door was to pull a sheet up over her and kiss her swollen lips quickly as she smiled dreamily through half-closed eyes. She slept all afternoon, she said, and awoke as hungry as a lion.—*Name and address withheld*

Straight A's

I am currently a freshman at a midwestern university, where I have had a delicious experience that I'm sure will interest your readers. Though I am an avid member of my floor's social scene, I found myself having to skip one Friday night's party. It promised to be an entertaining evening. The women's floor that we had invited had a reputation for being loose. However, because of the rescheduling of an important test to the next morning, I was perfunctorily forced to spend the night studying. Along with my two roommates, Randy and Pete, who also had to take the test, I spent much of the night studying with total concentration while the sounds of the party tried to seduce me away.

Randy and Pete had retired two hours earlier, and now I was ready to collapse into my unappealing (and lonely) lower bunk. But after six hours of studying, I was too tense to fall asleep. I decided that a hot shower would relieve me of my insomnia, so I donned my bathrobe and headed for the floor bathroom-shower. I felt a bit odd and uncomfortable as I passed through the knots of partygoers on my way to the showers. My unease grew when, just as I was about to open the door, I noticed a comely blonde watching me with obvious amusement.

Thinking of the fun that I was missing, I dejectedly turned away from that angelic face and trod into the shower stalls. I took off my robe, stepped under the steaming spray of water, and let it cascade over my tense body. I closed my eyes and let my thoughts drift to making mad passionate love to beautiful blondes. My thoughts became so vivid, in fact, that I suddenly felt the touch of soft, gentle hands caressing my crotch.

The kneading and massaging of my now erect cock became more insistent, and I began to entertain the thought that this might not be a dream. I opened my eyes and beheld a goddess—and a naked one at that! Water droplets clung to her supple flesh, but only momentarily. The droplets ran together and formed rivulets that trickled down her chest, between the beautiful curve of her breasts, downward over a shapely stomach until they finally found a home in her tangled patch of pubic hair.

I reached for her with both hands and slowly drew her to me. Her body molded itself to mine as she planted a lingering

kiss upon my lips. My hands traveled down her back until they could grab her ass and draw her closer to me. I was still having trouble believing that this could be happening to me. But did I bother asking questions? As of yet, no words had passed between us, but we instinctively knew exactly what would please the other. My hands moved farther down until each was at her mid-thigh. She leaned against the wall of the shower, and I easily brought her legs up. The hot water was still rolling down my back and legs as my cock entered her delectable and pinkish pussy.

The initial penetration was slow and easy, but it took all of my willpower to keep from thrusting deep and hard. She began to sway to my own rhythm, and it was not long before her breathing became erratic and she was moaning into my ear.

I closed my eyes and watched psychedelic colors flow across my eyelids. I could feel warm, moist flesh running up and down the length of my cock with each thrust. Pressure was building up in my abdomen, and with a quick intake of breath I came with a fervor that I had never experienced before.

I let her go, and she again stood next to me under the shower. Without speaking, we began to lather each other's body, scrubbed each other's back, and then dried each other off. Interruptions of kisses and caresses were plentiful, and it wasn't until an hour later that we got dressed and finally talked.

"You're not in any hurry to leave, are you?" I asked, my voice betraying my hope that she would stay.

Her reply was the one I wanted. "I've got all night."

"Now all we have to do is get rid of two worthless roommates."

"That's not much of a problem. Two friends came with me, and they're both looking to have a good time."

Before she left, I found out her and her friends' names and gave her my room number. We parted company at the door, her to get her friends and me to explain the situation to Randy and Pete.

Even after hearing the whole story, they were rather skeptical. But when they heard female voices coming up the hall and then a knock at the door, they began to believe. When Joanne, my liaison, stepped into my room, I found myself becoming hard again. She came to me, put her arm around my waist, then introduced Kathy and Debra to Randy and Pete. There was a moment of uncertainty when no one knew exactly what to do, but when Kathy went to Randy and planted a kiss on his mouth and began to give him a little genital massage, the insecurity was gone.

I let Randy and Kathy get into the top bunk before I turned off the light and made my way to my bed and a waiting goddess. I took off my robe and shorts, climbed into bed, and then began to re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Big trouble

The startling, frightening, incredible facts presented in the article by Robert Sherrill, "Big Oil, Big Banks, Big Trouble" (June 1980), should be read and thoroughly digested by every American.

As this article so graphically illustrates, most of our meddling in the affairs of other nations is not, as our leaders would have us believe, to ensure the security of the United States. It is, rather, a device to enrich the multinational corporations and satisfy the greed and lust for power of a few of the ultrawealthy in our banking community. Their patriotism and allegiance to the United States continues only so long as dollars and more dollars keep flowing in.

Perhaps the greatest injustice in the history of civilized man is the fact that the very people who perpetrated this cruel and inhumane hoax on the American people will escape the horrendous chaos that will come when the bubble breaks. They will simply go to one of the many hideaway retreats they have purchased with their ill-gotten gains, taken from the pocketbooks of the people, and live out their years in luxury, far removed from the pain they have created.

This article offers convincing proof of the suspicion held by millions of Americans: namely, the whole oil shortage fiasco is nothing less than a conspiracy, aided and abetted by governmental complicity, to enrich the few at the expense of the many.

Millions of Americans have wondered if this nation truly remains a government of, by, and for the people and whether it may someday fail. This article answers these questions with crystal clarity: it is not, and it already has.

I commend author Sherrill for having the will to write the piece and *Penthouse* for having the guts to print it.—*Name and address withheld*

Airing the draft

Reading Tony Scaduto's "Stop the Draft" (June 1980) has prompted me to write and express my opinion.

In view of current world tensions and various crises springing up around the globe, where violation of international law and infringement upon Americans' rights seem common, many Americans are taking a critical look at the United States armed forces and their ability to protect vital American interests. Sad to say, many are surprised and shocked at what they see. They have suddenly realized our forces are not up to par with those of Russia. The blame most often falls on the shoulders of the servicemen in the armed forces. They are called incompetent and lazy, with no pride in service or country. The services are referred to as modern welfare systems, harboring illiterates and dropouts, who, unable to succeed in civilian life, now make a free and easy living off taxpayers' dollars. I would like to try to clear some of those misconceptions and place the blame where it belongs.

I myself am a member of the United States Army and damn proud of it. My fellow soldiers and I have a job to do, and we do it well. But in present antimilitary America, it is the poor, nonproductive soldier who gets the spotlight, held up to the eyes of the country as the *only* example of the curent armed forces. It is the same antimilitary attitude that is to blame for the fact that no matter how small the percentage, this type of soldier exists. No matter how good our soldiers are, when they consistently receive inadequate funding and materials, and when they get little or no respect from those they protect, their mission effectiveness can't help declining.

America has fallen into a military rut since Vietnam. American citizens sit safely on their butts back home and openly criticize and degrade those very Americans who protect their freedom to do so.

America hasn't suffered a crisis since World War II that has been a *direct* threat to American national security. Our past and present generations have taken the emphasis off a strong military defense and allowed it to grow stagnant and incapable of protecting our interests.

Do not blame this situation on the many fine soldiers of our armed forces. It is the people at home who continually keep us down. America's past policies of détente and reduced emphasis on military progress were irresponsible and ignorant, allowing the Big Bear to grow bigger, better, and stronger. America no longer commands the respect it did 20 years ago. Russia is stronger than ever with its Iron Curtain spread wider than ever before. Even weak and dependent countries no longer fear crossing the United States. Why? Because, in large part, of the apathetic attitude of the American people toward the rest of the world and the repeated episodes of politicians running the military, turning what should have been pushovers for American armed forces into humiliating failures.

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Our European allies are no longer secure in our ability to protect them. Since World War II we have played the big-brother role, the almighty "superpower," guaranteeing their safety from the Communist threat. We are as much to blame for their dependence on us as they, if not more. They depend on us for their freedom, and now they see that freedom threatened. The indecisive and irresponsible foreign policy we have displayed over past years has made them wary of following and supporting any of the decisions of our government.

Americans fail to see the seriousness of the present world crisis. Europeans see it clearly. This is evidenced by the fact that at one immigration center alone in Germany, the number of German citizens immigrating to the United States doubled almost immediately after the Soviet takeover of Afghanistan. Europeans are looking to America to take the lead in countering Soviet expansionism. They are looking for strong and decisive positive action, and we are failing to give it to them. It is not only the fault of our leaders. American citizens must realize that they share the blame.

Wake up *now*, America, before it's too late! Our military is suffering from indifference and apathy; our world prestige and position as a result are quickly losing ground. We need a strong military now if we wish to continue to enjoy the freedom and security we've had for the past 200 years. Don't confuse wanting a strong military with wanting a war! A strong military and a leadership that will use it is a deterrent to war. It is the weak nations with indecisive leaders that bring war upon themselves.

The armed forces need civilian support, morally and monetarily, and it is the duty of every American enjoying the benefits of our society to give them that support. Next time your senator or representative brings up the issue of military funding or advancement, picture in your mind that white star the armed forces emblazon on their equipment and then picture that star painted red. Every budget cut and every shelved technological advancement bring us closer to having that a reality. Raises in military spending are justifiable, even if they are at the expense of some welfare or domestic programs. All the welfare and domestic luxuries in the world won't mean a damn thing if our armed forces are caught short.

Only through civilian support can our armed forces reach an effective level to ensure the security of our fellow citizens back home. The soldier needs moral support; without it, you may find only yourselves to turn to.—*D. J. Parker, U.S. Army, Augsburg, West Germany*

. . . On the other hand

This is to compliment you on your June "Advise & Dissent." It was both true and accurate. I suggest that *Penthouse* readers who are against the draft write to: National Council to Repeal the Draft, 245 Second Street, Washington D.C. 20002. The NCRD will send you additional reasons why this military registration is an empty symbol and a total violation of our freedom and civil liberties. Let us all fight to keep our freedom!—*Name and address withheld*

Tony Scaduto's excellent essay fails to mention the one obvious thing that will keep the draft from being implemented: Affirmative Action. The draft, like all federal employment programs, will have to be run under strong Affirmative Action rules, with preference (in being called to serve) given to all those groups that suffered discrimination in the past in not being forced to serve: all women, the physically and mentally handicapped, those over 35, convicted felons, and conscientious objectors. Otherwise, Jimmy Carter would have to proclaim that Affirmative Action stops when the shooting starts, something hardly possible for a man who is manic over the idea of fairness.

Therefore, young men who refuse to sign up for a draft not run under Affirmative Action rules will not be criminals, but rather strong supporters of Affirmative Action. If the federal government tries to jail them, they will become martyrs for the principles of equality.

In any event, there is little that Jimmy Carter can do about the massive resistance that will meet any new draft. He says that he must give amnesty to the millions of illegal aliens now in this country, since they cannot be found and there is no way to jail or deport them. How, then, can he find, arrest, convict, and imprison millions of young Americans devoted to his beloved Affirmative Action? One would think the young American men deserve the same consideration given to illegal aliens.—*J. M. McCafferty, New Orleans, La.*

Ready or not?

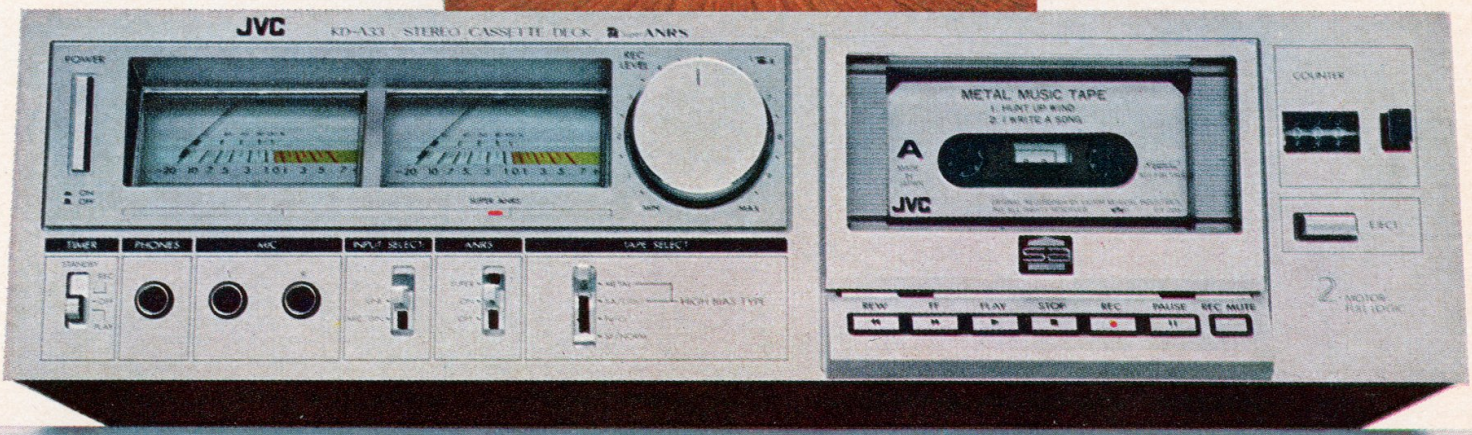
I just finished reading the article "Unready and Willing" (July 1980), by Ernest Volkman, and feel I must comment.

I would like first to compliment you on the article in general; for the most part the facts are correct and the problem accurately presented.

There are, however, two deficiencies. The impression is left that the level of American conventional military unpreparedness has been a carefully kept secret, when in fact nothing could be further from the truth. For years numerous people in and out of the military have been trying to alert the public to the facts (i.e., a public CIA report carried in the major newspaper wire services as early as 1974, comparing the preparedness of Soviet arms with ours). The American public, however—like the British public in the late 1930s, when Churchill issued warn-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

Now more people can afford JVC cassette deck technology.



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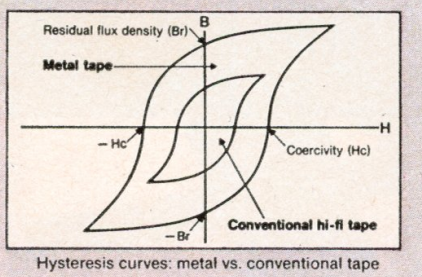

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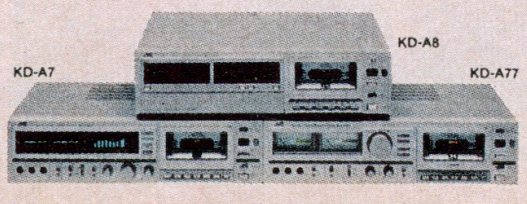

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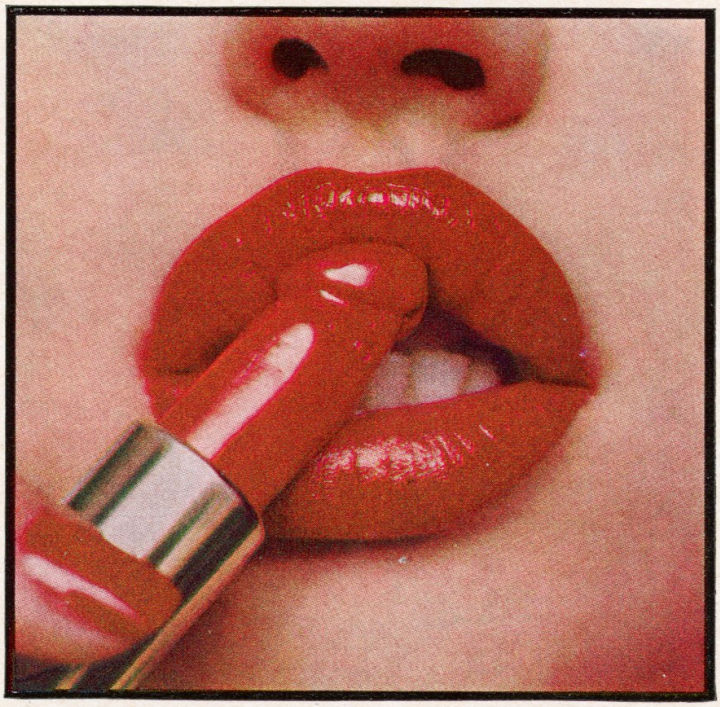
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Not me. I was too old, too set in my ways, for it actually to happen as I might have dreamed as a young man. But it did. Now my feelings about it are decidedly mixed.

First, let me say I never fooled around. I was true-blue, having enjoyed many years of total sex only with my wife, who in her prime, let me tell you, was a 10+. Having admitted fidelity, let me add that I'm at the same time an inveterate fantasizer. It's a trip each month with Penthouse *and with occasional secret visits to my very favorite topless lounge downtown. I must also confess, though, that those trips leave me a bit disappointed. "Look—don't touch." And the pretty girls are mostly surly. They don't cause very much of a glow. That's how I sized it up for several years. Then the past six months changed all that.*



It was just another noontime visit to watch the girls strip, I thought, as I sat down and began appraising the slender young blonde nearby on the little stage who, completely nude now, was finishing her act. Pretty, like most of them, but dumb in the face, and she was unintentionally comical in her exaggeration of sexiness. Better she had just stood there scratching herself.

Nevertheless, the customary redeeming part of the act was about to begin. As the music reached the final notes, the girl did her own finale, something that had become a trademark of the place. Turning her back deliberately on her audience, she slowly began to bend down, legs still straight, and let her hands glide down her calves to her feet. This served to peel open to full view her bottom and puffy lips. At least that part of the act was excitingly revealing and worth it.

Okay, and now for the next stripper. A new one today? Wow, it couldn't be true, but it really was. This new girl—Allyne—was an identical twin of how my wife had looked as a newlywed 20 years ago. My throat went dry, and I got unnerved—older men do that, too, you know—as she began to dance. Unlike most of the girls I had seen, she had a unique radiance and vitality that showed she wanted to please, not merely to put in time. She was getting into the music smoothly as her act progressed. Then she started to fiddle provocatively with her bra. It almost hurt me to see her display her breasts, first modestly, then proudly. They were so much like my wife's had been! I knew intuitively how they'd feel to touch, to kiss. It got even better as the rest of her gradually came into full, gorgeous view. Amazingly, it all checked out. Yes, that long, dark-brown, curly hair would perfectly match, top and bottom. And her erotically rhythmic swaying—identical to how my wife had danced long ago. But toward the end of her act, it became clear that she was going to ignore the custom, pertly refusing at the finale to spread herself all out for her audience to admire. It added to her attractiveness, telling us we could never know all of her.

Soon after, I left, drained emotionally. Next I had to find a rest room, for the good friend between my legs, the one whom a single thought could raise, was very impatient. Satisfaction was fast in coming.

I went back to the lounge a short while later, with a mission. I just had to tell her how much she resembled my bride. I was so shy about it, rehearsing over and over what I might say, that I couldn't fully enjoy her act. Afterwards, still not sure I

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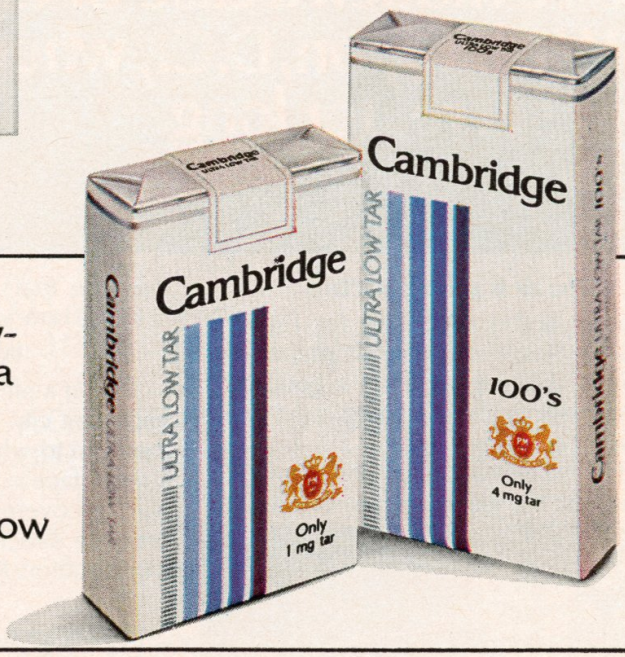

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The air is getting electric.

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And it's no wonder since Canadian Club is aged just the right amount of time for the taste that's perfectly light, perfectly smooth.

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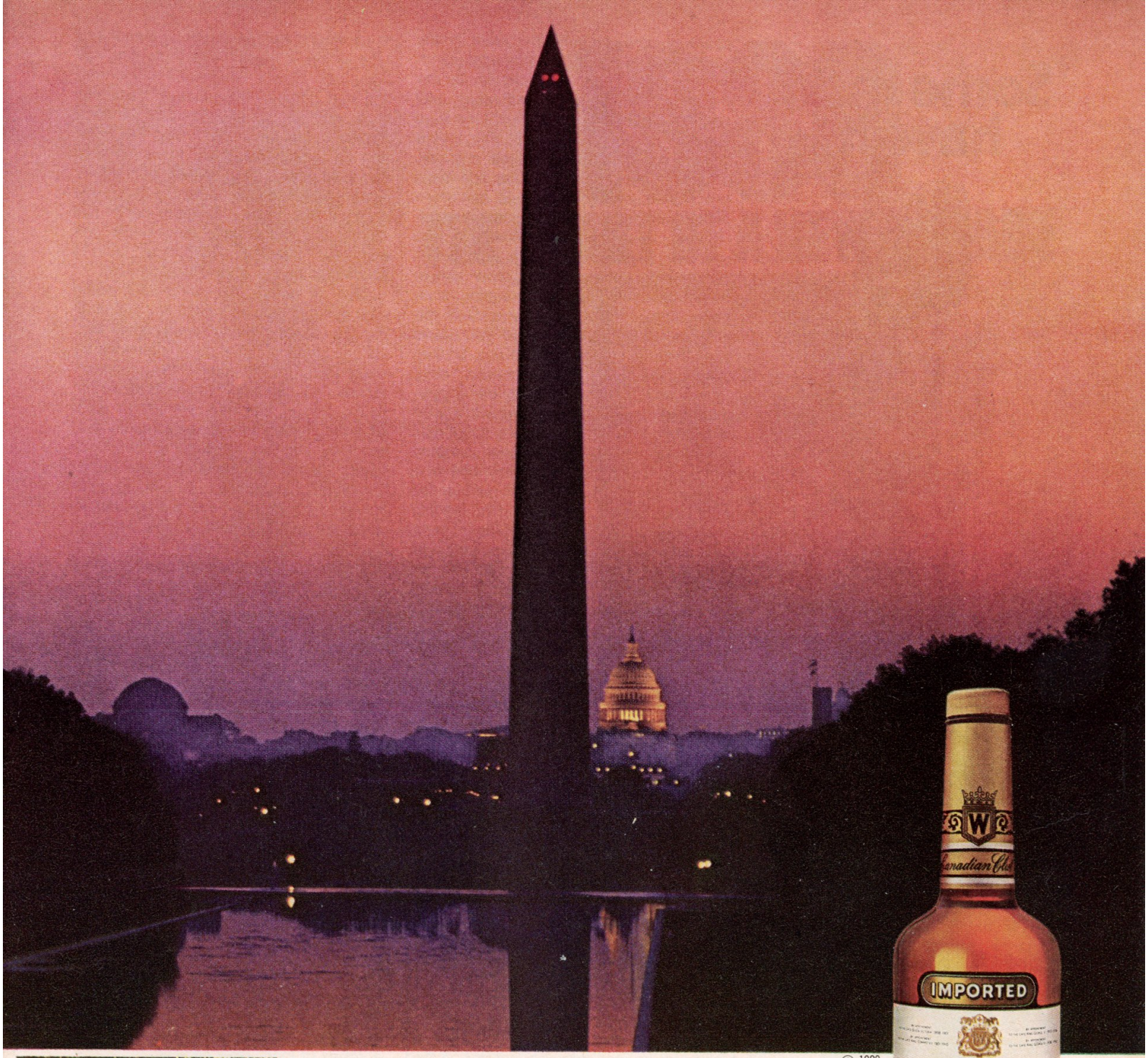
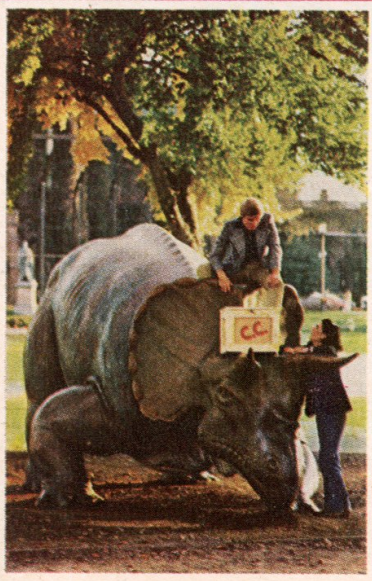
Where a bark takes you.

Start at a place that's named for America's most important city. See where a bark takes you. From there, go to what you can't miss. When you have arrived, face in the direction of a past scandal that was uncovered and made public. Turn in the opposite direction and make tracks for a nearby Metro station. Ride three stops.

A famous ending.

Come up and then find the way to a famous ending. Continue in the most obvious direction, when you know the time is right. Before it's too late, head for the nearest bridge that can take you over water. If it becomes impossible to continue in a straight line, go toward a body of water and find a spot with three banks. From the highest bank,





go in the direction of a bridge. When you've reached it, walk back 100 paces and you'll be over a treasure: a case of Canadian Club.

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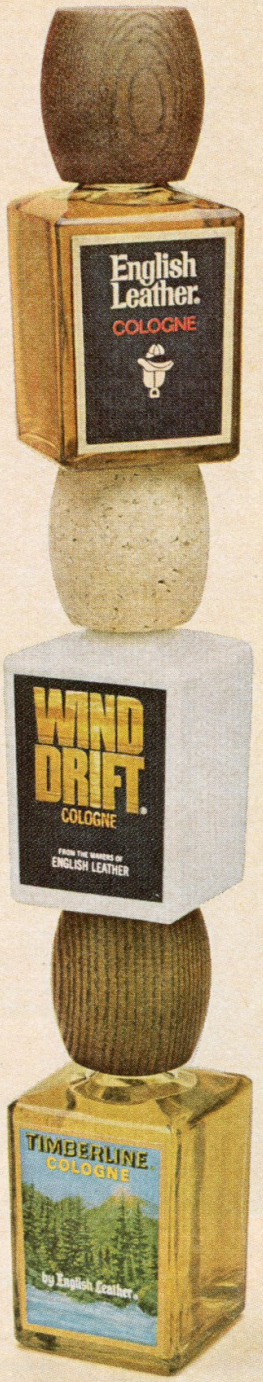

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could go through with it, I went to the back of the lounge where she was standing, holding a drink. I passed her by the first time, then made myself return and face her. Fear of rejection made me blurt it out almost all in one breath. She smiled at what I said, warmly, not with a smirk, as I had feared. And putting her hand lightly on my arm, she asked me why I didn't bring my wife here to catch her act.

First, I have to tell you how she was up close. Even more alluring, if possible, in a fresh, not quite seductive sense. Now I am almost stuck for words. How do I describe how someone attracts me so completely? The kind of girl you would want to keep forever. Such big, brown, bedroom eyes, dimpled cheeks, easy smile, and softness all over. Her lovely, carefree, dark hair; she had left it long and flowing during an earlier act, but now it was up, with a few ringlets hanging about her cheeks—the striking look of a fashion model with a body. It really is the face you remember most. Her perfect face: I was making love to it without even touching her. And now, her surprisingly intimate response to my presence, her hand on my arm . . . it only made me feel all the more awkward. No way could I bring my wife here.

My subsequent visits to the lounge when Allyne danced were both good and bad. They served to kindle my sex life at home. ("Wow. What's got into you—I mean me—tonight?") We were getting it on every week. And my literary juices flowed, in the form of a corny valentine letter I gave Allyne. With growing dismay, though, I began brooding that my own age was a barrier, making it futile to hope to ever realize my fantasy. Even so, my fantasy did lead me to turn more often to my wife, with gratifying results. Even then, though, my mind would keep persuading me that it really was young Allyne I was impaling, intensifying the sensation each time. Little did I realize how nice this deal was.

Until Allyne and I actually did it. A hooker she was. Maybe she could act out what I had been imagining? No way. Her turn-on was dancing, not sex. A bad trip. Sadder but wiser, I now appreciated what I had at home. . .

Sure, that's what I'll tell my wife if she finds out, because the truth turned out better than I could have dreamed.

Right after Allyne had completed her dance one afternoon at the lounge, she came over to my table with a questioning look. Abruptly she asked me to go and rent a room in the hotel down the street and meet her there in half an hour. Just like that. She didn't seem to be kidding. She blushed at what she had said.

My mind was a blur as I complied. Almost immediately she was at the door and into my arms, sobbing quietly. What's a man to do? My first thought was to embrace her in a fatherly way like I would my own daughter, who was about her size. And I did, cautiously. I was very much aware that this could be a trick and I the victim. It wasn't. Then, averting her eyes, she slowly whispered to me that she had chosen me because I seemed to be safe for her to approach. (A compliment?) Maybe I could help her. She was so lonely and afraid since her dad had died after a long illness, two weeks earlier. She had been dancing to pay his doctor's bills. Now it tumbled out of her mouth: she had to have some protection and real affection right now. And I seemed to be the understanding kind.

Back to reality. My mind was being very sympathetic as I held her gingerly. But the damned friend between my legs started ignoring those good intentions by wickedly throbbing against her. It embarrassed me; she couldn't avoid feeling it. To my joyous surprise, she didn't back off a bit. Rather, she looked intently and seriously into my eyes for a long moment. Then a little nervously she pulled me closer. On tiptoes, she whispered in my ear. The affection she wanted did include sex with the right person, and—as my friend almost burst and began shedding real tears—she added that I seemed to be the one that she would like to provide it.

The rest was a blur of ecstasy, made sweeter when, at the point of my first entry between her parted lips, she instinctively drew back, frightened. No rubber? Relieved, I nodded, assuring her that my vasectomy was time-tested. Satisfied, she proceeded to experience for the first time in her life the thrill of a naked penetration. It made her sigh with delight. Simultaneously I brushed my lips across her youthful, firm breasts. Her body shivered as she began to imitate my first shallow thrust with a hesitant one of her own. I held perfectly still and watched, in a trance. At first tentative, then with determination and at last eagerness, she progressively engulfed me to the hilt, her eyes finally glazing in a sign of grateful fulfillment. I was so hot and swollen, being encircled by her tingling, moist embrace down there; I knew it would tighten more hungrily around me as we began a series of long, slow strokes.

Later she confided that it wasn't just the new and heightened sensitivity when she felt me bare and wet in her, or being stretched almost beyond endurance for the first time. Instead, it was my friend's slow and incessant rubbing of her clitoral button with each probe and withdrawal, in such smooth and prolonged fashion that she simply kept melting from one orgasm into another long before I was ever spent. I was thus finally able, thanks to my lovely young proxy bride, to consummate that afternoon what long ago I just dreamed of, then achieved inadequately soon after as a fumbling honeymooner. And Allyne? Who's to know what made her seek me out and how I have come to mean so much to her? In any event, my afternoon delight now is mine nearly every other workday.

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So is my sexually revitalized wife. Swell. But while my friend keeps eagerly complying with all this newfound interest, the rest of me is getting worn out. I'm losing weight and sleep. My muscles ache, although I had thought I was in pretty good shape. And lately when I climax, it's beginning to hurt a lot.

Two questions, Xaviera. Is there a greater danger of heart attack for me now, and even if not, do I risk a premature burn-out on sex? I hope to stay active for at least another ten years, beyond the late sixties. And so do two women I know. Can I?—R.S.

Don't you think you are burning the candle at both ends a little too much for your age? By that I mean that you might wear out your pecker as well as your heart. I would think that by now the novelty of the short-term relationship with the stripper would have worn off and you would have returned to your wife, all rejuvenated. But it seems to me that you are getting too involved and are mistaking your fantasy for reality. As long as you can keep your affair separate from your marriage, you just might get away with it. So go easy with the stripper and don't see her more often than every second day. But in the long run you ought to stick with your own loving and devoted wife and keep the stripper only as a lovely memory—your untoppable topless one, perhaps.

Remember, almost every hooker in the world (as well as strippers and go-go dancers) has the same story ready at hand—about not being able to pay the rent because father, mother, brother, or sister is sick or dying. So, don't become a fool to her sob stories. I am not quite sure from your letter if you are paying for your afternoons or not. If you are, it is further proof that Allyne is just a nice little hooker. Yes, I know what you'll say. "But she has a real heart." Just remember: it's your money that's making her heart golden. Pure gold.

GIVING BUT NOT GETTING

I have been a widower for well over a year. The woman I've been seeing and staying with and (occasionally) laying has been a widow for about the same length of time and is younger than me by about eight years. When we were each married, the two of us and our spouses were all friends for years, but it was nothing more than a "hello" and "good-bye" kiss or hug. But now the lady and I are enjoying a good sexual relationship.

Without attempting to solicit undue compliments, I must add that I derive fuller satisfaction with the knowledge that my partner has reached her sexual climax, regardless of whether or not I do. Oh, I always do, but when she has hers, it thrills me that she is such a beautiful and enthrallingly responsive woman.

When penetration does not produce her climax, I resort to prolonged foreplay. We kiss. I pay tribute to her lovely body by caresses and soft touchings. I undress her a little at a time as we go along. I'm fascinated by beautiful breasts, and hers get a lot of attention from my fingers, mouth, and tongue. She responds. My lips move over her whole body. Her bottom is smooth and firm and shapely, and like all women, the smoothest part is the inside of her thighs. And soon my face is buried in her "woman-smelling" pubic area, and then we get down to the serious but most pleasurable business for which men and women were made.

She positions herself on the bed with her bottom near the edge and her legs over the side so that I can kneel on the floor between her legs, with my face between her thighs. I lift her spread legs up onto my shoulders, and after parting her lips I reach up her body and caress her nipples as I kiss and tongue and suck her pussy.

She signifies her desires and longings by pressing my head and face into her and moving against me. Her whimpers change to moans as she moves and humps against me. Soon it's "I'm coming, I'm coming!" as she vibrates all over and explodes into her climax. Most of the time I try not to stop here but continue to caress her with redoubled activity, and more often than not I am rewarded by her reaching a climax even more satisfying than the first.

By this time I'm nearly coming myself, but I hold off by relaxing and trying to think of other things (difficult) as I stand up, with her legs still around me, her hands reaching down, guiding me between those soft, warm lips. She embraces me with her legs (I'm not yet lying down on her), and I begin the motion that is best for her and longest-lasting for me—not in and out but round and round and sideways, back and forth. I can't last too long—the mere physical sensation of penetration moves me along pretty fast, but sometimes she is still so ready that she comes again. I take particular pride on those occasions.

Now, the problem. I'm sure that she realizes that a large part of her sexual satisfaction has resulted from my kissing and sucking her, and she must also realize that I would derive comparable pleasure from reciprocal activity by her. Yet she has never made any overtures in the direction of fellatio. Do you think I would spoil our sexual relationship if I confessed that I would like a good blowjob?—D.B.

You must be well aware that the younger generation has very few scruples about any kind of sexual activity. But among my readers above the age of 35, one finds a higher degree of puritanism. So, please don't blame the situation totally on your lady friend. A lot of older women have never been informed about these kinds

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

"Your mother tells me you took the kitty's temperature—with a pencil."

EARLY TIMES.
THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.

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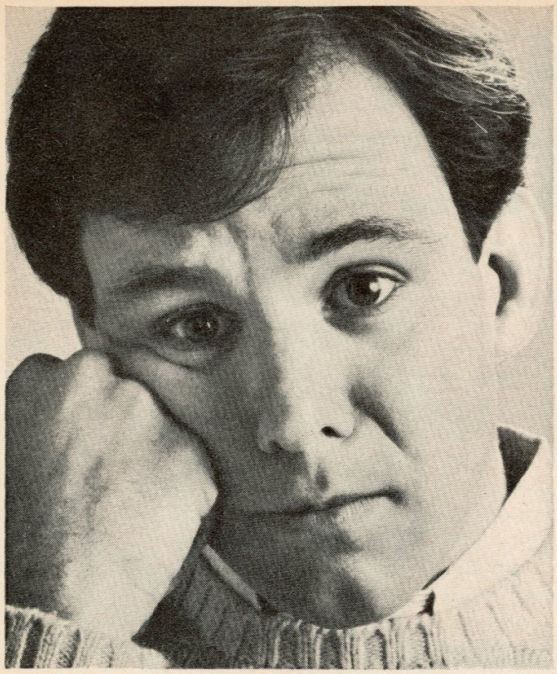

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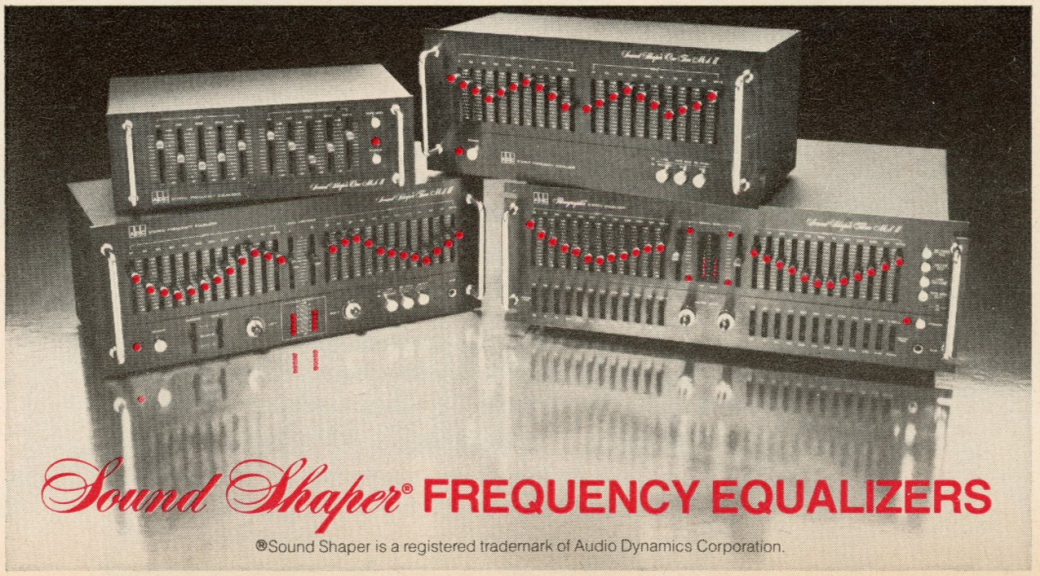

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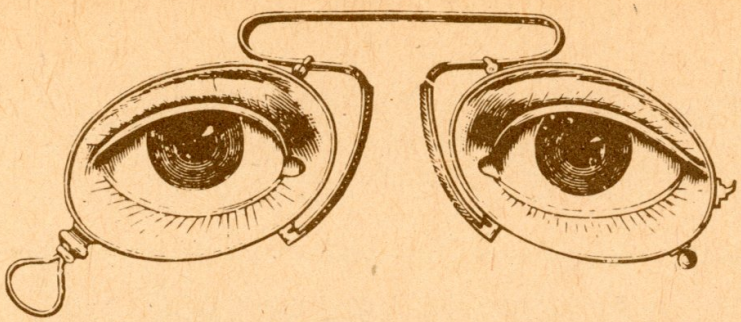


VIEW FROM THE TOP

FREAK SHOWS

BY EMILY PRAGER

About 15 years ago, Ringling Brothers did away with "The Menagerie," as they discreetly termed it, on the grounds that it had become, well, déclassé to make money off the birth defects of others. It was a shame, really, because their freak show was always the best. I don't know a soul over the age of 25 who cannot, with startling clarity, recall the time he or she saw THE ALLIGATOR WOMAN OF THE AMAZON, or THE TALLEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE, or TWO-TON TILLIE, or THE TINIEST MARRIED COUPLE IN CHRISTENDOM. Those souls who hailed from the West, with its smaller, less opulent circuses, tell stories of THE GIRL WITH TWO STOMACHS, THE MULE-FACED BOY, and, strangest of all, THE DOUBLE LADY, whose twin had not completely emerged but dangled, twitching, just above her belly button. Of course you had to sneak in to see that—under 18 not allowed. Ah, the 1950s! We shall never see their like again.

Or shall we? Lately our own Television Networks, the Great Bastions of Public Morality and Good Taste, have dug up the freak show from its untimely grave and given it massive air play. Once again, across the land, children can delight in weirdness, but not as Barnum conceived it—not weirdness for weirdness's sake or weirdness clothed in the mystical, magical phrases of the early century. No. No, now it's weirdness tinged with mockery and cruelty and even hate, and, truly, it's not even weirdness but rather perversity, which is a horse of quite another color.

I am speaking, of course, of "The $1.98 Beauty Show" and "Real People." There are others: "The Gong Show," "The Cheap Show," "That's Incredible," etc. But these latter, though slimy, seem somehow less important than the former.

"The $1.98 Beauty Show." Why are the strident feminist voices, so quick to attack a men's club, so silent on the subject of this scum? Why are the anxious mothers and fathers, so ardently against sex education in the schools, so sure that this is not a form of it? Can it be that they still do not understand the power of television? That they do not know that mere presence on the beam provides legitimacy?

Six women contestants come out and perform badly before a panel of so-called celebrities. They dance, they sing, they undulate. A vicious, woman-hating MC makes fun of their talent or lack of it. Then they parade in bathing suits, slinking about the stage while an announcer gives their measurements and describes them. From a single show, I quote the evening's patter: "She plans to write a book called *How to Move Your Bowels*." "Her mother got morning sickness *after* she was born." "The only woman Jack the Ripper ever avoided." "Her most prized possession is a collection of rocks, which she always keeps in her head." "She played the dessert in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*." "Her hobbies are hanging wallpaper, hanging ten, and hanging around where she's not wanted." For those of you who might misunderstand, this is not humor. This is jerking off, playing with yourself in public. These women do not know what commentary will surround them, and there they are, on television, left to deal with this verbal stoning.

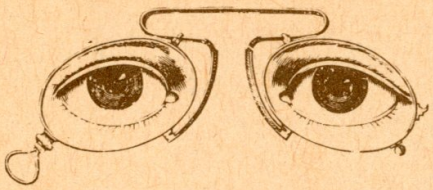
Now, it's true nobody forces these women to go on the show and be degraded. And nobody forced those infantrymen to engage in those A-bomb tests in the 1950s and get leukemia in later life, either. Both groups assumed that the legitimacy of the institutions for whom they were performing would protect them from any really serious damage. But both television and the army offer protection only to those who have the power to demand it. The enlisted man always remains dependent on the rationality of generals.

Which brings me to "Real People." Now, there is nothing wrong with the taped segments of the real people on this show. But, again, what is sickening is the condescending, self-righteous commentary on them by the plastic blowup dolls that are the MCs. These four interracial clones will, clearly, do or say anything for a buck. To them drag queens, on which there seems to be a segment every two weeks, are not a cultural phenomenon but just one more excuse for a toilet joke. Of a wrestler at a wrestling school it is said, "He wanted to be a brain surgeon, but this was his second choice." See, he's really too big and stupid—get it? Of a man who can hypnotize lobsters by stroking their backs, it is asked, "Does this work on women?" See, the hobbies are never so interesting as the innuendos those dolts can attach to them.

Illustration by Ron Logan

I am not against the concept of the freak show. But to portray a person's individuality as demented-ness, to undercut a person's enterprise with public mockery, is the lowest and most self-destructive form of human behavior. It is the stuff of which racism, sexism, and all kinds of deviant violence are made.

Barnum's freak show was never like this. His menagerie, though by and large one of the physically handicapped, was always billed as rep-



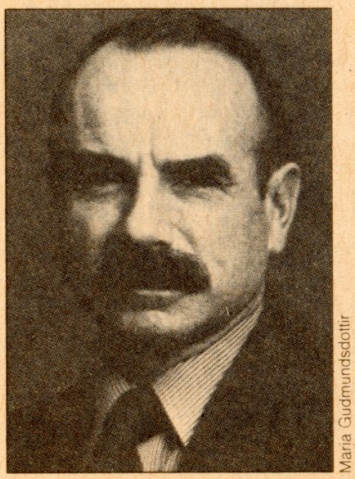
resenting the lucky and magical few. The possessor of a withered limb became "Prince Peter Who Dines with His Toes." The woman with an imbalance of male hormones was "Karma, the Bearded Lady." We were led to look at this misshapen crew with awe and interest, with shock and sometimes fear, as oddities and accidents of life. But to scorn and revile them, to dismiss them as mentally subhuman, although we might have done this in our own minds, was something we were never *taught* to do. The adults, and there were many then, did not encourage heartlessness in children. It was, they felt, and rightly, an unhealthy trait, and one with long-range repercussions.

Which somehow leads me to G. Gordon Liddy, new star attraction in publishing's now vast menagerie. The Man without a Soul. The Man Who Feels No Pain. The Man Who Ate a Rat. The Aristocratic Assassin of Pennsylvania Avenue. Liddy is in the best Barnum tradition. His book *Will* is (and this is highly unusual, as we have seen) actually inseparable from the hype that surrounds it. It is, in fact, the reason for the hype and part and parcel of it. It is said that Liddy wrote it himself—no ghostwriter, and that is unusual, too, but makes sense: anything less would have been unmanly.

Will, in my opinion, is one of the most important books of the last 25 years. It is about politics, the FBI, Watergate, the Vietnam War, and in those things it is a history. But it is also a very articulate first-person account of the shaping of a highly intelligent, goal-oriented, and extremely detached American man's mind. A man who, in fact, made it to the top, a conservative, an anti-Communist, a gun lover and gun user, and a man fascinated by the Nazi ideal. Written with no apologies, without fear of consequence, and with no liberal self-aggrandizement, Mr. Liddy's memoir is invaluable and one of a kind.

It is also very funny. Almost a parody. Almost a text that could have been penned by an avid leftist with a sense of humor. A guaranteed success in these punk times, what with Liddy's rat-eating, the self-electrocution, and the self-immolation by candle flame. And it occurs to me that any man who, on the talk-show circuit, sells his book by suggesting that he is capable of murder under the right circumstances, by suggesting, that is, that he is some kind of upper-echelon freak, is not above creating his own myth, not above constructing a book that makes a joke of the very ideals he claims to adore. At the very least, Liddy is using the freak hype to his own greatest advantage, just as he used the FBI and the Plumbers, and he has succeeded in spades.

Or maybe he is a freak. But he is proud of it. It is what, he assures us over and over again, he trained himself to be. Perhaps this is what separates him from the dupes and the duplicitous on "The $1.98 Beauty Show" and "Real People"—he does not claim innocence through having been at the mercy of others. He makes us feel neither guilt for nor complicity in his actions. He does not try to influence us to side with him. Like the Bearded Lady, an imbalance of male hormones is perhaps what is chiefly responsible for his freakishness, but beyond that, if he chooses to join the sideshow and profit from our rubbernecking, more power to him. At the very least, G. Gordon Liddy makes us think.



Maria Gudmundsdottir

G. Gordon Liddy: freak hype.

SCENES

CRASH COURSE

What if the bomb goes off while you're at Senior Seminar in Comparative Religion? Are you going to regret all those ROTC courses in survival training that you cut?

College students face a profound decision this year. We're not talking about the usual profound decisions—like whether to switch majors from Home Ec to Pol Sci or whether to go to your grandfather's alma mater so he'll maybe pick up the tuition—but about a *profoundly* profound decision; namely: choosing an appropriate course of study for the Apocalypse.

If we took to its logical conclusions the rhetoric being spouted by the leaders of our country, the Big Bust would seem to be just around the corner. Jimmy Carter is noisily rattling sabers at Russia over Afghanistan, imposing restrictions on free travel, and scaring the whole civilized world to death. The anti-Iran hawks are calling for three- and four-ocean naval power so that we can "control" the Gulf and the Indian Ocean. Secretary of Defense Harold R. Brown is defending our strategic air-defense system and saying how he'd like to see it in a less defensive position. Even peaceniks like George McGovern are counseling Congress to increase the military's "readiness budget." And newspaper to-the-editor columns are filled with civilian sophistry about Minutemen silos, Soviet ICBM tests, the SS-18 warhead, and "the MX's crucial role in the balance of terror."

What's a smart kid to do—plan a normal career in dentistry or take a crash course on the Ayatollah Khomeini? We think this is the crucial question facing today's college youth, and we'd like to help solve it.

APOCALYPSE SOON. First of all, you've got to decide for yourself what kind of world you're going to find at graduation time. Will you find civilization as we know it, except for a big hole where Iran used to be? Teeming hordes of Chinese picking over the remains of Pittsburgh? Wall-to-wall nothing? Believers in the total-devastation vision should just go on with their studies in comparative religion. There are some swell courses in Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and Shinto (1509.458 COMP REL I) at Towson State University, Maryland. And Notre Dame has a beauty in "Immortality" (PHIL 332). But the more optimistic should start planning their course studies now, with the help of this year's catalog.

IF THEY WIN. The smart money here goes to Columbia, where the ancient and modern language courses in Hindi, Urdu, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, Sanskrit, Armenian, Persian, Bengali, Nepali, Syriac, Ugaritic, Swahili, Finnish, Yiddish, Hungarian, Hausa, Judezmo, and, of course, Russian (see courses W1101 *ff*) are truly impressive. But if you're stuck in

Movie Star News

Required: "Adv. Honeybee Bio"

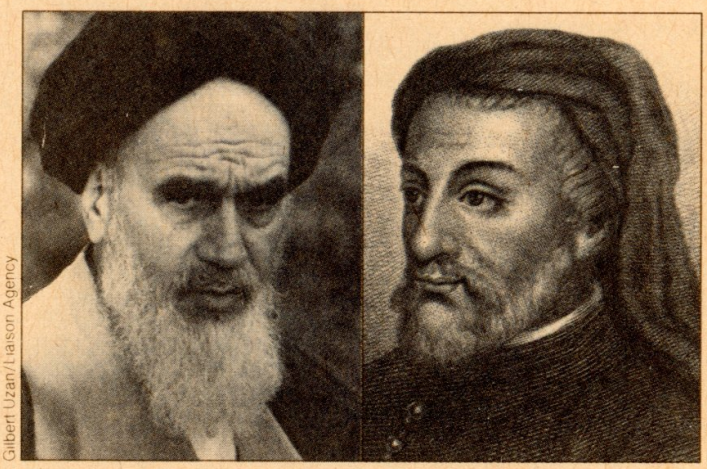
Ohio, you can still do a quick crash in "Chinese for Travelers" (CHI 071) at Miami University. Along these lines, we suggest that you not go unprepared. Besides bringing gifts of woolen blankets and glass trinkets, it might be a good idea to bone up on the culture. You might consider one or more of Duke University's "Peoples of the World" series courses in anthropology (AN 123 *ff*), which should give you the lowdown on such possible New World powers as Guatemala, Sri Lanka, and Bhutan.

IF WE WIN. More heavy decisions here. Are we envisioning a relatively unscathed "victorious" nation? America the Beautiful, only with a few nuclear potholes marking the sites of New York and Washington? Or are we talking about tiny bands of hairy mutants huddled in caves? To cover all the bases, we suggest a practical course of study in applied astronomy, cartography, geography, and (for the truly optimistic) aerial photography. Forget all those courses at Eastern Kentucky University like "International Folk Dance" (PHE 301), "Risk Insurance" (INS 370), and "Theatrical Makeup" (THE 215). You'll do much better at Oscar Rose Junior College, Oklahoma, by taking "Community Sanitation" (ENSC 2223) or "First Aid" (PE 1102).

GETTING ORGANIZED. There's just so much to *do* after a nuclear holocaust, it's hard to know where to begin. You'll undoubtedly want to set up an army, plant some crops, herd up the animals, get some clothes on your back, and start up some program in the arts. Best start by getting organized. Here, your work in "Resources for Self-Reliant Living" (NR 306) at Indiana's Ball State University and in "Small Group Dynamics" (SW 404) at the University of Mississippi should come in mighty handy. (And aren't you glad now that you didn't waste your time on such gut courses as "Mississippi Politics" (PSC 317) or "Survey of Spanish Lyric Poetry" (SPAN 519)?

GETTING TO WORK. Set up the army first. Couldn't hurt. You will be prepared, of course, thanks to all the practical work you did at Marquette, in Military and Naval Science. While the rest of the student population was goofing off in "The Theology of Non-Violence" (THEO 144—and a lot of good *that* was), you were clever enough to sign up for "Adventure Training Laboratory (MiSi 001), where you learned really important things, like cross-country skiing, mountaineering, and rifle marksmanship. We would just like to remind you that military defense in a nuclear wasteland might turn out to be a bit more primitive than you anticipated. Let's hope that at least one of you survivors planned ahead with courses at Miami University—in "Herpetology" (ZOO 677—for beating off the snakes), "Elementary Horse Training" (HPE 150—for beating off the wild horses), and "Poisonous Plants" (BOT 111—for beating off the rabid flora). We also like the sound of "Wildlife Management" (BIOL 3534) at the University of Arkansas.

TAKE TWO STICKS. Let the rest of the world go to Minnesota's Moorhead State University and take its courses in "Hotel/-Motel Management" (HMR 310 *ff*) and "Chaucer" (ENG 310). Just make sure one of you guys gets to Black Hills State College in Spearfish, S.D., for the Indian Studies courses (SOC 211 *ff*). *Somebody*'s got to know how to light a fire and trap a muskrat.



Gilbert Uzan/Liaison Agency

The Granger Collection

Khomeini or Chaucer: which man to study in the year 1981.

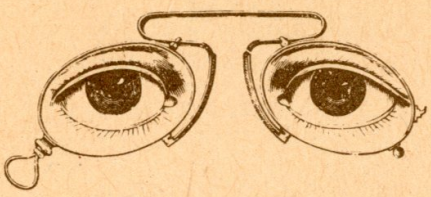
You won't all be able to attend M.I.T. for its sophisticated engineering courses, but building a postnuclear civilization is still possible for the student smart enough to read a catalog creatively. There's a carpentry course, for example, in "General Bench Work" (INDU 244) at North Texas State, so you can get to work on that Quonset hut in no time. The University of Arkansas even offers a "Timber Cruising" course (FOR 2305) to help you round up the raw materials. (And when you're pouring concrete, don't forget to allow for stress.)

PASS THE SALT. Arizona State tells it like it is in "Geography of Food and Famine" (GCU 362). But we doubt that "Quantity Cooking" (HOEC 255, at North Texas State) or "Introduction to Refrigeration" (INT 121, at the usually dependable Miami University) will quite give you the hang of nutritional needs in a nuked-out wasteland. The University of Connecticut offers what seems to us a more realistic approach to survival in a postwar world with its introductory courses in "Vegetable Gardening" and "Forage Crops" (PS 15, 29). We also approve of the University of Georgia's course in "Advanced Honey Bee Biology" (ENT 455) and all those flashy courses at Eastern Kentucky University in "Beef and Dairy Herd Management" (AGR 130 *ff*)—although we honestly don't see much future in the school's Ornamental Horticulture curriculum.

Movie Star News

Survival studies: is there an apocalypse in your future?

BACK TO BASICS. Even if you do go to Arizona State and master the principles of climate control—through such serviceable courses at "Solar Energy" (ETE 552) and "Desert Habitation Technology" (ETE 551)—you still can't expect to go around buck naked. Before it's too late, consider the University of Alabama's course in "Beginning Weaving" (CTD 216) so that at least one of you will know how to work the loom. This course should be taken in conjunction with both "Natural Vegetable Dyeing" and "Advanced Batik/Tie-Dye" (ART 362, 360) at the University of Albuquerque. Once you get the hang of it, you might put into practice some of the heavier stuff you learned at Arizona State in, say, "Beginning Fiber Arts" (ART

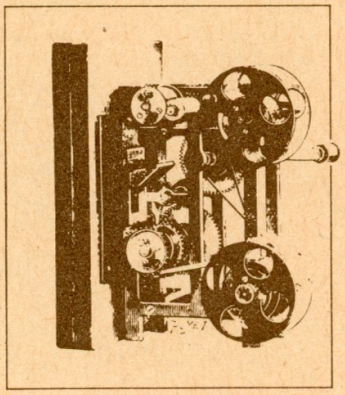


276)—which we take to mean basket weaving, and of far more use on a blasted heath than, say, "Advanced Jewelry" (ART 472).

HAVING FUN. Let's face it, you can't spend *all* the four best years of your young life studying "Weed Identification" (AGEC 2233) at the University of Arkansas or "Applied Systems of Insect Control" (ENT 474) at the University of Georgia. You surely do want to keep those weeds and insects under control outside your cave, but still . . . We think you can pretty much forget such normal outlets for fun as the course in "Oxyacetylene Welding" (IA 1432) offered at Panhandle State University. But you might consider taking Mr. Snavely's course at Ole Miss. in "Advanced Techniques of Marching Band" (MUS 525), which offers the "latest innovations in pageantry and precision-drill techniques." A civilized world *never* forgets the arts. The University of Maine's literary course in "Science Fiction" (IDS 105) might seem a bit redundant when the bunch of you survivors are out there scrabbling for grubs and beating off giant mutant ants. But there's something to be said for Hofstra University's sweeping course of study in such fine-arts fields as calligraphy, drawing, etching, serigraphy, wood-block printing, sculpture, and ceramics (FA 18 *ff*). After all, *somebody*'s got to leave some cave drawings and pottery shards behind for the anthropologists landing from other planets. (We merely counsel that you choose "Still Life Drawing" over "Life Class," since there's a good chance that almost everybody in your crowd will be dead anyway.)

A FINAL CAUTION. We know that certain students won't heed this. You'll just go blithely on your merry way, laughing it up with fare like Miami-Dade College's "Highway Traffic Planning" (ETC 2563) and "Funeral Service Cosmetology" (FSE 2121). Well, have your cheap fun. But just make sure that one of you clowns manages to graduate from Harvard Medical School with a full degree in obstetrics.—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS



NATIVE SONS

In the strange, stuffy theaters of the American action movie 15 or 20 years ago, where most fans went because they loved the blood and guts and a fervid few because they knew they were seeing masterpieces, no filmmaker had a more loyal—or more specialized—following than the maverick Samuel Fuller. *Pickup on South Street, Underworld U.S.A., Shock Corridor, The Naked Kiss*—the titles tell a lot, but not everything. When Andrew Sarris, writing in *The American Cinema*, identified Fuller as "an authentic American primitive" whose first film, *I Shot Jesse James* (1949), "was constructed almost entirely in close-ups of an oppressive intensity the cinema had not experienced since Dreyer's *The Passion of Joan of Arc*," he only slightly overstated a case for one of the most extreme and rigorous stylists in the medium.

The Big Red One reintroduces Fuller, now almost 70, at his best. The violence and the close-ups are intact, and there is perhaps a finer, less oppressive intensity behind them. The title comes from the shoulder patch of the U.S. Army's First Infantry Division, which the film purports to be about—though it's really about how squad leader Lee Marvin and a few foot soldiers more or less, by themselves, win the battle for Europe during World War II.

The kind of war movie almost nobody has dared make since the old Fuller war movies, in which men readily overcome machines, in which everybody speaks English with an appropriate accent—Italian, French, American, Brooklyn, Good German, Nazi, as the case may be—*The Big Red One* may seem so simplistic as to defeat commentary. Don't be fooled. Trust your eyes and not your preconceptions. Watch the face of the little starving Jewish boy whom Marvin & Co. come upon when they liberate a Nazi death camp in Czechoslovakia. The boy dies while playing, riding Marvin's shoulders piggyback, with a gesture almost imperceptible, without the slightest bid for sentimental grandstanding. Or notice, in the few seconds *after* Marvin's marauders have vanquished a superior-sized force of Nazi tricksters with their own armor, the camera's momentary concentration on a suddenly quiet tank machine gun. Both examples demonstrate a superb feeling for what you needn't say in cinema, both upset expectations, and both evoke a sense of limits that is the real measure of Samuel Fuller's intensity.

Of course, other kinds of intensity show up everywhere. A Sicilian kid won't reveal a hidden German gun emplacement until he's promised help in burying the much-decayed corpse of his mother. In Belgium the Nazis occupy an insane asylum. It must once have been a monastery, because half the Germans are eating in the refectory when Lee Marvin's squad bursts in to blow them to smithereens. The advancing Yanks, the dying Germans, the delighted lunatics, and, over all, a mural of the Last Supper on the wall so that should you have no imagination at all, you still won't fail to get the point—that's the Fuller manner, too, and sometimes only its enormous energy keeps you from sinking after it hits you over the head so often.

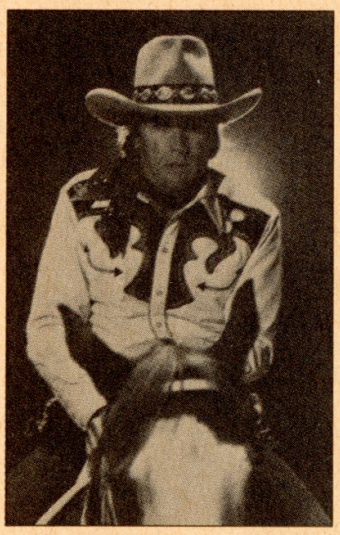
Fuller: moviemaking instincts.

Marvin: man over machine.

Luckily, all the stuff about man's inhumanity to man and the idiocy of war never gets in the way of the actual fighting. But if Fuller were left to his intellectual aspirations, rather than his instincts, I'm not sure where he would take a movie with a potentially "big theme" like this one. I recall a character in *Shock Corridor* (as always, Fuller's screenplay as well as direction) who loved Beethoven but mispronounced his name. I doubt that the lapse was intentional. One of the squad in *The Big Red One*, a cigar-chewing intellectual, not only writes books while invading North Africa, Sicily, Normandy, etc., but also sends them off and gets them published, too. He's the narrative voice of the movie and its conscience—but also its resident celebrity: by the time he hits Belgium, he has found his comrades reading him in paperback.

Against such heady associations, Lee Marvin stands like a

rock of uncommunicative self-sufficiency. Whether not quite disguised in his Arab costume while escaping a German hospital in North Africa or pushing his raw recruits into combat or making first contact with the boy in the concentration camp, he offers just enough reticence to balance the sometimes too facile rhetoric of the film's images and ideas. He is essential and, given the kind of performance called for, very fine. But he is still secondary to Fuller's own impulses and insights. Sometimes these are overwhelming. I recall one sequence, not the most distinctive, in which the



Eastwood: rodeo sharpshooter.

squad, caught out on patrol, has to sink down in individual foxholes and let an advancing column of German tanks roll right over them. Fuller doesn't shoot this for spectacular effect; he shoots it for an almost unbearable participation in personal terror. And in this I think he comes closer to catching the misery of being a soldier in front-line action than most filmmakers do when trying to look at war.

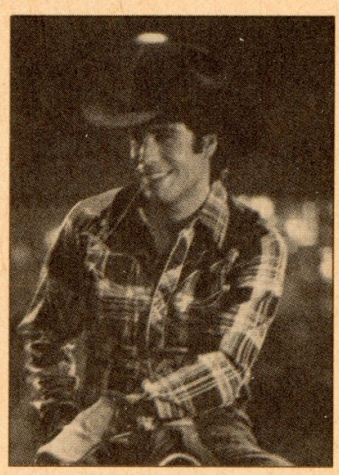
Clint Eastwood's ***Bronco Billy*** and James Bridges's ***Urban Cowboy*** opened on the same day last summer. Since both deal with the Myth of the West in some of its more agreeable modern degradations, it would be convenient to set one against the other as an example of what ought, and what ought not, to be done in bringing reality up to the level of the would-be cowpuncher living out the Wild West of his dreams. Ideally, Eastwood's story of a New Jersey shoe salesman turned small-time rodeo sharpshooter and the New York City heiress who learns to love and work for him would be all good. And ideally Bridges's superpromoted vehicle for the return of John Travolta would be all bad, and that would be a proper end of it.

But in fact the laxness and frequent ineptitudes of *Bronco Billy* raise some questions. And however one might commend Eastwood's career as a director, his projects too often rely upon audience indulgence of their dim plotting and their characterizations that scarcely make use even of the clichés they build from. *Bronco Billy* counts too heavily on an aura of good feeling—for gentle and vulnerable and honorable Clint Eastwood, for Sondra Locke as the wild society woman he tames, for the message that each of us should be what he wants to be, for ourselves because we indulge the film with its self-evident decency.

As for auras of good feeling, I'm not sure whether those in *Urban Cowboy* spring from cynical calculation or from simply not thinking hard enough about the problems at hand. But when, at the end, Bud's beautiful rich-bitch girl friend, Pam, sends him back to his wife, Sissy, with the observation "You don't love me, Bud, and I don't really love you—not *that* way" (though she loves him enough to have his cowboy shirts custom-tailored and to fix him gourmet meals in the bargain), it's as if we were taking giant steps backward in the history of cinema, through generations of soapsuds, to the kind of story that used to move audiences in the days when you could also collect a free set of dishes by attending family nights at the movies.

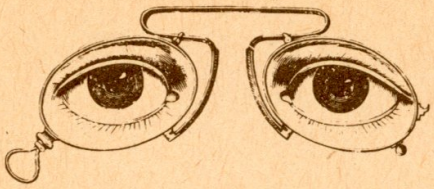
The movie devotes a lot of care to the real-life atmospherics of Gilley's, the mammoth bar/dance-hall/entertainment arcade outside Houston, where thousands go to drink and dance and act out rodeo fantasies while riding the bucking saddle of a mechanical bull. Occasionally, when the camera tracks through the acres of Gilley's vast interior, or silhouettes a couple against its dusty, amber afternoon light, or stops to observe without too much condescension a Dolly Parton–look-alike contest, the care seems worth it. But the rest of *Urban Cowboy*, which is about how to rediscover the formula that works for John Travolta, is a lot less interesting. From the moment, early on, when Travolta shaves off his beard and leans back against the bar at Gilley's, not like a character but like an icon, exactly as in the movie poster, you'll understand the deeper imperatives that control James Bridges's film.

Those imperatives seem to require that Travolta dance a little, fight a little, pout a little, lose a little, but win and smile a lot. He will be sexually magnetic but not especially aggressive. Indeed, the heavy (Scott Glenn) who plays against him displays significantly more muscle and more chest. The story Travolta is involved in is marital melodrama, and Gilley's never seems essential to it except to provide the arena for a contest—and for one brief passage, when his new and unhappy wife, in a sort of choreographed masturbation, rides the mechanical bull. It's the closest thing to an electrifying sequence in the movie, and in this connection it's worth noting that in the Travolta films (always excepting Lily Tomlin in *Moment by Moment*) the women tend to look relatively good. I don't know whether it is by default or by design, but both Debra Winger as the down-to-earth Sissy and Madolyn Smith as the glamorous Pam emerge as more exciting than any of the other characters in *Urban Cowboy*—although James Bridges's film has no ideas just how such excitement might grow or what it relates to.—*Roger Greenspun*

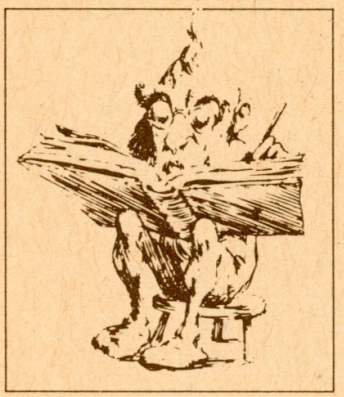


Travolta: movie poster icon.

Scott Glenn, Debra Winger in Urban Cowboy: *dead-end excitement.*



WORDS



SUSPICIOUS MINDS

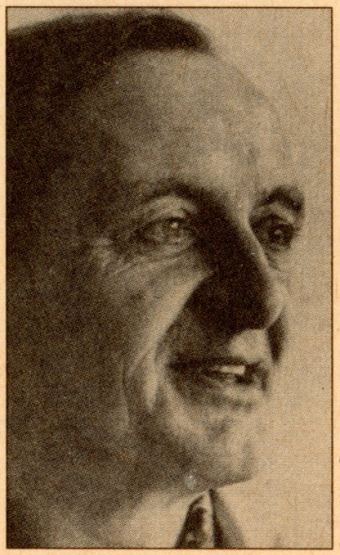
For a vast segment of the population, paranoia is no longer just a sickness—it's a way of life. People are convinced—perhaps rightly so—that they are society's scapegoat, destined to light one exploding cigar after another before being rudely snuffed out. And who can really blame them? Fathers are raping their teenage daughters, fast foods are poisoning us while we sleep, and people are picking up more phones with recorded messages like: "Don't hang up. The next statement you make may be your last."

We're a nation that thrives on impending doom and enjoys reading all about it. Less than five years ago, a review of books dealing with assorted paranoias would be drawn from the flood of current potboilers; today, all our worst fears have come true, and fact is indeed stranger (and more interesting) than fiction. Here, then, are a few titles guaranteed to shake your faith in mankind and cast suspicion on just about everything that affects your fleeting existence.

The mainstay of this genre is books that ultimately prepare you for Armageddon. They wistfully recall the days of wine and roses while warning you about the misery that lies just around the corner. David E. Lilienthal's ***Atomic Energy: A New Start*** (Harper and Row, $8.95) is a harrowing testament to the fear of frying, and it suggests that any day now we're likely to find ourselves energetically relocated in some other part of the solar system. Teeming with speculation, Lilienthal (who was the first director of the Atomic Energy Commission) all too frequently admits our ignorance in both the research and the development of atomic technology, but he contends that it's our only hope for the future. Which is the typical bureaucratic double-talk we're used to hearing.

Diseases from Space (Harper and Row, $11.95), by Fred Hoyle and N. C. Wickramasinghe, may *sound* like a Roger Corman film, but it's another doomsday chronicle, overloaded with enough charts, diagrams, and scientific data to give you a headache before the little buggers even get a chance to inflict their good tidings. According to these experts, we are currently under an invasion of deadly bacteria ("virus dispersal" they call it) that, fortunately, we are unable to see.

If promises of radiation and plague and poisoning aren't enough to send you running for cover, Russell Warren Howe's mammoth guide ***Weapons: The International Game of Arms, Money and Diplomacy*** (Doubleday, $19.95) is certain to do the trick. The fictional whimsy of Ian Fleming and Robert Ludlum and any number of practicing spymasters are merely primers for Howe's lethal imagination. His research is exhaustive, and the sophisticated devices he's encountered will make your head spin: a cigar that fires bullets when you chomp on it with your teeth, a swagger stick that launches a rocket, Polaroid film packs used to set off letter bombs, assault rifles, sound suppressors, and lasers.



Gwendolyn Stewart

Howe: cigar guns.

More conspicuous, although equally symptomatic of paranoia, is the flock of crazies who traipse freely around our streets, promoting fear, loathing, and the American Way. One of the more startling examples of this theme is held forth in Ann Rule's ***The Stranger beside Me*** (Norton, $14.95). Originally, Rule set out to investigate the mutilation of young women in Seattle, only to discover halfway through the case that the murderer's description fit that of her close friend Ted Bundy. This is a new twist on "stranger in the house" and every bit as horrifying as the reader pieces together clues to the puzzle and arrives at the same glaring conclusion: even your best friends are only one cut above suspicion.

Life for Death (Doubleday, $10), by Michael Mewshaw, concerns a less sensational murder case, although it is more convincingly detailed here by this gifted young writer. In this instance a 15-year-old kid from Washington, D.C., resolves the generation gap at home by knocking off his parents. However expedient it may be, this is a measure many forgiving folks may deem particularly extreme. To reconcile yourself to this, you might wish to consult ***Behind Closed Doors: Violence in the American Family*** (Anchor Press, $10.95), by Murray A. Straus, Richard Gelles, and Suzanne K. Steinmetz, a plodding companion to the preceding psychodramas. It reads like a Dr. Spock for the criminally insane. Weighed down by endless statistics, it provides little more than protective padding for parental whippings.

David Burnett/Liaison

Reverend Moon and his followers: a yen for sleight of hand.

Another echelon of creeping paranoia is manifested by those lovable lunatics, the Moonies. Here is a people with a yen for sleight of hand, and in Robert Boettcher's ***Gifts of Deceit*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $14.95), we witness their subtle manipulation of American foreign policy and our susceptible youth. Boettcher single-handedly exposes the Moonie invasion and ties it neatly to Tongsun Park and the Korean scandal that infiltrated congressional pockets early last year.

And speaking of politics, who can forget the Nixon White House—an institution that practically cornered the market on paranoia where the press was concerned? Herbert G. Klein, who was director of communications, conveys some of Nixon's more underhanded tactics for casting suspicion among the fourth estate in ***Making It Perfectly Clear*** (Doubleday, $14.95). Klein pro-

vides a juicy scenario for this diplomatic sitcom, a theme that also carries over into ***The Duping of the American Voter: Dishonesty and Deception in Presidential Television Advertising*** (Lippincott and Crowell, $12.95), by Robert Spero.

Of course, paranoia has fostered its own set of heroes, an elitist group of prey that, over the years, has grown quite adept at removing various knives from between the shoulder blades. Billy Martin is perhaps the most exploited wretch of this kind and a continuous target of abuse. Having been dismissed as the manager of four baseball teams following winning seasons, he has reason enough to suspect that someone's out for his ass. Peter Golenbock, coauthor of last year's *The Bronx Zoo,* outdoes himself in ***Number One*** (Delacorte, $9.95), a disco-documentary-cum-apologia of Billy's seesawing career, from baseballing to barroom brawling. And Barbara Goldsmith's ***Little Gloria...*** (Knopf, $15.95) provides a gossipy glimpse at the Vanderbilt legacy, from its seamy inception to its shaky ride on the seat of its pants. Paranoid about being kidnapped like the Lindbergh baby, little Gloria Vanderbilt lived in constant fear. The very rich have their own special problems, too.—*Robert Stephen Spitz*

Gloria and Mom: paranoid.

© New York Daily News

SOUNDS

HONKY-TONK HEROES

"The whole world is a stage," proclaimed **Mickey Gilley**. The rising country star, hot piano player, and proprietor of Gilley's, a huge honky-tonk outside Houston where much of *Urban Cowboy* was filmed, had stopped in to have a drink with his cousin, **Jerry Lee Lewis,** during a break in rehearsals for the Los Angeles Country Music Awards. The conversation had wandered from women to drinking and back to women, but now Gilley was feeling philosophical. "Yep," he said, studying the Scotch and Coca-Cola he was sloshing around in a paper cup, "the world's a stage, and we been acting on it all this time."

"Why, naturally," said Jerry Lee, who'd propped his feet up on a table in his dressing room and was taking it easy. "Any fool knows that."

"Well," said Gilley, who was looking prosperous in his fancy Western-style leisure suit, "what you gonna do when you stand before *Him*?"

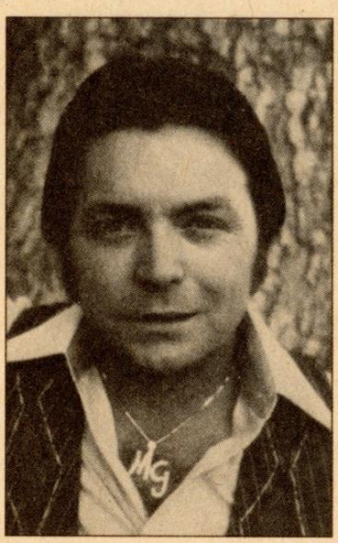
Lewis straightened up in his chair. "I'm gonna give an account," he said, "and argue my case. Everybody's got a right."

Gilley grinned slyly. "Would you put in a good word for me?"

"Mickey," Jerry Lee responded gravely, "I don't think that'd do too much good."

One can't presume to speak for the Man Upstairs, but Lewis was probably right. *Urban Cowboy* and Houston-based reporter Bob Claypool's book *Saturday Night at Gilley's* (Delilah/Evergreen) have firmly established Gilley's as America's most notorious honky-tonk and Mickey as its master of revels. That's going to be a hard reputation to live down, and at this point Gilley would be wise not to try. After living in his celebrated relative's shadow for years ("And now folks," his master of ceremonies used to announce, "Jerry Lee Lewis's cousin. . . ."), Mickey Gilley has finally emerged into the light.

Now that he's a legend in his own right, Gilley has become a full-fledged member of an extraordinary family triumvirate, along with Jerry Lee and their cousin **Jimmy Lee Swaggart**, a phenomenally successful radio and television evangelist. The three of them are certainly larger than life—Gilley with his king-size honky-tonk, Lewis with his reputation as the Dionysus of rock 'n' roll, Swaggart with his born-again empire. Jimmy Lee frequently rails from the pulpit against the sinful ways of Lewis and Gilley, who snicker among themselves that Swaggart's tirades are good advertising. But despite their differences, the three cousins have a great deal in common. They all grew up together in Ferriday, La., a little town just across the Mississippi River from Natchez. They all learned to play storming, two-fisted boogie-woogie piano, probably by listening to blues pianists in the town's principal black juke joint, Haney's Big House. Gilley and Lewis laugh, remembering how Haney used to catch them trying to sneak in the back way and throw them out. The next night they'd be back. "The place was *rockin'*," says Lewis. "It was a honky-tonky *world.*"

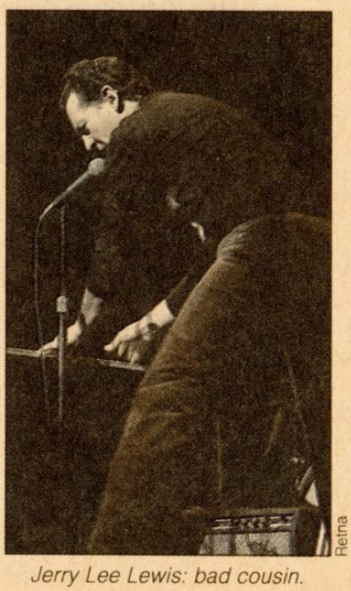


Mickey Gilley: country pop.

Another favorite haunt was Ferriday's pool hall. "My daddy gave me money to go down to the cleaners for him," Gilley recalled, "and I thought I'd just go by the pool hall and use his money to win some more. Hah! I lost every dime in my pocket. I was sweatin', 'cus I knew my daddy was gonna kill me. But he didn't have much luck with sendin' us to get his shirts at the cleaners. Jerry, you remember the time you took my motorbike and went to pick up a shirt for him? You wanted to ride the thing, so I let you go to the cleaners on it, and you got his shirt tangled up in the clutch. Tore it all to smithereens, and it was daddy's favorite shirt."

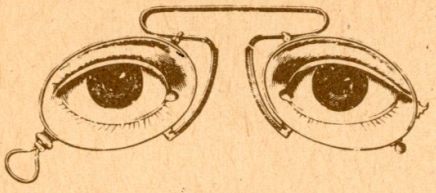
"I remember that motorbike," said Lewis. "That damned machine like to killed me and Jimmy. We ran into a pile of cow shit on that thing, and it must've turned over ten times. Jimmy went one way, and I went the other. But *Jimmy* didn't get hurt."

"I just wish," Gilley mused,



Retna

Jerry Lee Lewis: bad cousin.



Michael Putland/Retna

Willie Nelson and the honky-tonk explosion: creating an authentic late-night ambience.

"that I could figure out how to make as much money as Jimmy Lee Swaggart."

With a string of country hits to his credit, a recent pop hit ("Stand By Me," from the *Urban Cowboy* sound track album), and his name a household word among Travolta-watchers all over America, Gilley isn't doing badly. He was a slow starter—he began recording just a few years after Jerry Lee Lewis's meteoric rise to the top—but one suspects he was held back, as well as helped, by his association with Lewis. "I'm not trying to keep up with the Killer," he'll tell you even today. "I'm just trying to do my thing." Yet he frequently performs material first recorded by Lewis, and on uptempo numbers in particular their piano styles are practically indistinguishable. Developing his own distinct personality on records hasn't been easy.

That's All That Matters to Me (Epic), Gilley's latest album, arrives at a serviceable compromise by concentrating on honky-tonk ballads and enlisting the services of producer Jim Ed Norman, who was recently responsible for giving pop singer Anne Murray's recording career a decisive boost. On "Stand By Me" and several other selections, Gilley doesn't even play piano; he sings, winningly, over a slickly orchestrated mesh of steel guitars and soft background voices. The result is seamless country-pop, not as visceral as some of Gilley's earlier country hits but not at all reminiscent of Jerry Lee Lewis, either. With country music and the pop mainstream moving closer together, Gilley couldn't be in a better position; one suspects he'll soon be competing economically with his evangelist cousin.

Gilley's *other* cousin, Jerry Lee Lewis, has always had a problematic relationship with "countrypolitanism," the trend toward slickness that Mickey now stands to profit from. For a while Jerry Lee wasn't playing piano on *his* records, either. His Nashville producer was selecting songs, recording instrumental tracks, and sending them to Lewis, who would overdub his vocals. The results sometimes sold records, but they didn't sound like Jerry Lee Lewis records, and Lewis has always been proud of his utter originality. When he left Mercury records last year and signed with Elektra, his albums began sounding more personal again. *Jerry Lee Lewis,* his first Elektra LP, rocked harder than anything Lewis had recorded in years and introduced the Mack Vickery song "Rockin' My Life Away," now a staple of both Lewis's and Gilley's live shows. The second Elektra LP, *When Two Worlds Collide*, includes another fine rocker, Lewis's own "Rockin' Jerry Lee," but overall the album is more honky-tonk-oriented. The song "Honky Tonk Stuff" neatly defines a genre that posits drinking, brawling, and chasing women (not necessarily in that order) as an American life-style. Throughout both albums, Lewis pounds the piano with abandon.

According to Webster's, the origin of the term *honky-tonk* ("a cheap nightclub or dance hall; dive") is unknown. But most country music scholars agree that honky-tonk music began sometime in the 1940s and was the creation of performers like Hank Williams and Lefty Frizzell. Basically, honky-tonk is country music with a beat. It was an important transitional music between traditional southeastern country music and the Southwest's jazz-influenced Western swing, both of which flourished on records in the thirties, and the faster, heavier rhythms of rockabilly, the early white rock-'n'-roll form that developed out of honky-tonk and black rhythm-and-blues influences in the fifties. But in a broader sense honky-tonk music is timeless. It's danceable music played by performers with country backgrounds, and its appeal, once limited mostly to the South and Southwest, is now nationwide.

Willie Nelson, perhaps the most popular performer in country music today, emerged from the ranks of the Texas honky-tonk musicians. During the fifties, **Ray Price** was a leading exponent of the style; he recorded Nelson's songs before Willie started singing them himself. So the recently released *San Antonio Rose* (Columbia), a collaboration between the two men, is both appropriate and timely. The recording is clean and modern, Nelson's band plays with its customary soulful restraint, and several guest musicians, including the brilliant fiddler **Johnny Gimble**, add attractive touches. But Nelson's and Price's weathered voices are up front, and listening to them, one realizes that honky-tonk is the soul music of southern whites—a medium for direct, from-the-heart expression. Songs like "Night Life" and "This Cold War with You" were classics of the honky-tonk genre in their original versions, but these new performances create a powerfully authentic late-night ambience all their own. Jerry Lee Lewis has remarked of honky-tonk music that "people *live* those songs"; singers like Lewis, Gilley, Nelson, and Price have lived them, too.—*Robert Palmer*

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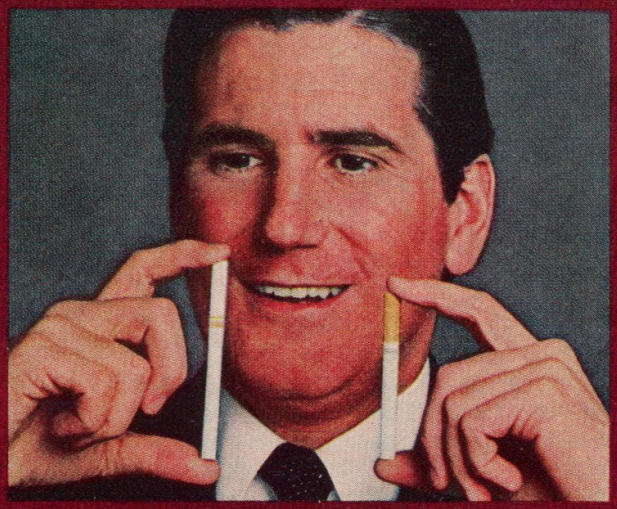

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12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

PART ONE

The seeds of our current economic collapse were planted years ago by three generations of the first family of greed.

DAVID ROCKEFELLER
AN AMERICAN DISASTER

Beetles attract attention for many different reasons—economic importance, size, abundance, appearance, and remarkable habits. . . . Some beetles . . . attract attention by their bizarre habits; others do so by their grotesque forms. . . . Many groups of beetles function as scavengers, breaking down materials such as dead logs, lumber used in houses (in which case they are pests), dead plant and animal matter, excrement, and other waste products. . . . In general, beetles are very well armored insects and thus are reasonably protected against enemies; most, however, have parasites.—Encyclopaedia Britannica, *Fifteenth Edition (1976)*

It was 2:30 P.M. on April 15, 1980, and David Rockefeller was looking pleased. Although he has a reputation for stiffness, one might even say he looked affable. Always a stocky man (as a boy, he was downright fat), he carried both his weight and his 65 years lightly. Poised in the Chase Manhattan auditorium somewhere above the largest vault in the world and directly beneath the 60-story headquarters structure that is his monument, he was about to present his annual stockholders' meeting with good news. Illustrated with the finest filmstrips money could buy, the happy word came down to this: the Chase Manhattan Bank, third largest in the country and one of the largest in the world, was no longer reeling drunkenly on its feet but was actually making some money again. It wasn't making a whole lot of money—$303 million after securities transactions, for a mediocre return on average assets of .5 percent—but big banks never do. There was the nagging problem of Iran, but the public seemed to be forgetting David Rockefeller's role in that disaster, and so far no one had found out what really happened. True, there was all that air in the books, the disastrous loans in Puerto Rico, the Real Estate Investment Trust hangover, the scary Euromarket stuff, but David Rockefeller had never paid as much attention to figures as he should have, and the message on the bottom line was clear. The Chase had just completed the most profitable year in its history. Next April, David Rockefeller could step down from the chairmanship as a fulfilled man. He had left the bank a legacy. It had somehow survived his management.

Really, the public and his banking competitors never laid a hand on him; a vast personal fortune is a wonderful buffer between its possessor and the world. He still entertained presidents and foreign ministers in his mansion on the family's 3,600-acre estate at Pocantico Hills, where he greeted them as an equal. Sometimes it seemed that he, and not the president of the United States, was the man they had come to the country to see, but that was understandable; he possessed a great name, and his visitors came to where the money was. Almost as though it were a royal progress, he returned their calls in his private jet, flying to the capitals of the world and inspecting the bank's property, being received like a chief of state wherever he went. (When he visited Moscow in 1964, *Pravda* tersely reported that "N.S. Khrushchev and D. Rockefeller had a frank discussion of questions that are of mutual interest.") His personal files contained the names of perhaps 50,000 people; carefully briefed by his aides, he could speak to almost anyone he was ever likely to meet and give the impression that his interlocutor was never far from his thoughts. His stamina was prodigious, his appetite for fine food undiminished; once, in Paris, during the height of the Algerian crisis, he walked calmly through a line of bristling gendarmes to dine at a favorite restaurant. Love of flying, too, is a family trait. When his late brother Winthrop was governor of Arkansas, he used a jet to commute from his ranch on Petit Jean Mountain to the capital in Little Rock; the elapsed time was five minutes. His brother Laurance owns all the preferred stock in Eastern Airlines.

BY L.J. DAVIS

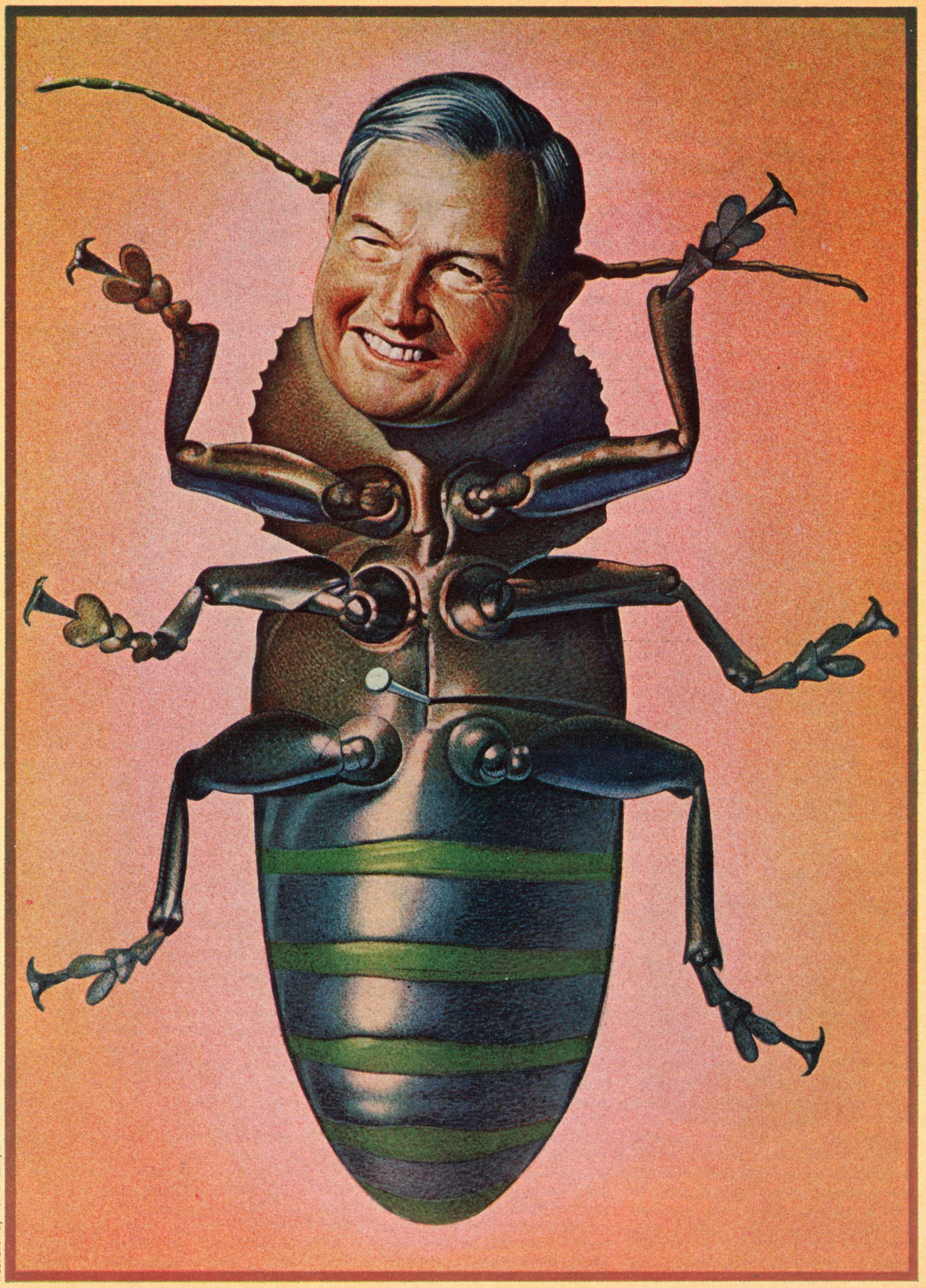
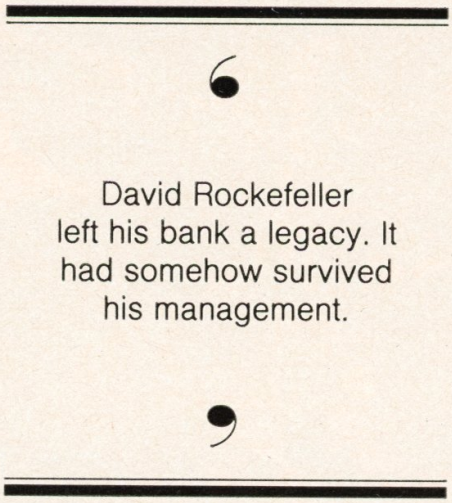


Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

Unfortunately, David Rockefeller just wasn't a very good banker.

It was odd in a way, because, of the four sons of the second John D.—"Mister Junior" to the staff of the old family office at 26 Wall Street—he was the only one really interested in money for its own sake, rather than in the things that money could do. As a particularly obnoxious teenager, he boasted about the family's unrivaled wealth. Later, as the only adult in the family since John D. Senior to hold down a regular job, he made money his life. Aside from his beetle collection, his art, and his family, it was his ruling passion, just as propriety was his great obsession. (The world may have lost a very considerable—or, at least, very rich—entomologist when David Rockefeller opted to serve Mammon rather than science. He received his only undergraduate *A* in the subject. His private entomological collection, one of the world's finest, has been catalogued by the Museum of Natural History. He funds a beetle research station in Arizona. Thanks to its efforts, two species, *Acmaeodera rockefelleri* and *Cicindela rockefelleri*, are named after him. Hoping to curry his favor, foreign potentates and international financiers frequently send him fresh specimens, often not as carefully packaged as his secretarial staff would prefer.)

Still and all, when young David graduated from Harvard in 1936, there was some doubt about the direction his life would take. His father inclined toward his entering the diplomatic corps or perhaps politics, but times were uncertain, and the future was a riddle. John D. Junior decided to send the boy to have a talk with his old friend, consultant, and former employee, Mackenzie King, the prime minister of Canada. Working for the Rockefellers is a little like joining the CIA or the Irish Republican Army—once in, never out; other sometime Rockefeller associates have included a secretary of the treasury, Douglas Dillon; an assistant secretary of war and chairman of the World Bank, John McCloy; the former and current national security advisers, Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski; and every secretary of state from Dulles to the present with the exception of William Rogers and Edmund Muskie. Prime Minister King was more than happy to lay aside the burdens of state in order to give the lad the benefit of his advice. (In a dark hour in John D. Junior's life, following the Ludlow Massacre in 1914, King had rescued the family reputation by inventing the "company union." Fifty-three men, women, and children had been murdered, and countless others wounded, when Colorado militiamen opened fire on strikers at a Rockefeller-controlled mine in Ludlow, Colo. In order to calm the public furor, King had Rockefeller propose the creation of a union that would exclude all "outside agitators" and would exist under the company's auspices. The plan seemed radical at the time, although AFL-CIO chief Samuel Gompers was not fooled for a moment and called it a "pseudo-union." It wasn't until 1935 that such company unions were finally outlawed. Until then they were a significant weapon used by management to stop real unions.) King decided that David should go to graduate school. Young David accordingly spent two years at the London School of Economics and received a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Chicago in 1938, a fitting choice, considering the $45 million his grandfather had given the institution back in the days when $45 million was real money. After another advisory session with the secretary of the interior, Harold Ickes, David joined the staff of Mayor La Guardia as a troubleshooter, answering the phone with the words "City Hall, Rockefeller speaking" until the mayor suggested that this approach might not be creating an especially desirable effect.



David Rockefeller left his bank a legacy. It had somehow survived his management.

It is interesting that it was David, not Nelson, who was thought to be cut to the cloth of a political career, and it would always be David, not Nelson, to whom the national Republicans would most willingly turn, perhaps because they knew Nelson too well. But although David was perennially mentioned as a possible secretary of the treasury or vice-president or even, on occasion, president, culminating with Nixon's actual offer of the treasury portfolio in 1973, it was Nelson, not David, that the GOP got. David served as an elector for Dewey in 1948, but after the La Guardia days his direct political life was over. "The danger in that field," he said later, "is that you spend all of your time running for office." In any event, some sound fellow from the Rockefeller family office, like Doug Dillon, could always be found when the nation beckoned.

It may or may not be true that David's greatest war service consisted of liberating the Paris office of his uncle Winthrop's Chase National Bank, but it was definitely in the direction of his uncle Winthrop's bank that he bent his steps following demobilization. In 1946, with his degree and his name as his qualifications, he became an assistant manager. It was there that David Rockefeller would make his career.

This estate is going to require at all times in the future a number of qualified men if it is to be handled properly. Large interests in several trust companies will give the estate the right to put its agents on the boards of such companies. The associations on such boards and the information got at such meetings cannot fail to be of great value to the agents and cannot fail to bring the important facts necessary to be known at all times in the commercial world to your father's attention.—memo from Frederick T. Gates to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., 1911

John D. Rockefeller couldn't see it at first, but the family needed a bank. The rules were changing fast in 1911, and they were likely to change faster still; the important thing was to keep the rules from getting out of control altogether. The trouble with the old man's fortune was, simply put, that it was too huge. It was unwieldy and it was conspicuous, all too subject to raids by reformers. John D. Junior had his own ideas about how the favor of the people could be won by vast philanthropies, but these would not be enough. A way had to be found to keep the money intact by dispersing it. A way had to be found to manage it efficiently. A way had to be found to hide it. The obvious answer was a bank of one's own. The best place to hide a leaf is in a forest, and bank deposits are wonderfully fungible. Money in a bank is money in a bank, whether a tycoon's or a mechanic's, and trust departments are discreet. They are also the legal owners of your money, and, hypothetically, they control its disposition. But if you owned the bank, you owned the owners; and, as Gates realized, you obtained a complete industrial espionage network in the bargain. The old man finally gave in. He might not have had much confidence in banks, but he knew all about trusts.

The family began by purchasing a controlling interest in the Equitable Trust Company. It was not the first Rockefeller bank; the old man's brother William had already obtained control of the National City Bank of New York by a mixture of investment and marriage, and William's branch of the family would publicly guide its fortunes until James Stillman Rockefeller, his grandson, stepped down as chairman of the board in 1967. John D. I was late off the mark, but John D. II's associates soon made up for lost time. Thanks to the infusion of Rockefeller funds and a series of shrewd mergers, Equitable grew into the eighth-largest bank in the country. In 1929 Winthrop Aldrich, John D. II's brother-in-law, was placed at its helm. In 1930 John D. II merged it with the even larger Chase National, with Winthrop as the president of the combined institution. Winthrop emerged as both the new chairman and

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the Roosevelt administration's chief (and often only) friend in the financial community, and John D. II found himself in control of the largest bank in the world. The Rockefellers still owned their own money, and they had the use of a lot of other people's money, too. It was their greatest coup since Standard Oil itself.

The bank was not the same when young Capt. David Rockefeller joined it as a very junior executive more than a decade later—or, rather, it was exactly the same; that was the trouble with it. It was still huge, but it was no longer the largest bank in the world. It wasn't even the largest bank in the United States; the California-based Bank of America was. Founded by a self-made, bank-hating Italian immigrant, BOA had boldly led the way into branch banking, consumer loans, savings accounts, and home mortgages—areas formerly the almost exclusive province (outside the farming states) of the very conservative mutual savings banks, the savings and loan societies, and the credit unions. Large money-center banks like the Chase, First National City, and Morgan confined themselves—as Morgan still does—to large corporate accounts, foreign business, government securities, and trusts. Retail banking had never much appealed to them; small accounts and small loans are expensive, and although home mortgages are traditionally one of the soundest investments going, they tie the banks' money up for what was then thought to be a prohibitive period of time. It probably isn't the Chase's fault that it failed to foresee the enormous possibilities in the expansion of postwar credit, the government-fueled mortgage boom, or the explosion in individual wealth. No big money-center bank did. But when these things began to happen, the Chase was very slow to realize what was going on.

By the early fifties, when John J. McCloy moved over from the family law firm of Milbank, Tweed to take Aldrich's place as chairman, the Chase was regularly swapping places with James Stillman Rockefeller's First National City as second in the nation. It then had only 28 branches, all but two of them in Manhattan. It was growing—everything grew then—but it was badly positioned. McCloy took steps. Chief among these was his 1955 merger with the Bank of the Manhattan Company, an ancient, respected institution that began life as the financial branch of Aaron Burr's old private water corporation. The transaction was a complicated one: because of the Manhattan's charter, McCloy had to merge the Chase with the smaller Manhattan—rather than the other way around—but its finer points need not detain us. The important part of the deal was the Manhattan's strong system of branches, making up an important deficiency. David Rockefeller, who had been moving slowly but unsurprisingly up the corporate ladder, was appointed one of four executive vice-presidents of the new Chase Manhattan. Thanks to yet another merger, the Rockefellers again owned the largest bank in New York City. They were ready to tap the consumer market. They were ready for the go-go sixties and all that lay beyond. It was almost time for David to take it all over.

"A kiss is just a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh, but a blowjob is twenty-five bucks."

Basically I operate on the principle that you should never do something for yourself that you can get someone else to do for you.—David Rockefeller, 1967

There was no doubt about his capacity for work. "I'm appalled that anyone would want to work that hard," a Chase vice-president once said. "If you were to see his schedule when he is attending the American Bankers' Association convention, you wouldn't believe it. It would be difficult to find time to go to the bathroom." Eighteen-hour days were not—and are not—uncommon. He served in every department but trusts. At the same time there was also no doubt about where he was going. All the Rockefeller brothers did an obligatory stint at the Chase (in 1935, during his time at the bank, young Nelson was instrumental in obtaining Standard Oil accounts, something John D. II had scrupulously avoided), but David had come to stay. In 1956, at the age of 40, he became vice-chairman of the board. In 1960 he added the presidency and cochief executive officer to his titles, sharing the latter position with George Champion, the respected commercial banker who had succeeded McCloy as chairman. "No one," a Chase officer once scolded a reporter, "and I mean *no one*, calls David Rockefeller 'Rocky.' "

Idleness, he had written in his Ph.D. thesis, is "the most abhorrent form of waste." He wasn't merely a young man on the make; he was a Rockefeller and all that being a Rockefeller implied. And so, while he was effortlessly but discreetly climbing the corporate ladder at Chase, his birthright called his attention and his energies elsewhere. He succeeded his father as president of the Institute for Medical Research in 1950, rose to the chairmanship in 1953, and actively supported Detlev Bronk's programs of expansion that bore fruit in 1965, when the institute became Rockefeller University. Like his mother and his brother Nelson, he was a keen fan of modern art, though not, like Nelson, obsessed with it; with David, it was more of a rich man's favorite hobby—an enormously rich man's hobby. When he erected his new headquarters at One Chase Manhattan Plaza, he filled the building with avant-garde paintings and sculpture. (But not in the vicinity of the office of George Champion, the man who actually ran the bank. Champion insisted that sculpture made out of old automobile fenders and other such things be kept out of his sight as much as possible.)

It is difficult to overestimate the influence of the Rockefeller family on the artistic history of our time; some readers will probably want to thank them for it, and others probably won't. David's mother was a cofounder of the Museum of Modern Art (with a little money of her own

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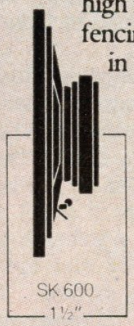

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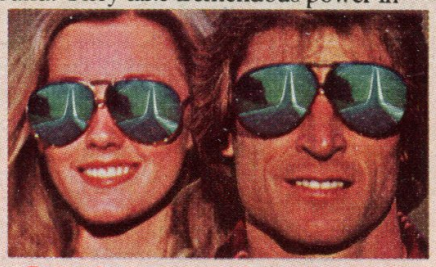

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and $5 million of Mr. Junior's), and the family donated the site. Nelson and JDR III's wife, Blanchette, have served as the institution's president. Each of the brothers collected with varying degrees of avidity, and the still-growing collection of the Chase is valued at $5 million. What this means, of course, is that for decades modern art has been, in large measure, what the Rockefellers say it is. With their power at MOMA, their private ability to intervene in the market, and the Chase's acquisition program, they not only choose and employ a great many of the experts who say what is art and what is junk, but they can also pay for what they like. They can make an artist's reputation overnight—or, in the case of the abstract expressionists in the 1950s, a whole school of artists. Whether a grateful posterity will thank them for this is another matter, but in the meanwhile, the rest of us are stuck with what the Rockefellers admire.

And in more ways than one. The family's fondness for monumental urban architecture is well known; John D. II's Rockefeller Center remains to this day one of the most extravagant and successful private building complexes ever built, but John D. II's restraint and social conscience were inherited by none of his sons but JDR III. Nelson, while governor of New York, all but bankrupted the state with the Albany Mall and the Urban Development Corporation—Nelson, unlike his father, was fond of using other people's money. Winthrop, self-banished to Arkansas, blew off the top of Petit Jean Mountain and made himself a cattle ranch. Laurance likes to build luxury hotels in the tropics. He also likes to buy all the land around his investments and donate it to the U.S. Park Service, thus ensuring that his resorts will be surrounded by a countryside preserved in its natural state at public expense and that no competitors will intrude nearby; Rockefellers don't like competition. David, however, received his architectural baptism of fire in a somewhat different way.

He calls New York's Morningside Heights "the acropolis of America." It is a granite bluff bounded on one side by the Hudson River and on the other by Harlem, crowned with moral and intellectual splendor in the form of Columbia University, Barnard College, Union Theological Seminary, Jewish Theological Seminary, International House, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and John D. II's Riverside Church—institutions to which the family has given at least $75 million, largely in pursuit of their version of respectable Protestantism. But in 1946, as David was mustering out of the army, the Acropolis was in trouble; the poor were moving up on its fringes. David's answer was Morningside Gardens, a middle-income buffer of apartment towers between the Heights and El Barrio. With the help of $104,000 of David's money and the guidance of a University of Chicago urbanologist he imported for the purpose, a development corporation was founded and $15 million was raised. The city agreed to condemn ten acres of slum for the project, amounting to a free gift of land. There was only one catch: 3,000 families already lived there, and they were going to have to move. They didn't want to.

Morningside Gardens set the pattern for the sort of urban renewal that ramped through the nation's cities like a berserk elephant during the fifties and early sixties: massive, destabilizing evictions, destruction of small stores and neighborhoods, wholesale razing of salvageable structures, new tenancy rigidly segregated by income, those hideous brick towers. Somewhat to David's evident surprise, the poor put up one hell of a fight, but they didn't stand a chance. Their homes began coming down in 1954, the same year that Columbia gave David Rockefeller an honorary degree, citing him for his relentless dedication.

> The public seemed to be forgetting David Rockefeller's role in the Iran disaster, and so far no one had found out what really happened.

It is the rare rich man who lets other people's lives interfere with his purposes, but a rich man who happens to be a banker faces the unique temptation to treat the money in his bank as though it belongs to him. It is the common failing of bankers everywhere. It also happens to be illegal, but if no one loses any money, it is almost impossible to prove; the law has no teeth in it anyway, and almost no banker ever goes to the pokey for succumbing to it. In 1965 David took a one-third interest in the $100 million L'Enfant Plaza development in Washington, D.C.; further investments by other members of the family brought the Rockefeller participation up to 40 percent. David protected the investment with a line of credit from the Chase. The project was the brainchild of his old friend, William Zeckendorf, who had devoted years of planning to it. William Zeckendorf went bankrupt and was frozen out. Another Rockefeller associate, General Elwood R. Quesada, became the Plaza's president and chairman of its board. The completed complex is huge and very handsome. Because of conditions in the rental market, it is also very doubtful if it ever made much money or any at all, and there is a word for a $100 million project that doesn't make much or any money. The word is *bath.* Now, it is perfectly all right for a rich man to take a bath; it is all part of the learning process. What his bank and his depositors' money are doing in the tub with him is another matter.

It would appear that John D. I's magic touch was not passed on, but when one is both a Rockefeller and the president of the Chase, it doesn't seem to matter. David Rockefeller came to be considered an expert in urban renewal. Of course, it didn't hurt that he was well connected. In 1966 he was offered a 25 percent share in San Francisco's $200 million Embarcadero Project. Twenty-five percent of $200 million is $50 million; David got it for $2 million, which meant that his name was worth a cool $48 million—his name and his contacts with the banks and insurance companies that were to put up the financing. There was even some thought of calling it Rockefeller Center West, but good sense prevailed. Not, however, good taste. The Embarcadero Project was about to destroy the city's skyline, and the citizens of San Francisco—whose taste, by and large, happens to be excellent—were very concerned. David Rockefeller's reputation as a master builder, unfortunately, prevailed over their objections to the redevelopment agency, and he made the mollifying observation that more than $1 million in art and sculpture—art and sculpture, needless to say, in the Rockefeller manner—would be included in the project. It was. So was a narrow, sloping, pointed structure that resembles a pyramid for a tall, skinny pharaoh.

Meanwhile, he was busy saving Wall Street. There is little doubt that he did just that, by the way; it is only that his methods were, as usual, a little questionable. In the 1950s, the financial district was dying of old age. Very little had been built there since the depression; the Chase itself was outgrowing its headquarters at 18 Pine Street, and the real-estate boom in midtown threatened to draw away the great financial institutions and make the area a ghost town. With $40 million invested in the area, the Chase clearly had to act and act quickly, and it was equally clear that David Rockefeller was the man for the job. The bank committed itself to build a new $60 million headquarters. David called in William Zeckendorf—who, his usefulness at an end, would be cast aside at the beginning of the L'Enfant Plaza fiasco—and formed the Downtown Lower Manhattan Association, which drew up a plan calling for $1 billion in public and private investments. The keystone of the scheme was the new Chase headquarters, but its crowning glory was to be the World Trade Center, the twin 110-story towers that were briefly the tallest buildings in the world. The site was then occupied by small electronics out-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

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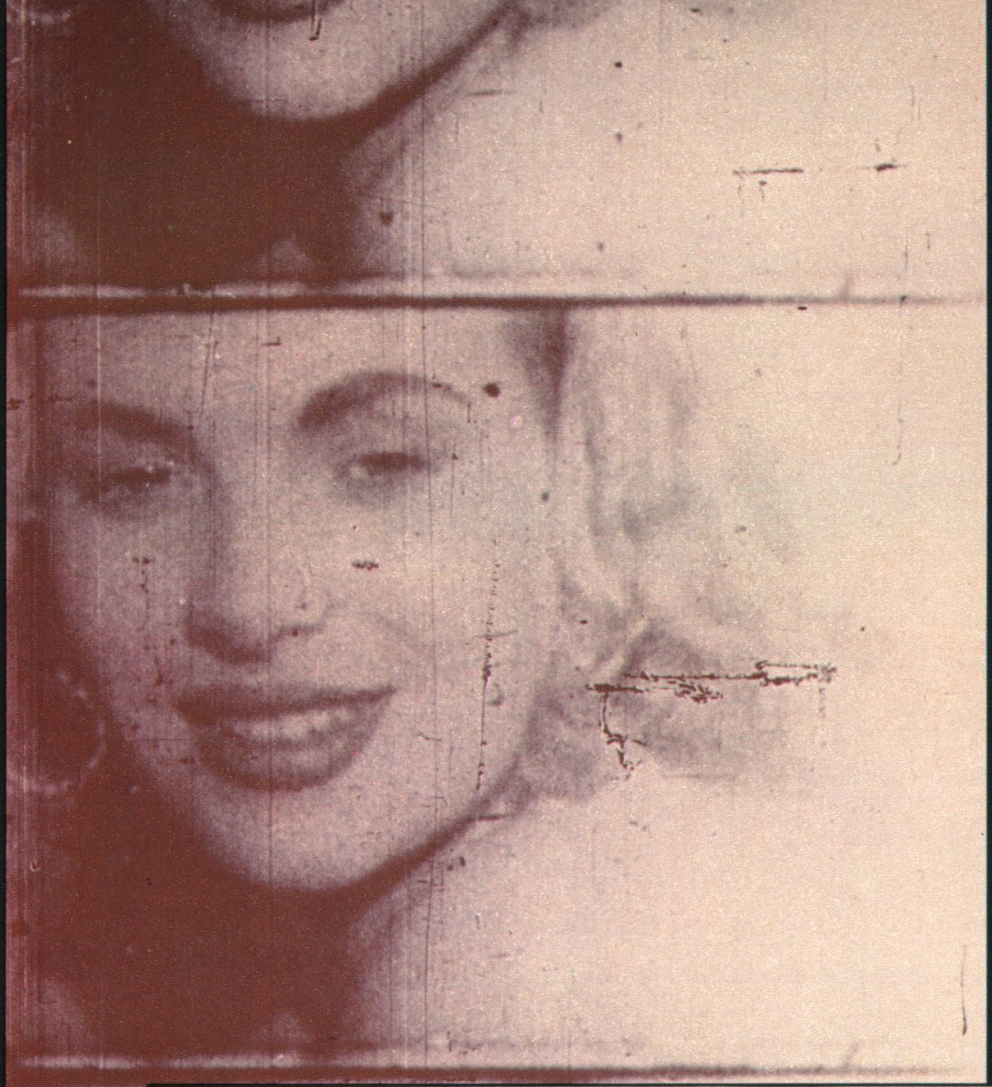
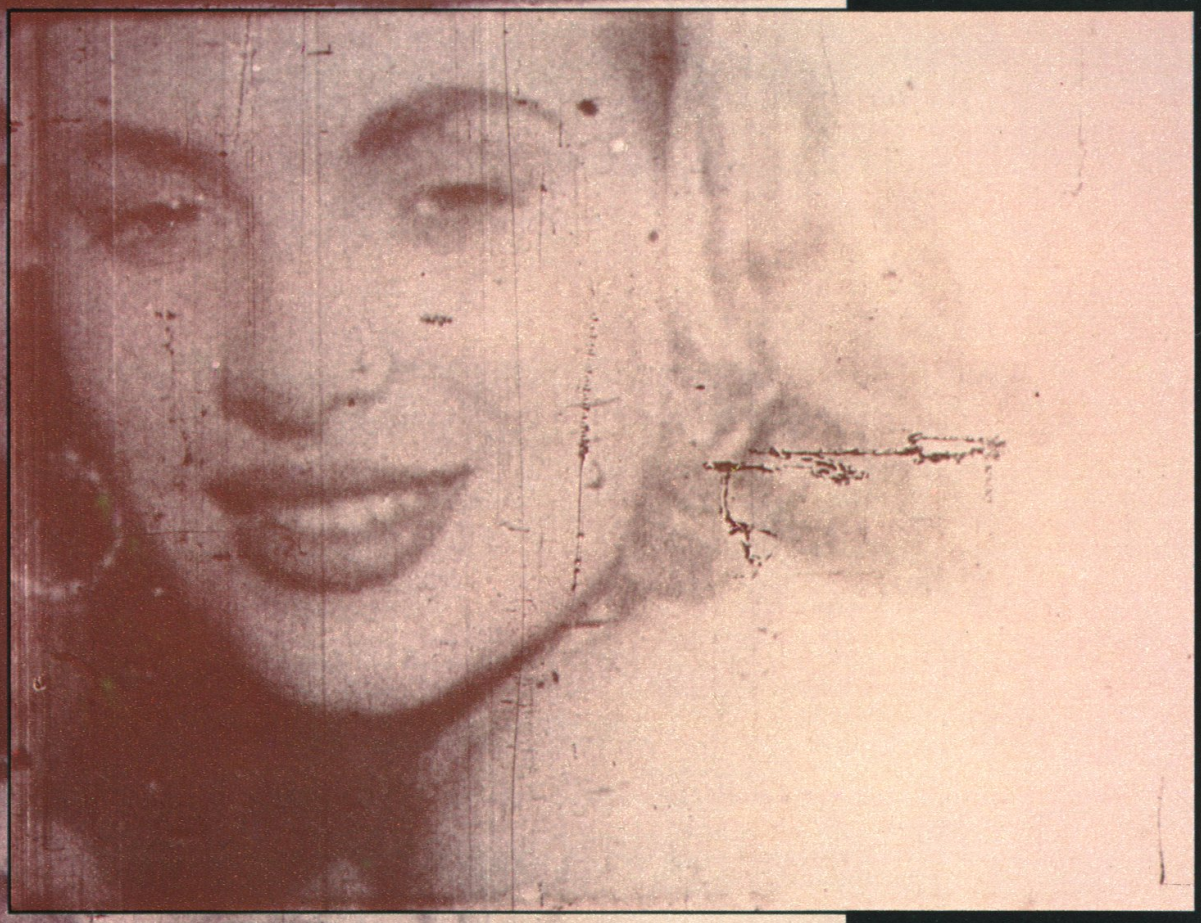
Photo Reporters

THE BLUEST MARILYN MONROE

"Though a recently discovered stag film features a younger, plumper woman than the Marilyn we knew, the resemblance suggests that the legendary screen star may have been a lady with a past."

Like all world-famous legends, Marilyn Monroe is now as much the province of posterity as she was the province of the columnists and publicists who defined her during her lifetime. Overwhelming evidence suggests that a 16 mm stag film, recently unearthed by the Swedish magazine *FIB-aktuellt*, may well display a young, plump, and flagrantly uninhibited Marilyn, starring in the most sexually explicit performance of her career. If this is indeed the real Marilyn Monroe, as Swedish experts maintain, her legend will have to be redefined in a broader context. Presumably, the film was made before 1948, the year that Marilyn made her first movie for Twentieth Century-Fox, but it wasn't until recently that a Swedish photographer discovered the film in his files and brought it to the magazine's attention. Here, in grainy celluloid, may well be the still-unglamorized sex goddess the public never knew, before plastic surgeons, stylists, and designers transformed her into the mythical Marilyn Monroe. It's a thought to fire the imagination of every man who ever dreamed of her, a fantasy come to fruition. Proof positive that she was every bit the seductive, adventurous creature that was her image: a truly sexual *being* as well as an object.



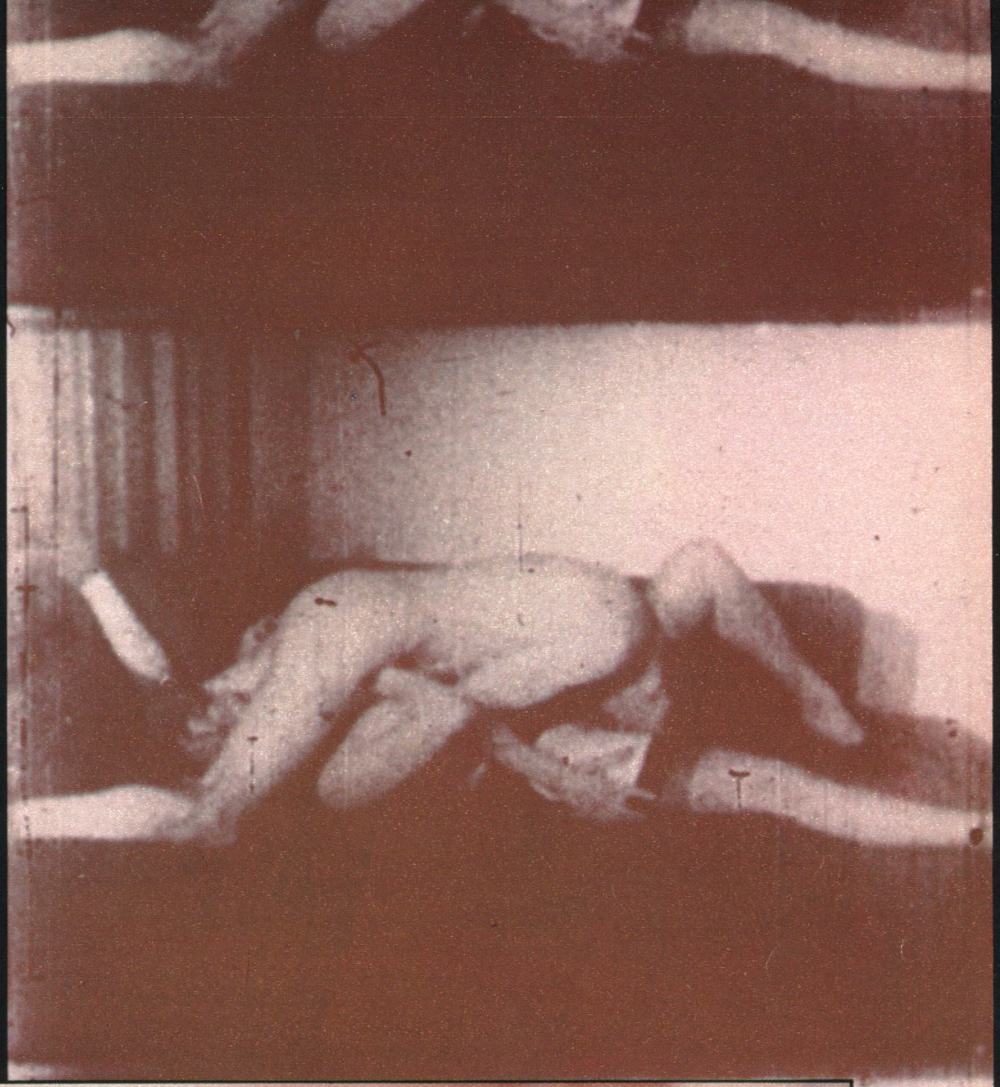


Comparisons between the blurred but radiant woman in these frames and the carefully made-up screen siren pictured at right dramatize the startling resemblance: both display the famous little-girl features and the womanly come-hither look that were her trademark. Her mesmerizing impact on her fans was only partly due to her stunning cotton candy beauty and her comedic flair as an actress. As the critic Diana Trilling writes, Marilyn was a fascinating enigma: "Her sexual flamboyance and bravado which yet breathed an air of mystery and even reticence, her voice which carried such ripe overtones of erotic excitement and yet was the voice of a shy

child–these complications were integral to her gift."

Fittingly enough for this girl-woman, the fantasies Marilyn nurtured as a naive young child were eventually fulfilled during the peak of her career. The lonely child who claimed that Clark Gable was her "secret father" later shared the crowning moments of her career with Gable, when they starred together in their last and greatest film, *The Misfits*.

Despite the latter-day sophistication, the carefully perfected makeup, and the stylish hair, the earlier imperfect and ungroomed Marilyn beams through unmistakably in these 16 mm frames.



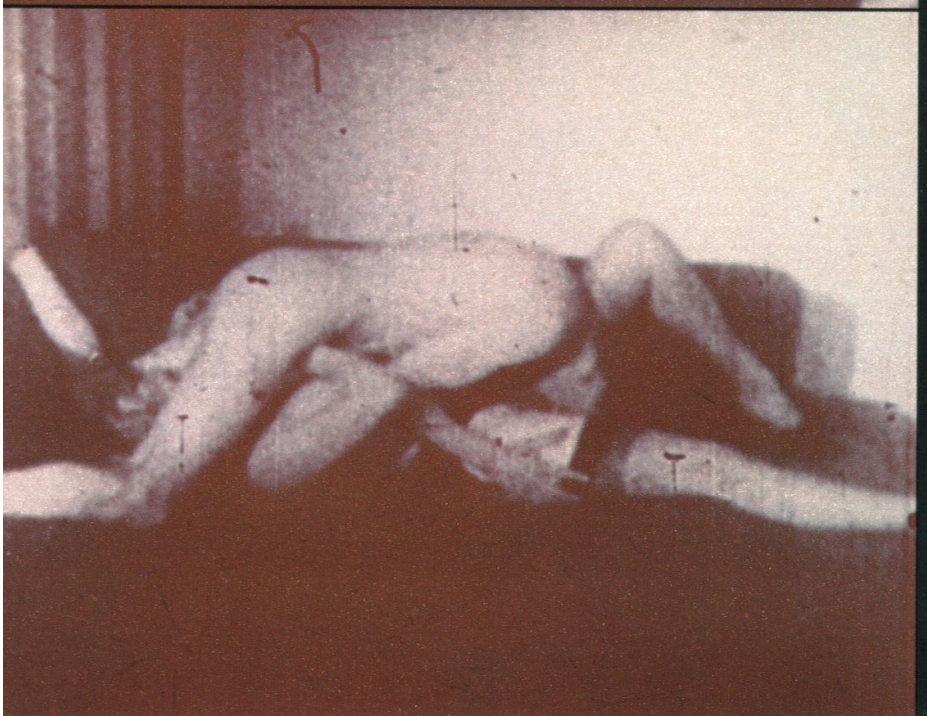
Movie Star News

The eyes, the nose, the nostrils, the cheeks, and the slight, rounded thrust of the jaw–not to mention the unique expression these features form–are recognizably Marilyn Monroe's.

Sprueger Bettmann Film Archive

The Granger Collection

The insecure but narcissistic young woman was first "discovered" when an army publicity man persuaded her to pose for photographs to provide inspiration to the troops.



That picture provided the spark that launched her explosive career and also launched the truest and longest-lasting love affair of Marilyn's life: with the always uncritical, unconditionally loving lens of a camera. Imagine the apoplectic furor that would have greeted the revelation that the movie star everyone wished to see nude had actually performed in such a graphically explicit blue movie! The storm would have dwarfed the already considerable furor that resulted when Twentieth Century-Fox studio heads learned of the much tamer calendar photo she had posed for in 1949 for a much-needed $50. Marilyn unabashedly reveled in such attention: in *Marilyn*, the biography written by Norman Mailer, she tells of sitting in church as a child wishing to tear off her drab, ordinary clothes "for God and everyone."

Accounts of this sex kitten's actual bedroom performance vary, but most reports agree that while she was pleasant in bed, as Mailer asserts, she was "receptive rather than innovative, and somewhat ceremonious–like a geisha, as though the act was a tender turn in a longer passage...."

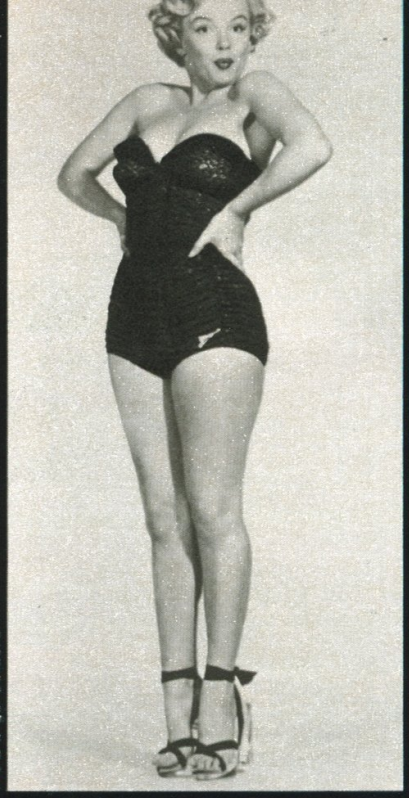
Her rise to fame was less than the meteoric one her myth would have us believe. As a beginning young model, according to her teacher Emmeline Snively, Marilyn was the most driven, determined student she'd ever had. The photographer who shot her first screen test claims that the results gave him "a cold chill... She had a kind of fantastic beauty like Gloria Swanson...and she got sex on a piece of film like Jean Harlow." Billy Wilder, who directed Monroe in *Some Like It Hot* and *The Seven Year Itch*, agrees: "Flesh impact is rare; flesh which photographs like flesh. You feel you can reach out and touch it." Offscreen, however, she seemed unable to touch and be touched in the ways she desired, even by her many lovers or by the two husbands who remained her friends despite the failure of their marriages to the unhappy star.

Springer Bettmann Film Archive

The infinitely more glamorous Marilyn of the publicity portrait above would eventually develop out of the chaotic youth and baby fat of this earlier version.

Culver Pictures Inc.

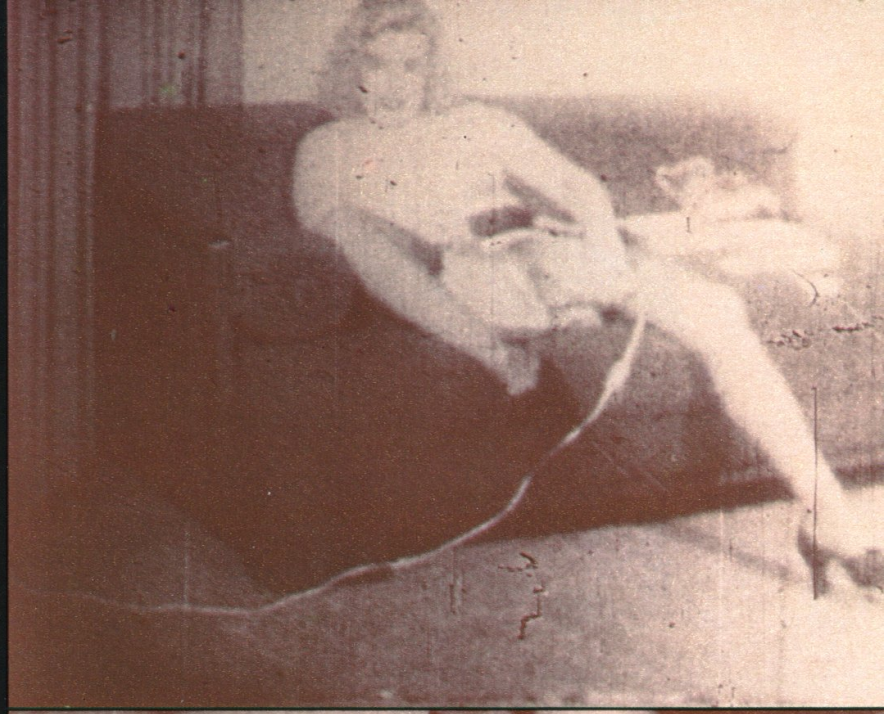
Although separated by several years and quite a few pounds, the smiling faces above and below bear a resemblance that goes beyond mere coincidence.

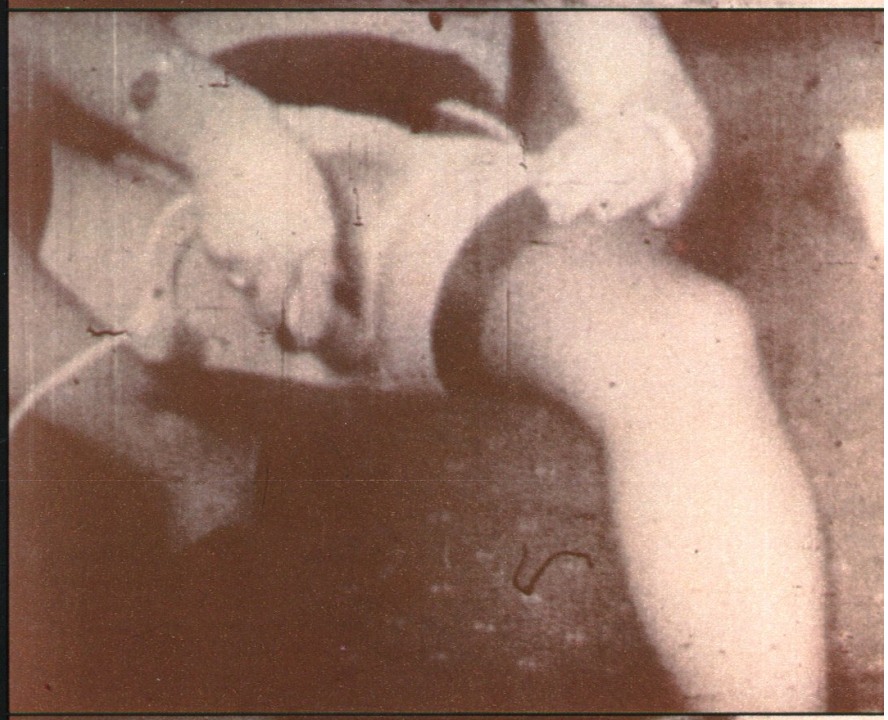


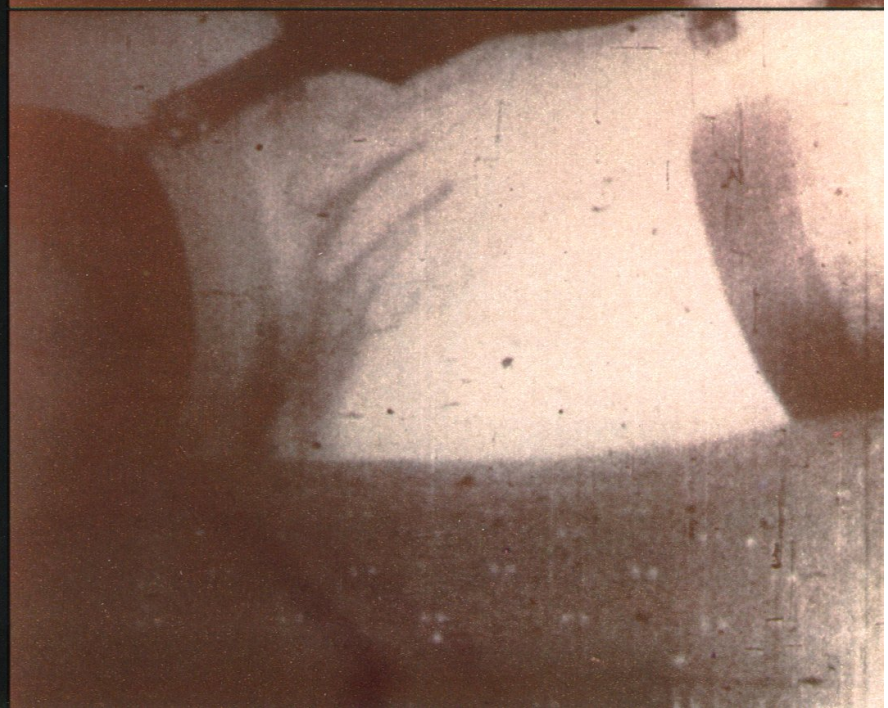
The Granger Collection

As Norman Mailer observes, Marilyn was a woman of many paradoxes: "A queen of a castrator who was ready to weep for a dying minnow, a lover of books who did not read, and a proud, inviolate artist who could haunch over to publicity when the heat was upon her faster than a whore could lust over a hot buck; ...a fountain of charm and a dreary bore; an ambulating cyclone of beauty when dressed to show, a dank hunched-up drab at her worst; ...a sexual oven whose fire may have rarely been lit. ..."

Though she was instantly contracted to Twentieth Century-Fox on the strength of her electrifying screen test, Marilyn was scarcely an overnight sensation. From 1948 until 1953 she was relegated to bit parts, typecast as vacuous gum-chewing secretaries and women of ill repute. Her development into a critically acclaimed actress came only after 1955, in such hits as *Bus Stop* and *The Misfits*. But they didn't alleviate the deep depressions that had haunted her all her life. No one will ever know whether it was merely a night's sleep or a final peace she was seeking when, in 1962, she died of an overdose of sedatives; nor will we ever know if the rumors of foul play have any foundation in fact. Regardless of the facts that may come to light, the place she holds in the memory of the millions who loved her will remain secure. Whether or not the astonishing photos presented here are truly those of the human and vulnerable Marilyn, a goddess of ethereal beauty who may have had feet of clay, the reader must decide for himself.







THE AMERICAN DREAM

Election-year rhetoric, television, and fan magazines have made us forget the greatness of America. These five stories are presented as a reminder.

BY STUDS TERKEL

When in 1903—or was it '04?—my mother and father came to the United States from the old country, their dream was not unique. Steady work and schooling for the boys, who were born during the following decade. He was a tailor, a quiet man. She was a seamstress, nimble of finger and mind. He was easy, seeking no more than his due. She was feverish, seeking something more. Though she was skilled in her craft, her spirit was the entrepreneur's. Out there, somewhere, was the brass ring. This was, after all, America.

When my father became ill and was unable to work, she made the big move. Out west, to Chicago. She had a tip: a men's hotel up for sale . . . 1921. It was hard work, but she toughed it out. She was a hotelier, in business for herself. She was May Robson, Apple Annie, making it. These were no apples she was selling; she was a woman of property. They were pretty good years, the twenties. But some-

PAINTING BY THOMAS HART BENTON

thing went wrong in '29, something she hadn't counted on. The men she admired, the strong, the powerful ones, the tycoons (she envisioned herself as a small-time Hetty Green), goofed up somewhere. Kerplunk went her American dream.

My mother's gods had failed her; and she, who had always believed in making it, secretly felt that she, too, had failed. Though the following years didn't treat her too unkindly, her fires were banked. Her dreams darkened. She died a bitter, cantankerous old woman, who almost, though never quite, caught the brass ring.

Failure was as unforgivable then as it is now. Perhaps that's why so many of the young were never told about the depression, were, as one indignant girl put it, "denied our own history."

During the Christmas bombings of North Vietnam, the St. Louis cabbie, weaving his way through traffic, was offering six o'clock commentary.

"We gotta do it. We have no choice."

"Why?"

"We can't be a pitiful, helpless giant. We gotta show 'em we're number one."

"Are you number one?"

A pause. "I'm number nothin'." He recounts a litany of personal troubles, grievances, and disasters. His wife left him; his daughter is a roundheel; his boy is hooked on heroin; he loathes his job. For that matter, he's not so crazy about himself. Wearied by this turn of conversation, he addresses the rearview mirror: "Did you hear Bob Hope last night? He said . . ."

Forfeiting their own life experience, their native intelligence, their personal pride, they allow more celebrated surrogates, whose imaginations may be no larger than theirs, to think for them, to speak for them, to *be* for them in the name of the greater good. Conditioned toward being "nobody," they look toward "somebody" for the answer. It is not what the American town meeting was all about.

Yet, something's happening, as yet unrecorded on the social seismograph.

There are nascent stirrings in the neighborhood and in the field, articulated by noncelebrated people who bespeak the dreams of their fellows. It may be catching. Unfortunately, it is not covered on the six o'clock news.

In my new book, *American Dreams: Lost and Found*, which will be published by Pantheon Books, are many American voices, captured by hunch, circumstance, and a rough idea. There is no pretense at statistical "truth" or consensus. There is, in the manner of a jazz work, an attempt, of theme and improvisation, to recount dreams, lost and found, and a recognition of possibility. Here, from *American Dreams*, are five of those voices.

SEN. JAMES ABOUREZK

He has been a senator from South Dakota. He had decided not to stand for reelection. It is Saturday afternoon, two days before Halloween, 1977. We're in his office in the Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. He and Sen. Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio have been conducting a 13-day filibuster against a bill deregulating the price of oil.

As Sam Rayburn said, if you want to get along, go along. That's the philosophy of most people around here. Very few people here stand for something. They have taken public-opinion polls to heart. There's nothing wrong with polling, but it's something else when you start calculating on every single little issue: How am I gonna be cute on this? How am I gonna gimmick this one up so I can go back home and not get in trouble? There are very few guys around here who are not afraid to get in trouble—on *anything*.

They're afraid to commit themselves because there's a yahoo out there raising all sorts of hell. It's more important for them to be in office than to do something while they're there. Instead of politicians, they've become technocrats, reading poll signs wherever they go.

They're sitting there. Their calculation has become so finely tuned, so technical, that they've forgotten what the public really wants. The public doesn't want this shit. Carter got on national television and said: "We'll have to sacrifice because we're gonna run out of energy one of these days." Hell, everybody knows that.

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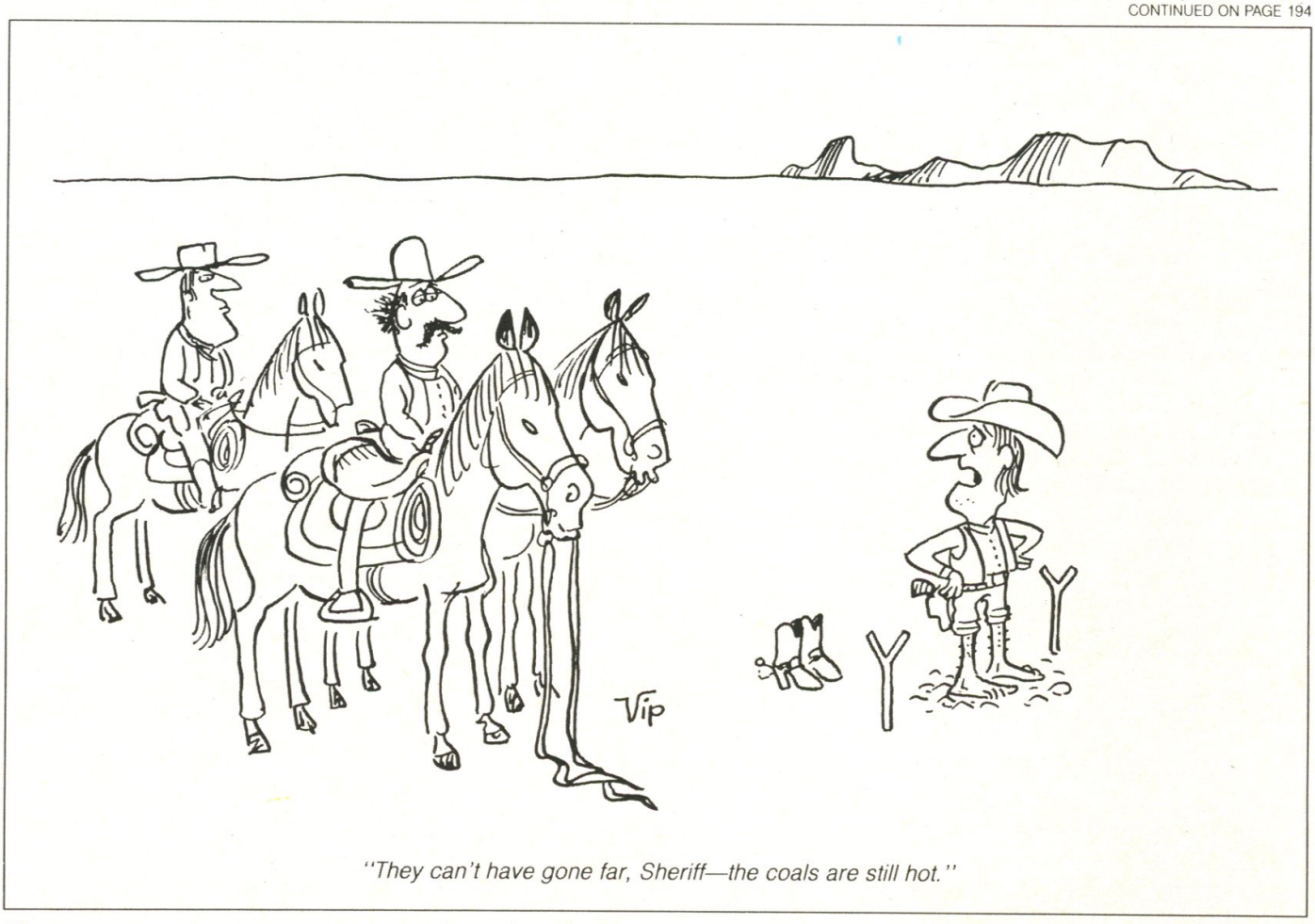

"They can't have gone far, Sheriff—the coals are still hot."

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Our third annual roster of
the rotten finds the lowest of the low
keeping bad company on

THE PENTHOUSE 20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1980-81

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

It's been another wonderful year for college football. As we head into the 1980 season, the big news is that a number of schools long associated with big-time football—including Arizona State, Oregon, Purdue, U.C.L.A., and U.S.C.—have been keeping athletes eligible for the sport by giving them high marks for courses the players never attended.

The clear-cut proof of that practice has affected everyone. *Sports Illustrated* and Howard Cosell are angry about it. Others are flat-out shocked. In the latter camp is Jerry McCoin, the Nashville-based publisher of Athlon's nine annual guides to college football. Says McCoin, "It's really sad to realize that some schools are involved in transcript-fixing, but I just don't believe it's as pervasive as some people think—at least, I *hope* it's not."

In the wake of all this distressing news, several head coaches were actually fired, which was really a shame: if you cheat and get caught, why *shouldn't* you be able to beat the rap? I mean, this is America. This is college football. Players work for glory, colleges rake in a lot of money, the NFL gets a minor-league system without paying for it, alumni have a good reason to get drunk on Saturday afternoons, the ABC television network has a great advertising vehicle, and even certain writers benefit by being able to do articles about college football.

Not me, of course. All I ever get out of this is a lot of insulting correspondence sent to me by a very weird collection of yahoos. I don't mind being criticized by you lay people (I learned that term from Sammy Davis, Jr.), but I really don't appreciate being put down by coaches I've helped. I have in mind Mr. John Mackovic, head football

Soft Sculpture by Judith Jampel/Photograph by Pat Hill

coach at Wake Forest, a lovely little school in Winston-Salem, N.C.

Last year, I predicted that Wake Forest would field the second-worst team in the nation, and that was only after the kind of exhaustive research someone like Gay Talese would give the subject. According to reports forwarded to me, this Mackovic got huffy about things and went so far as to criticize me personally in the press. Several of his players were said to have tacked the article up in their locker room, and many of them cursed at it on their way to the showers.

If you follow college football, you know what happened next. After edging Appalachian State in their opening game, Wake Forest's Deacons then beat Georgia, 22-21, in what was probably college football's biggest upset of 1979. Before being demolished by Louisiana State University, in the dinky Tangerine Bowl, Wake Forest finished the regular season with an 8-3 record.

Do you think this Mackovic character sent me a case of Scotch or even a little thank-you note? No, sir, he did not. Well, as far as I'm concerned, Mackovic, I made you and I can break you. You won't find Wake Forest listed in *this* year's Worst 20; that's for sure. I carried you once around the block, and that's it. Go find your *own* inspiration this year.

Ingrate.

As for this season's Worst 20:

(1) PENNSYLVANIA

Intramural football is alive and well at the University of Pennsylvania. Unfortunately, the school's finest practitioners of two-hand touch prefer to dress up in varsity drag, and therein lies the nature of Penn's problem: its team is tough enough to whip the panties off any sorority in Philadelphia, but against the rest of the Ivy League the Quakers are just so much puffed wheat. Last year Penn went winless in nine games, primarily because the offense never did catch on to coach Harry Gamble's complicated wishbone attack.

As most football experts will tell you, only pro teams—such as Alabama and Oklahoma—have enough talent on hand to use the wishbone effectively. Gamble, however, remains undeterred. "We'll continue to open up our offense," he says, "but the wishbone will be our basic formation." Gamble claims that his present crew of ballcarriers is Penn's best in several years, and up to a point that's true: three of his returning backs averaged better than four yards a pop last year. Trouble is, they didn't pop often enough. In '79, the team's most persistent ballcarrier was quarterback Doug Marzonie, who ran the ball 100 times—and gained less than two yards a carry. That's sadder than watching Phil Donahue ask Marlo for permission to go have a drink with the boys. So much for the bad news. As for the good news, there isn't any.

(2) RICE

Alabama's Danny Sheridan is one of the nation's finest football prophets, and each spring, at such no-nonsense locales as Las Vegas, the south shore of Lake Tahoe, or the Blue Gill Restaurant in Mobile, we compare notes. Sheridan this year picks Rice to be the worst team in the South and Southwest. His report: "In the last two seasons, Rice has scored about 13 points a game and has given up more than 37. The Owls were 1-10 in '79 and probably won't do any better this year.

"For openers, the team is going to be a lot weaker offensively, for it'll have to make do without Earl Cooper, a terrific running back who was the first-round draft choice for the San Francisco Forty-niners. Cooper might have been a legitimate all-American if he'd been given any kind of decent blocking—and that should tell you all you need to know about Rice's offensive line. The Owls don't really have anyone who can step into Cooper's shoes, so the fact that nine starters return from last year's offensive unit doesn't mean very much.

Northwestern is now the only college in the nation where professors intentionally flunk football players: they hate to see young athletes brutalized.

"On defense, the Owls lost only one starter, but that means even less: Rice gave up 419 points last year, the most allowed by any major college. They're really hopeless. Rice goes real good with seafood gumbo but not with football." I've told Sheridan to cool it with the jokes, but you think he'll listen? Not on your life.

(3) UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, EL PASO

For a college football player, almost anything could be finer than to be a U.T.E.P Miner. Last year the Miners were 2-9—up from 1-11 in '78—but don't let the improvement, such as it was, fool you. U.T.E.P. is the official dishrag of the Western Athletic Conference, and this year it will probably match its '79 mark of going winless in interconference play. The Miners scored all of 106 points last season, and they'll again feature an impotent offense.

U.T.E.P.'s returning quarterbacks didn't throw a single touchdown pass in '79, and now that classy wide receiver Bubba Garcia has graduated, U.T.E.P. doesn't really *have* a passing game. The Miners could be tough on the ground if speedy tailback James Copeland gets some blocking, but don't hold your breath; aside from guards Marshall Gordon and Roy Harlisch, the Miners' offensive line is either weak or inexperienced, or both. The defensive outlook is similarly dim. U.T.E.P. must replace two linebackers and three members of the defensive secondary, including all-WAC safety Eddie Forkerway. Miner head coach Bill Michael, whose record at U.T.E.P. is 4-30, is still looking for some light at the end of the tunnel, but as usual, the only thing he'll get is the shaft.

(4) NORTHWESTERN

In '79 your friendly sporting prophet picked Northwestern as the worst team in America, but darn it if the Wildcats didn't actually win a game, edging Wyoming, 27-22. Otherwise, Northwestern was as horrible as advertised. Even so, the Wildcats still managed to introduce college football's first laissez-faire defense. The idea was to allow enemy offenses to score at will in hopes that by the second half the opposition would be exhausted. As luck would have it, the Wildcats' tactic didn't work and they wound up allowing 386 points. Still, Northwestern's novel defense was marvelous for team morale: in previous seasons, scores of Wildcat defenders had to be carried off the field on stretchers. Last season, hardly any Northwestern defenders were seriously maimed.

On offense, the situation was more hazardous to the Wildcats' health. Northwestern has never been known for its blocking, which helps explain why the Wildcats' three leading rushers were seriously banged up in '79. Only one of them, sophomore Jeff Cohen, has thus far healed sufficiently to give it another try in 1980. Northwestern is now the only college in the nation where professors intentionally flunk football players: they hate to see young athletes brutalized.

(5) OREGON STATE

Last year I predicted that Oregon State head coach Craig Fertig would be fired, and of course he was. But really, I had nothing to do with it. Fertig's problem—aside from being young, bright, and personable—was having to coach at Corvallis, where football takes a backseat to Frisbee.

In Fertig's place has come Joe Azzevano, an assistant coach at Tennessee and a champion of orthodoxy. This spring, when a number of players were late for a meeting, Azzevano ordered the miscreants to run laps at 6:00 A.M. Considering what's going to happen to O.S.U. this fall, those young men will need all the sleep they can get. In '79 O.S.U. was 1-10, and much of the trouble could be traced to the Beavers' nonexistent running game, which logged well

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

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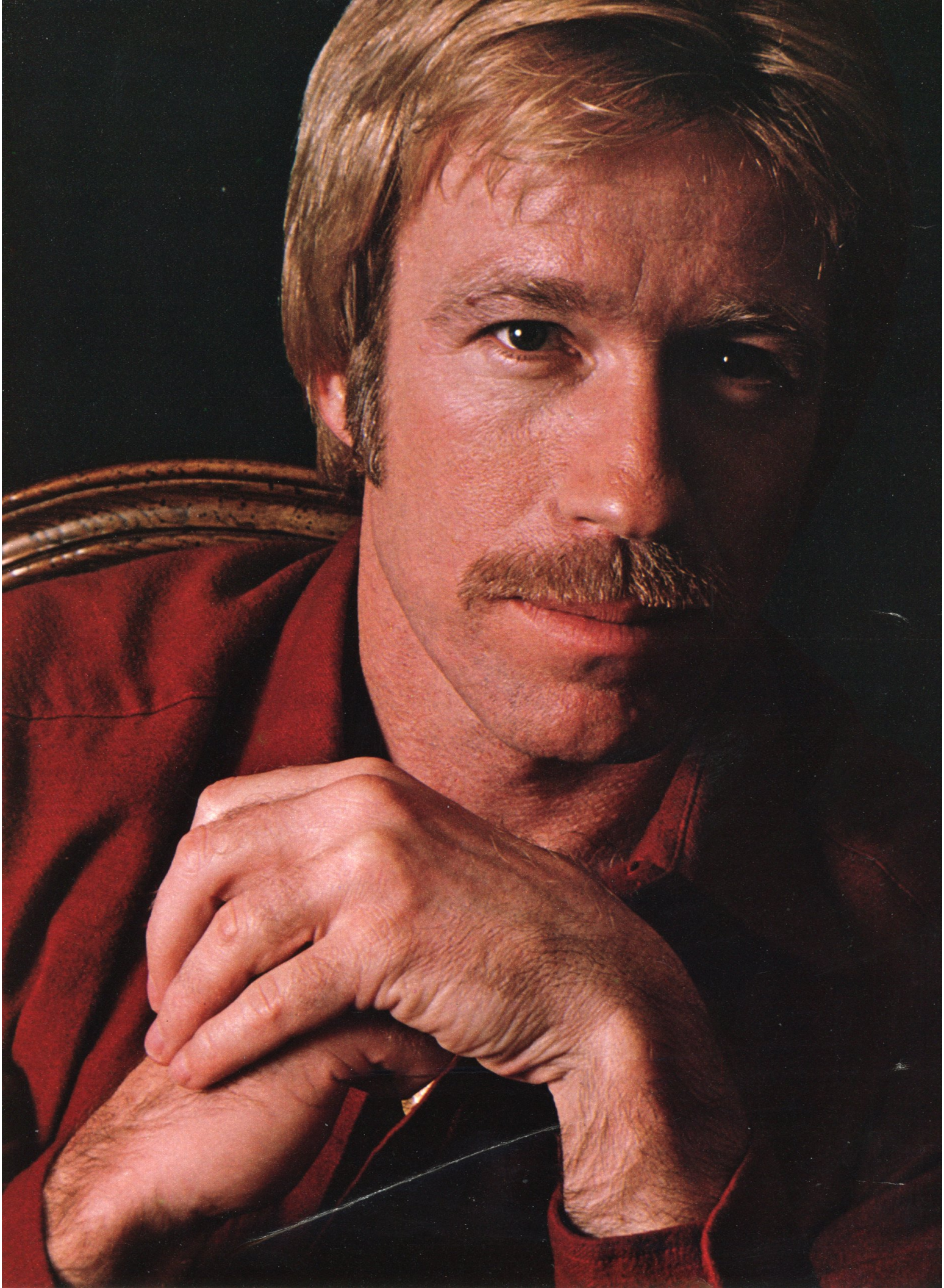

A blond, blue-eyed
black-belt WASP from Ryan,
Oklahoma, has become
the successor to Bruce Lee.

CHUCK NORRIS

BY JOE FLAHERTY

The scene is a high-school assembly hall in the South Bronx, and a couple of hundred kids with whip-lean bodies are raising hell. Their teachers have that walleyed look, as if they were the command guests of so many Ayatollahs. It's the kind of a joint where you can't get no respect.

Suddenly, there appears on the stage a slight, minor-league Robert Redford. He is white and blond, a skitterish albino among a thundering herd of black stallions. Surely they'll stampede this ofay outsider off the stage.

But now the raucousness mutes to reverence. Is he a narc? No. He is Hollywood's "this year's blond" —Chuck Norris, a 40-year-old, retired six-time middleweight karate champion, and the newly crowned celluloid champ of the chop-and-stomp epics.

After two cameo roles and three starring movies (a fourth is on the way) and multi-millions in grosses from the grasslands to the ghettos, Chuck is ready to assume from the departed Bruce Lee the title of the meanest man in town. What the kids are bestowing on him is a kung fu canonization.

Photograph by Pat Hill

Norris currently is filling a void of both person and time. The void has been aching and gaping for years, even though Hollywood and Hong Kong tried to create Bruce Lee look-alikes who didn't convince anyone. It was only with an entirely new image, a Bible Belt blond as square as a back acre instead of an Oriental imitation, that the Lee magic was recaptured. Which brings us to the present.

Chuck Norris had been out working the precinct caucuses, the Main Street movies, the heartland drive-ins, and those local radio shows—W-something-or-other out of Cincinnati and elsewhere. He also was working the urban underground of New York, touring the tough high schools of Brooklyn and the Bronx to the rousing cheers of black and Puerto Rican kids of both sexes. He was busy building his coalition for the eighties among people who peddle *People* magazine instead of appearing in it—people who think Xenon is a disorder of the skin.

To that underground cult who long for black belts and who halve boards without the aid of Black & Decker, he came to the fore when he choreographed a classic kung fu fight between himself and Bruce Lee in *Return of the Dragon* that took place in the Roman Colosseum. For those who care, this brawl was Louis-Schmeling in pajamas.

But this did no more for Norris

than rank him as a contender, since Lee, the high priest of the cult, was still alive and kicking. Not an ordinary contender, mind you, since Chuck is white and blond, and Lee was Oriental. This *pas de deux* was destined for endless replays. There was a buck to be made taking the final fall to Lee, but that would be like those helpless honky teams who endlessly play patsies to the Harlem Globetrotters, and who the hell needed that?

Then Lee died, amid a speculative storm: drugs, or was it poison? Gods simply don't pass, like the rest of us, from apoplexy. Indeed, was Lee dead at all? Rumors circulated that he had suffered a maiming accident that had marred his face and physique and was recuperating in a sequestered sanitorium. Presumably, the same one that houses James Dean, Judge Crater, Amelia Earhart, and Glenn Miller. The true believer knew Bruce's grunt and scream would be heard again, even if it was from the void.

The money boys who were raking it in on kung fu epics were betting the other way. The true void would now be at the box office. But then again, Lee, being Oriental, had a limited appeal. He couldn't actually woo an all-American heroine in his films. Cato (a role he actually played on television) never dated the girl next door. Not only was there a void, but there was also a possibility to improve on the original "box-office-wise," as they say. A kind of kicking Ken and Barbie combo could be formed, if there was the main ingredient: a handsome, white, blond karate fighter. So was born the avatar of the eighties.

Norris, born Carlos Ray in the small town of Ryan, Okla., on May 10, 1940, had a classic Steinbeckian beginning. His mother, Wilma Knight, of Irish and English extraction, raised him after his father Ray, a Cherokee, took a cakewalk. Throughout his tough early years his mother, a devout Baptist, held the family together by working in a laundry while Chuck baby-sat for his two younger brothers. She was, he declares, his life's anchor. "She was and still is inspirational. She was always up, even in the worst of times, and she passed that philosophy on to me. Even when we were poor, we always had each other, and that's something money can't buy."

Norris's constant theme is discipline. Discipline, like faith, can move not only mountains but social barriers as well. "That's why minority kids respond to me. They know I care. I let them know I came out of a background of poverty. But I also let them know where you start from makes no difference. Poor is poor. Dirt poor in Oklahoma is not that much different from being down and out in the Bronx. If you know what you want and apply discipline, which is what I stress in my karate teaching, you can climb to the heights."

When Chuck Norris talks like this, which is almost always, you wait to hear the strains of a Rodgers and Hammerstein score—not *Oklahoma* but rather the inspirational "You'll Never Walk Alone." On the face of it, he is a man who refuses to look down, and perhaps never back, never darkly back.

Norris's devotion to discipline may have been derived not only from his mother and karate. Fear makes one a greater toe-er of the line, and the shadowy figure in Norris's past is his father. When you ask about him, Norris speaks in euphemisms. "He was a drifter—you know, a bit of a roustabout, a rover." But when you push further, Norris begrudgingly admits his father was an alcoholic who deserted his family and subsequently died in a car wreck in 1956. When this admission is made, it is cathartic and he sadly smiles, then says bitterly, "He was a cliché—a drunken Indian."

This is in no way a smarmy revelation about Norris's life, but an examination of the perverse way our philosophies are formed. Besides stressing discipline, Norris drops involuntary clues about the seduction of the primrose path. He works out, he states, three hours each morning in the gym in his Rolling Hills, Calif., home, from 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 A.M. "I do it every morning, even when I don't feel like it. Discipline is a funny thing, you let one thing slip, and you develop bad habits. Then you let everything in life slide."

> I was the shrimp who got sand shoved in his face by a two-hundred-pound dude. Oh, how I wanted to be a badass!

On marriage, he says, "My wife, Diane, gives more than fifty percent. She gives ninety percent. Of all my friends, I'm the only one who's not divorced. I'm proud of that." And of course Norris doesn't use hard alcohol himself. "Only white wine occasionally. I saw what liquor could do." Norris also—in real life and in his films—crusades against drugs, and drug addiction is a metaphor that permeates his view of American foreign policy. "We lost in the Bay of Pigs, we gave back the Panama Canal—that was the beginning. Now we have Iran and Afghanistan. As a country, we have lost our discipline. We have a half-assed approach in dealing with foreign countries. When you lose once, it becomes easier to lose the second time. It becomes a habit, an *addiction!*"

The footsteps of his wayward father reverberate through all these passages. He isn't the first cinematic tough guy who was spurred on by the fear of emulating the wrong parent. Jimmy Cagney, the son of a boozer, never touched a drop in his life, and his account of his life is strewn with the misfortunes of fellow actors who did. Chuck is proud to tell you his sons got the message. One of his favorite stories is how his younger son, Eric, when offered a "marijuana cigarette" by a fellow student, forced "the pusher" to eat the joint.

But Norris readily admits he didn't always have his philosophy together. Shortly after his birth, the family moved to Wilson, Okla., where he lived until he was 12. Norris is not inclined to talk much about those early years, and one gathers it wasn't exactly "Little House on the Prairie." But then the family made the fabled Okie trek to the promised land, California. If all the opportunities are not golden, at least California has the atmosphere to help one to jettison the past.

The family settled in Torrance, an area whose beauty is blighted by a concentration of industry. Chuck attended North Torrance High, where, in his own words, he was "a five-foot-six-inch, one-hundred-thirty-pound shrimp full of insecurity. I had no athletic ability, and I was so shy I couldn't get up and speak in front of a class without my face turning red. I guess it was my Irish blood. I was physically and mentally insecure."

The touching-twerp rendition is familiar to any school kid. These are the guys who generally gravitated to the Marine Corps, the airborne, or, in Norris's case, karate. Norris doesn't deny it: "I was the shrimp who got sand shoved in his face by a two-hundred-pound dude. Oh, how I wanted to be a badass!" He was far from that, but he did break the stereotypical role of the loser by winning the high-school cheerleader who is now his wife. "I don't know how it happened," he confesses. "I was sitting on the school steps, brown-bagging it, and she started to talk to me. I could hardly respond." He communicated enough to get her to marry him before she turned 17. The sands of life began to shift.

The slightly built Norris altered the scenario for twerps when he chose to join the air force instead of the marines, but could there also have been symbolism in this move? After all, it is the air force that is the only service which issues its men pajamas, the game Chuck would ultimately master. Such tumbling of the psyche aside, he became a member of the Air Police in Korea in 1958. In Korea, Chuck relates, the options for off-duty servicemen were broads, boozing, and the pursuit of academic courses sponsored by the government. The first two held no intrigue for a newly married young man who had seen love go down the drain in his parents' marriage be-

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cause of carousing. And though Norris is a generally bright man, pounding the books wasn't his style, either.

Around that time in that part of the world, American servicemen were beginning to develop an interest in the martial arts, and Chuck signed up for an on-base judo class. When he took a nasty throw from an opponent in a bout, fracturing his shoulder, he had to resign from the class. With his arm in a sling, he took to wandering about the villages on the outskirts of the air base, where he watched Koreans practicing an elaborate ritual known as "tang soo do." In Chinese the ritual was called "kung fu," and in Japanese "karate." It might be said the searching Norris had finally found something he could get a belt out of.

When he returned to the states, Norris opened a small karate school, an interim activity, he believed, until he was hired by the Los Angeles Police Department. Norris's life had now taken on its sustaining structure: discipline, duty, patriotism, law and order. But Norris's love for karate and for teaching it dwarfed his ambition to be a cop. After all, being a cop was being an anonymous member of a long blue line. In karate one could distinguish oneself by breaking color barrier after color barrier, graduating from the novice hues to the cherished black belt. There was an aura, a distinction in such an achievement, while in the public eye, "the pigs" had only one pigmentation.

Norris's school operation expanded with his prowess at the sport. Of course, there was an added fillip that is so essential in the Southern California scheme of free enterprise: Norris's schools began to draw some of the movie crowd. On a given day, Bob Barker of "The Price Is Right," Steve McQueen, or Priscilla Presley might be found taking a turn on Norris's mat. (There is no record of Elvis taking off his blue suede shoes.)

Norris moved into a franchise operation with his schools. Franchising is, of course, the other Southern California dream. Ray Kroc of McDonald's parlayed it into millions. Why not Norris, as the proprietor of "The Big Thwack"? Things were falling into place. In 1965 he won the California state title, in 1966 the national, in 1967 the international, and in 1968, in Madison Square Garden, the world title. But with all this, Norris was still an adjunct to the California cosmos, a minor component of a constellation, not a distinguishable star. A certified success to the rest of us, but in the glamour galaxy, Norris still had something to kick about.

Norris made his motion picture debut in 1969 in a Matt Helm flick, *The Wrecking Crew*, with Dean Martin. It was a beginning, a small showcase for his skills, but what the public remembered about the film was chiefly a bevy of sexy broads and Dino's sloth. A private eye with closed peepers.

It wasn't until 1974, when he went hammer and tongs with Bruce Lee in *Return of the Dragon*, that people started to ask "Chuck who?" Lee's stardom in these foot-and-mouth sagas was like Fred Astaire's in musicals. Even his partners were sprinkled with the fallout of stardust. In 1976 Norris hooked up with American International Pictures to star in *Breaker, Breaker*, a saga of a CB good ole boy who rescues a small town from evil. It was hardly heady stuff, but the box-office receipts showed that pockets of America were disenchanted with antiheroes and longing for the boy next door who could kick ass.

Breaker, Breaker proved no fluke, and the film company and Norris went to the mat again with *Good Guys Wear Black*, in which Norris played John T. Booker, a sociology professor with a sinewy message. Though Norris is not smitten with the film, because of the lead character ("too much political junk," he tells his adoring teenage public), *Good Guys* was shot for $1.3 million and grossed $19 million domestically. It was evident that Chuck's black belt was lined with gold.

> That's why minority kids respond to me. They know I care. I let them know I came out of a background of poverty. But I also let them know where you start from makes no difference.

A psychiatrist friend who dabbles in the sport for workout purposes offered me this insight into the popularity of a foreign ritual. "What most people don't realize is that karate, aside from all its Oriental mystique, is peculiarly American," he says. "Through hard work and discipline, it allows the little guy to succeed. Boxing is perceived as too brutal. Nobody fantasizes about beating Ali—he has mastered his craft. Besides, in boxing any big guy is terrifying, even if he is inept; the force of his punch is enough to overcome you. But in karate you can learn an edge against size. For all its postures and formalities, karate is perceived by Americans as technology—a secret weapon. And we as a people adore ingenuity. We're slaves to technology. Combine that with power to the underdog, and you have democratic destruction. What could be more American?" The shrink could have added—in Norris's case, anyway—the making of money. If it succeeds materially, it must have some spiritual worth.

But even after *Good Guys*, Norris still was not "bankable." The money boys were wary of financing his latest, *A Force of One*. So Norris, like his political hero, Ronald Reagan, hit the hustings, the heartland where a message can be understood. Chuck went on tour for a year and a half, doing 10 to 12 talk shows a day, lining up distributors all over the country to showcase *Force*. "I talked so much I lost my voice," he says, "but it was worth it."

The film, made for $2.5 million, has a projected gross of $30 million. Norris will never have to roust the rubes again. His new film, *Octagon*, released this past August, was presold to 80 percent of the distributors in the country. Chuck, like his belt, is now permanently in the black.

The astonishing thing about *A Force of One* is *where* the film has succeeded. Forget the drive-ins and the Main Street dream palaces and the redneck nabes. It figured to score there. But what about $875,000 in the first week in jaded New York, $595,000 in Los Angeles, $575,000 in Chicago, $425,000 in ultrachic San Francisco, or $215,000 in ghettoized Philly? What the hell do these mind-blowing figures mean? Are we dealing with a pajamaed palooka or a full-rigged philosopher of the 1980s?

If one needs evidence that Norris is plumbing some psychic depths, following him on his tour of New York high schools provides just that. In less than a week he will appear at 16 high schools, speaking and showing clips of *Force* to 23 assemblies.

His day begins early as he exits the Plaza Hotel, dressed casually (but impeccably) in formfitting jeans and a windbreaker and carrying his only prop, a pair of fleece-lined gloves, which he holds onstage and intermittently taps into the palm of his free hand. It's a nice touch, like a bomber squadron leader giving a briefing before a mission.

He is unabashedly sure of himself, never conceiving that his message might be perceived as cornball to tough urban kids or to the reporter who is covering him. He also is genuinely nice, polite, cooperative, and open. It's simple to deduce: he has found success and happiness, and he is willing to export the magic formula. It is all very small-town Christian decency, if not quite revivalist, since he is a low-keyed man. Intellectual nuance is something to be ignored, an irritating itch on the soul of his philosophy. When it is suggested that motivation and will might not be enough for an area such as the South Bronx, the notion is politely dismissed: "Sure, it's tough here, but if the kids apply themselves, they will make it." The message is clear—the original Savior didn't apply for federal grants.

He unblinkingly stares his interlocutor in the eye and says, "Kids don't have heroes anymore since John Wayne died. They need someone to look up to. I have two boys myself, and I want them to have

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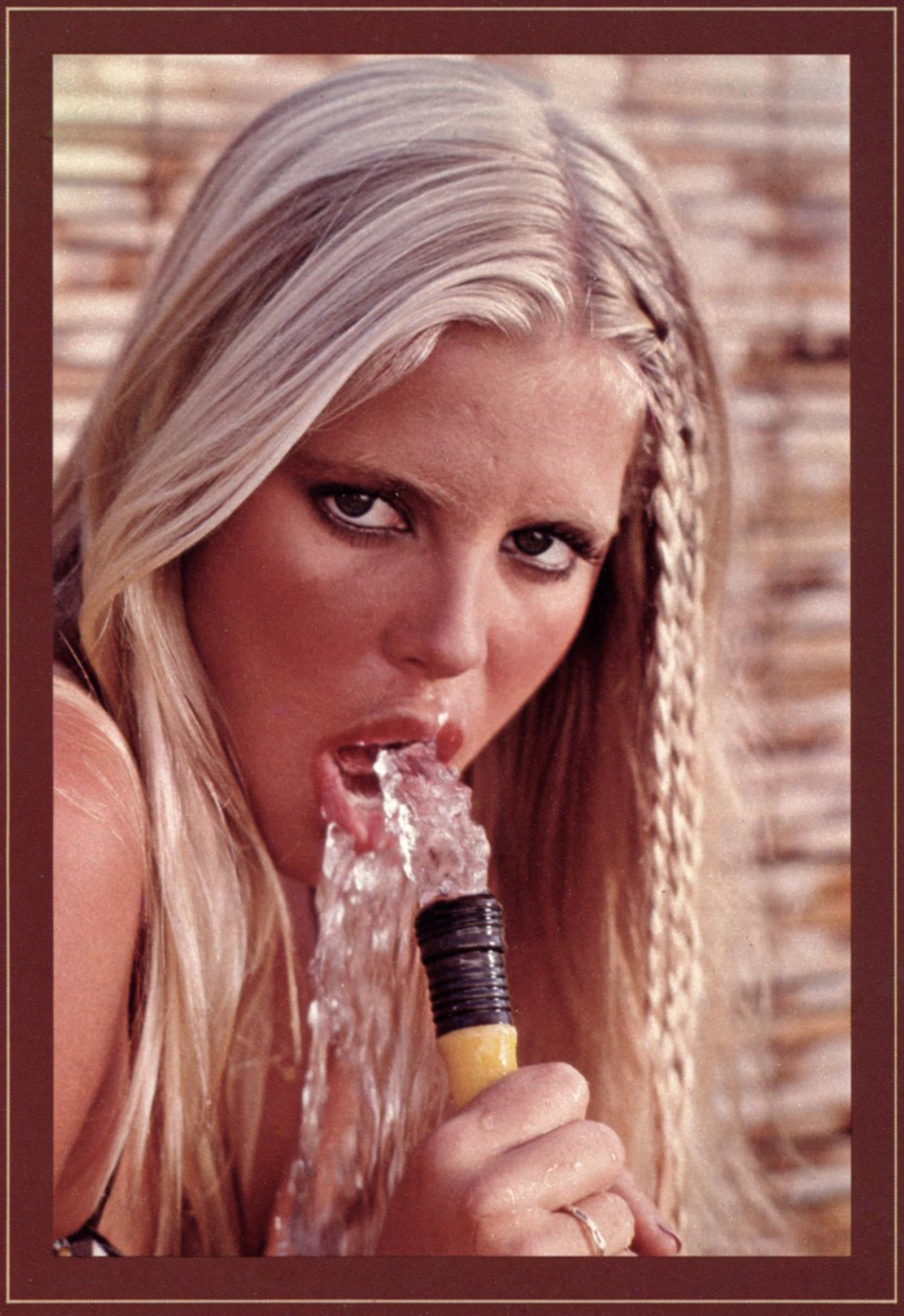


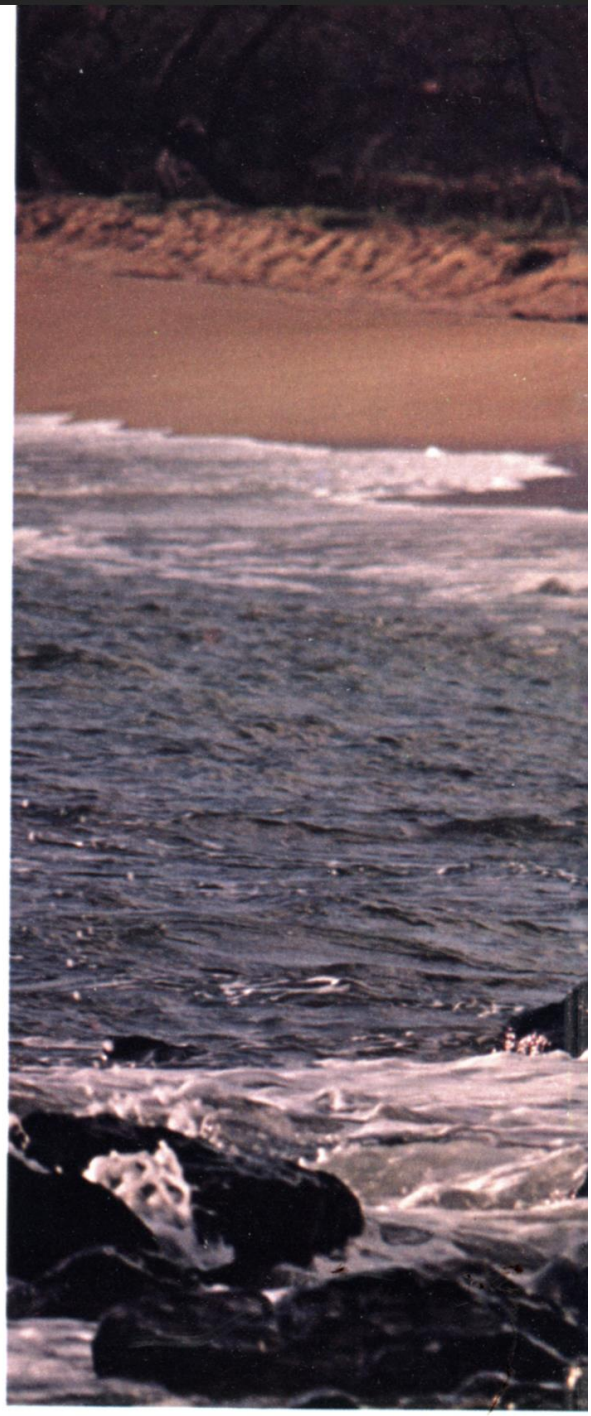
*"In lovemaking there should definitely be a real contrast:
I like to feel as if I'm succumbing
to a force that is stronger and greater than I am..."*

KRISTEN

FIRST MATE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"When I was in high school, I played hooky quite a bit," confesses our Swedish-born Pet of the Month Kristen Knutsen, "and I'm still basically a truant at heart. For instance, I've managed to find a job for myself that seems more like play than real work: running a boat marina with my brother Jonathan here in Hawaii. Somehow, it's difficult to feel like a working person when you get to wear a bathing suit all day."



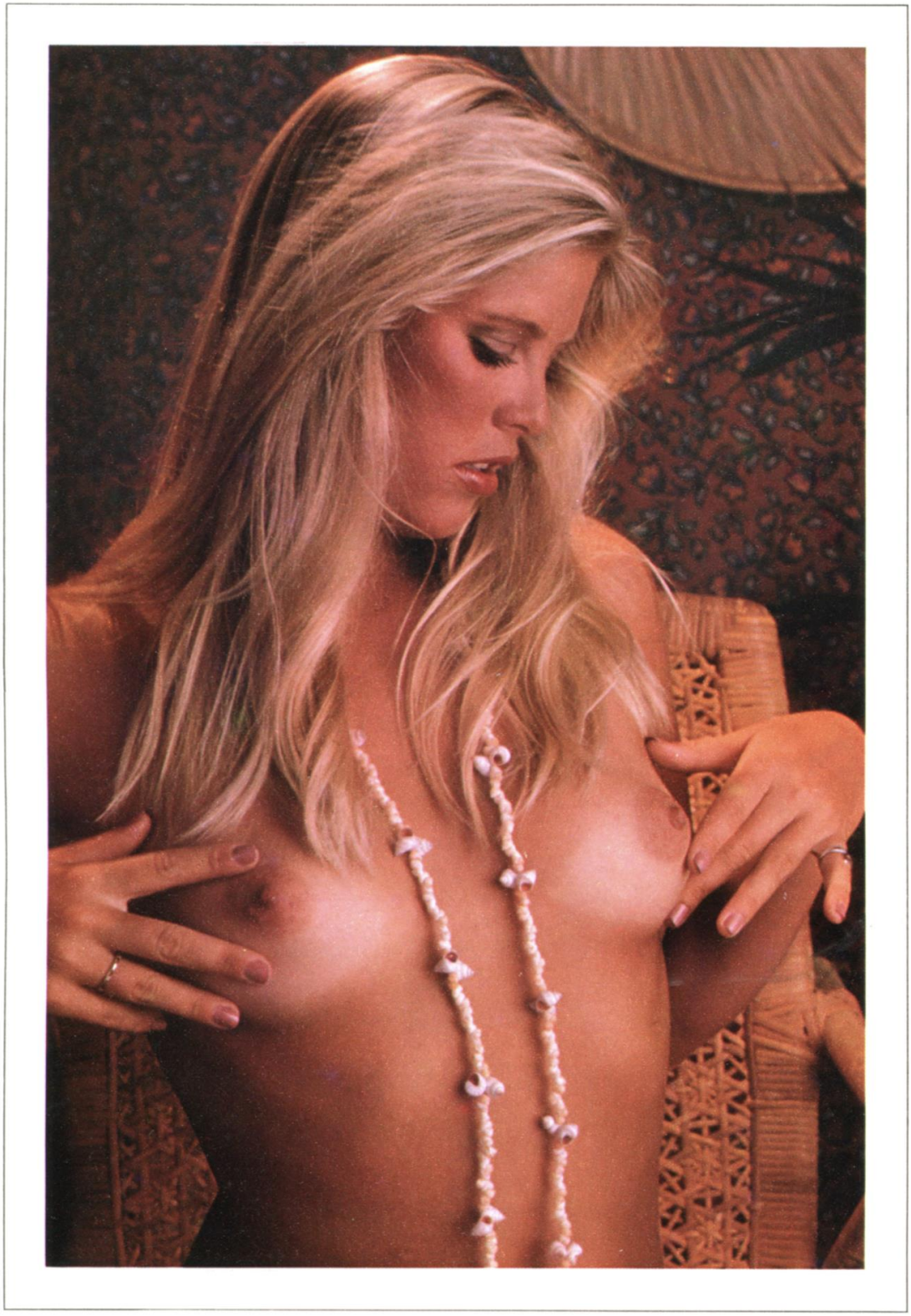
Kris has lived in Hawaii since the age of six. "I'm now twenty-three," she tells us, "but I feel as if a part of me will never grow up entirely...I'm a much bigger fan of hedonism than I am of Calvinism." On the many occasions when Kris isn't actually working, she freely indulges in the pleasures the island has to offer. "I love to swim, wind surf, and sail most of all, though all of these are better with the buddy system."

"Skinny-dipping gives me goose bumps when a handsome man comes along as my lifeguard, and since I'm first mate on a sailing schooner, it seems silly not to do some actual mating! If I had a persuasive skipper and the wind was right, I'd sail around the world at a moment's notice."

Kris seriously doubts, however, that she'd ever leave Hawaii for long—not even to explore the enticing offers that might well result from her spectacular debut here in *Penthouse*. "If a Hollywood producer wanted me to be in a film," she declares, "I'd gladly do it. But the movie would have to be shot on location here in Hawaii." Considering the looks of her five-foot-four-inch 35-23-35 figure, Kris is in a very strong bargaining position...

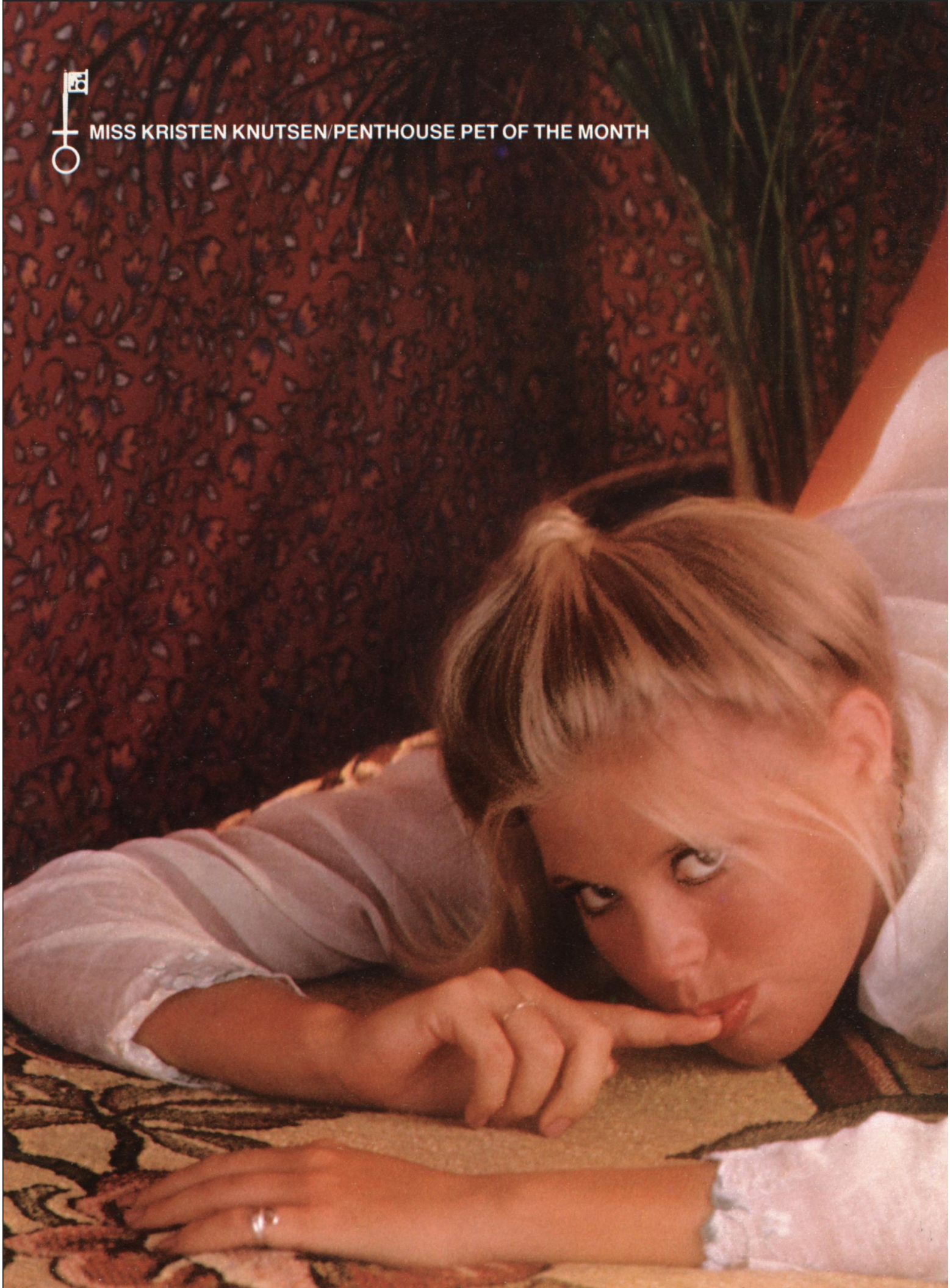
Our free-spirited Pet is so enamored of the sea that she actually lives on a boat year-round. "Mostly it's great, but there is one drawback to having a floating home such as mine. On superstill afternoons, any really active lovemaking going on behind closed portals will be obvious to people on the pier, because the boat has a funny tendency to rock along with us!"

Though Kris doesn't think of herself as a major tourist attraction, she does admit that a lot of vacationing young admirers offer to take her back to the States with them. "But that doesn't interest me. Big cities are too civilized for me; I prefer being a happy, friendly savage," she adds, treating us to a less-than-ferocious growl.



"I like *men* who are friendly savages, too," she says, "as long as they aren't *too* rough. Really gentle men don't make me feel as feminine. In lovemaking, there should definitely be a real contrast: I like to feel as if I'm succumbing to a force that is stronger and greater than I am..."

Though our cool sherbet sundae loves her independence, she'll never become a hermit. "Having a lover and companion means a lot to me. After all, no woman is an island." If she were, we have a feeling quite a few former landlubbers would cast their sails in her direction.


MISS KRISTEN KNUTSEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS KRISTEN KNUTSEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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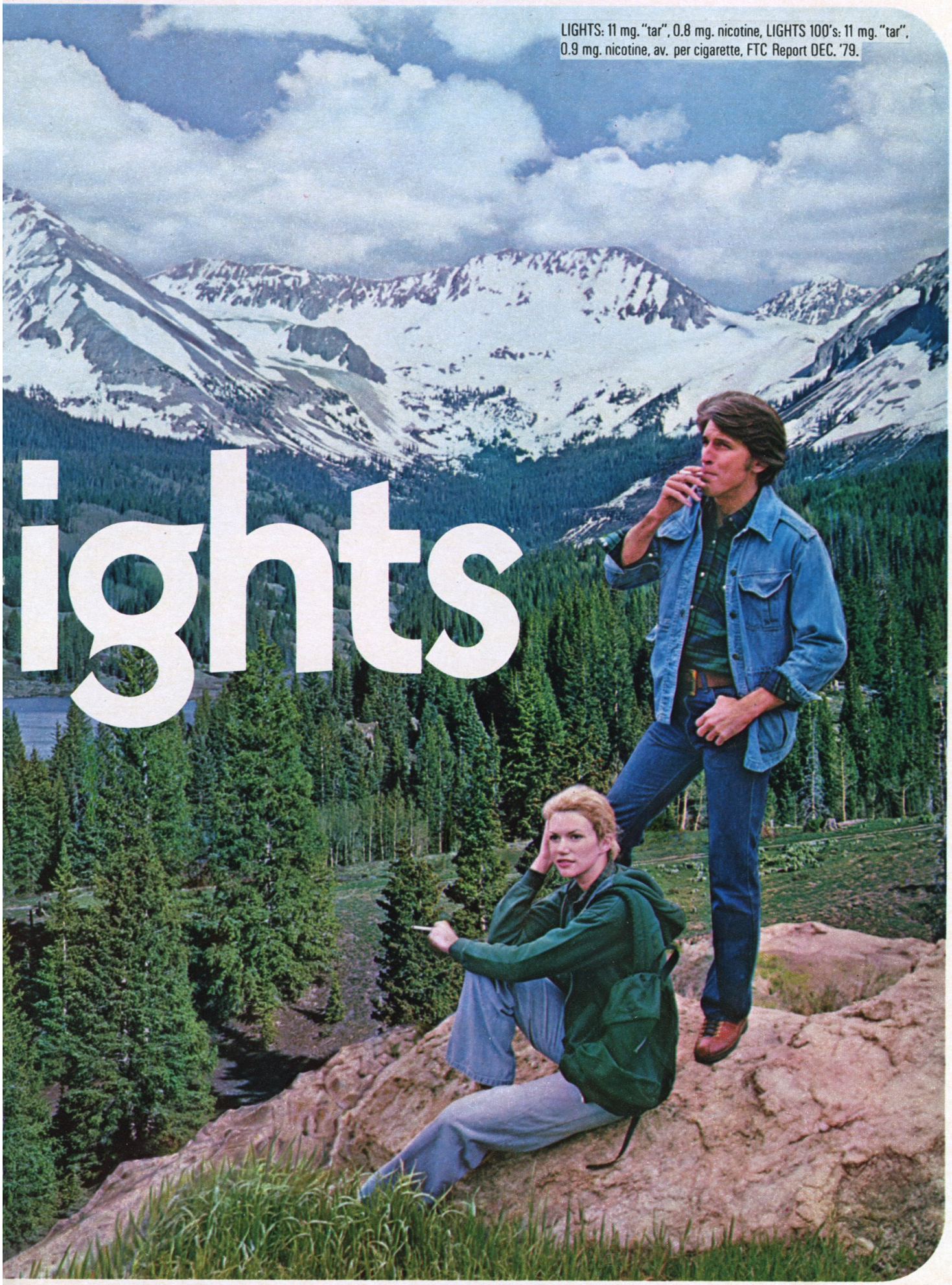

LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

Pat Hill

BY EDWARD RASEN

The author, a writer and television journalist, spent almost two months inside Cambodia on assignment for ABC News. It was the longest and most extensive visit to that country by any Western journalist in five years.

STOP THE CAMBODIAN GENOCIDE

Cambodia, 1980. Dead men. Dead women. Dead children. Dead people. Many are now just piles of bones. For them there is no more misery, disease, and starvation. Many lay drained of life on the jungle floor. Their faces are set in the confused pain of their last hours: eyes staring, imploring, praying for help. For these corpses there is no more politics, no more ideology; they care nothing about democracy or communism. There are no monuments to their death. They have had little impact on the world. But millions of ghosts haunt the jungle trails.

Today our attention is focused on the Middle East and Afghanistan. We have forgotten the people of Cambodia. Of all the modern-day events involving great human suffering, the story of Cambodia is the most grievous and heartbreaking. Millions of Cambodians have been murdered in the last ten years. And the United States, as much as any other country, is responsible for these deaths.

Ironically, Cambodia has never been at war with the United States. During the Vietnam War Cambodia's government tried to maintain neutrality in order to protect its people. But presidents Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon considered neutrality anti-American or pro-Vietnamese. Furthermore, Cambodia was friendly with Communist China, which in those years was our main enemy.

Beginning in May 1967, U.S. Special Forces teams conducted secret missions (code-named "Salem House" and "Daniel Boone") inside Cambodia. Over the next four years 1,835 special projects and operations took place, all of which violated the neutrality and sovereignty of Cambodia. Some of these should make us question whether the United States is indeed a civilized nation.

For example, in the summer of 1968 a U.S. Special Forces team operating from base camp "B57," on the border of Vietnam and Cambodia, selected a target on the "K2-Front," about ten miles inside northeastern Cambodia, for a military operation known as "Project Red Cap." Several weeks later a U.S. Air Force plane dropped two 50-pound canisters of Type VX nerve gas on the target. Fifty pounds of VX, if properly dispersed, is enough to kill more than 2 million people. Its use is illegal under the Articles of War of the Geneva Convention and international treaties restricting chemical and biological warfare.

That was only the beginning. On March 18, 1969, just two months after Nixon's inauguration and with his personal approval, 48 U.S. Air Force B-52s dropped 1,440 tons of bombs on neutral Cambodia. The target, Base Area 353, contained 1,640 Cambodian peasants living in 13 villages. During the next 14 months, 3,630 secret and illegal B-52 raids were flown against targets in Cambodia. They were all personally approved by Nixon or his national security adviser, Henry Kissinger. Nixon lied about the bombing. Kissinger still lies about it. The Nixon Doctrine, based on a morality of deceit and packaged in the Stars and Stripes, justified the inhumane slaughter. None of us wants to face the truth: that the United States, the land of liberty and justice, was committing mass murder.

In March 1970 the CIA instigated a coup that toppled the neutral government of Prince Norodom Sihanouk and installed the pro-U.S. military regime of Gen. Lon Nol. Neu-

"The people of Cambodia could not afford the crimes of Nixon and Kissinger. And Americans must act now to stop Jimmy Carter from continuing the crimes. He should be held accountable for supporting a fugitive guerrilla group that has murdered several million people."

trality became another word. Six weeks later U.S. troops invaded Cambodia, "not for the purpose of expanding the war into Cambodia," Richard Nixon lamely explained, "but for the purpose of ending the war in Vietnam."

When the Paris Peace Agreement ended the bombing of Vietnam and Laos in 1973, the might of the entire U.S. Seventh Air Force was turned against Cambodia. The bombing was so intense that at one stage 81 B-52s were flying daily raids; against Vietnam the maximum had been 60 per day. During the first half of 1973 more than 250,000 tons of bombs were dropped on Cambodia, which then was supposedly our ally. During all of World War II the United States dropped 160,000 tons of bombs on Japan.

By 1975, nearly 800,000 Cambodians had been killed and another 200,000 wounded. Then on April 12, 1975, after destroying the country and all semblance of social or political order, the United States pulled out. And into the vacuum of devastation stepped Saloth Sar, better known as Pol Pot, the most fanatic and bloodthirsty of all Communist guerrillas. As his fellow countrymen began their journey to hell, the last Cambodian ambassador to Washington stated: "Let's face it, you took advantage of us. . . . If the United States had respected our neutrality, then the fighting, the killing and things, might not have happened."

But the killing was really just beginning. Almost 3 million Cambodians have died since 1975. In less than four years, Pol Pot pushed the country to the very edge of extinction. Hundreds of thousands of Cambodians were murdered in cold blood by his brutal Khmer Rouge cadre. Millions more perished from disease and famine. Not until Vietnam swept into the country in late 1978 and installed a new government did the tidal wave of genocide subside.

The fighting and dying continues. Thousands die each week in the ongoing war between the remnant Pol Pot forces, being armed by China, and the Vietnamese troops supporting the new government.

Yet the real Cambodian tragedy is that these people continue to be victims of another kind of war, a geopolitical one that cares even less for their lives than the B-52 bombers did, a more subtle kind of war but no less lethal. It is Jimmy Carter's "sideshow."

Ironically, perhaps the first victims of the Carter policy regarding Cambodia were U.S. citizens. In two separate incidents in 1978, Christopher Edward DeLance, Michael Scott Deeds, Lance MacNamara, and James William Clark, all U.S. citizens, were seized off the coast of Cambodia by Pol Pot security forces and taken to the Tuol Sleng extermination camp in Phnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia, where they were tortured and executed. One American missed being saved by just one day. A survivor of the prison where 16,000 people lost their lives recalled that "on the last day I saw them drag an American across the courtyard to the interrogation chambers." On January 7, 1979, Vietnamese and Cambodian forces liberated the Tuol Sleng Prison.

Even after UNICEF, Red Cross, and OXFAM officials reported a genocide more ghastly than Hitler's holocaust, the Carter administration went to the United Nations last October and, in concert with its newfound friend, China, asked the international community to recognize the "legitimacy" of the deposed Pol Pot regime.

The administration's condemnation of the Vietnamese attack on Pol Pot is depressing evidence of a nauseating double standard. When our government says that it supports Pol Pot because he represents the "legitimate" government of Cambodia, remember that the Carter administration enthusiastically supported Tanzania's invasion of Uganda and the overthrow of Idi Amin in 1979. If there is any difference between the two murderers, it is only the degree of homicidal mania: Pol Pot slaughtered more people than Amin did. Carter's policy regarding Cambodia amounts to nothing more than an attempt to buy the friendship of the Red Chinese. Forget the fact that just ten years ago Americans were fighting and dying to stop the Chinese "yellow peril" from taking over the world. Today they are our friends and, more important, our potential business customers.

President Carter's highly publicized human-rights policy, as it applies to Cambodia, is not rooted in humanitarianism but in hypocritical opportunism. His administration has tried to convince Americans that it is concerned with feeding starving people even while it is fomenting civil war.

Mrs. Carter's visit to a refugee camp on the Thai border last year was a highly successful public-relations ploy. What was never mentioned was the fact that the camp was a rest and rehabilitation haven for Pol Pot guerrillas, their families, friends, and victims. Supplies pass through the camp under the watchful eye of U.S.-supported Thai officials and into Cambodia. The Thais, fearful of the Vietnamese, condone the mayhem and slaughter practiced by the Pol Pot guerrillas.

In the end, the facts speak for themselves. Vietnam has given more food to starving Cambodians than any other country has. The international relief agencies, also more concerned with real relief than with rhetoric, have been flying planes loaded with food and supplies into Phnom Penh daily since last fall. But the U.S. government, despite the exaggerated puff of its press releases, continues to feed the perpetrators of the genocide, supports them at the United Nations, and curries favor with their Big Brother to the north.

The people of Cambodia could not afford the crimes of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger. And Americans must act now to stop Jimmy Carter from continuing the crimes. International law was violated in Cambodia by Kissinger and Nixon. They should be held accountable for their part in the destruction and the slaughter of innocent Cambodians. Likewise, Carter should be held accountable for supporting a fugitive guerrilla group that has murdered several million people and continues to kill, for playing politics with human lives, and for deceiving the American populace about his so-called human-rights policy.

When we first became interested in Cambodia in 1967, it had a population of 8 million people. The population is now 3 million. Over four and a half million people have been killed or starved to death. Another half-million are refugees.

Murder is serious. Unless you condemn it, the Carter administration will use your silence to make you an accomplice.

The National Cambodia Crisis Center, Box 242, Washington, D.C. 20044, is attempting to raise $100 million for Cambodian relief by October 1. Write to them for details on how to help. OI

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PENTHOUSE HUMOR EDITOR BILL LEE INTRODUCES "INVESTIGATIVE CARTOONING"

THE CHINA SINDROME (PART TU)

"While I was dining on crushed, soggy rice and muscular chicken, my thoughts drifted off to the wondrous joys of stateside chow. I mentally undressed a 'Big Mac.'"—Bill Lee in the People's Republic of China

Covering the People's Republic of China in (only) two parts is like shaking hands on your wedding night—a minimal act, to say the least, but far better than nothing at all. While I'm on the subject of "nothing," I'll begin the second part of my "China *Sin*drome" with a brief reference to the man who made this trip possible, former United States President Richard Milhous Nixon. Nixon's initial trip to China opened the door for Western tourism and provided the American television audience with an unusual glimpse at the "People's" version of a VIP banquet. During the course of a public dinner in the "great hall of the people," America's former Quaker Puffed Vice was seen to deliver several hundred toasts with *only* one little glass of plum brandy. Now that's what I'd call fiscal responsibility.

Mister ("I'm not a crook") Nixon is still popular in the People's Republic, and one of my tour guides couldn't resist the urge to convert a tea break in my tour schedule into a question-and-answer session. He asked about Tricky Dick. He could not understand why the Americans "purged" him. I explained that a great American, Leo Durocher, once said, "Nice guys finish last." Pretending to understand my response, the guide replied, "Ah, yes, of course." Drawing a small notebook from his overcoat pocket, he furiously attacked the blue-lined paper with a chrome-plated ball-point pen. Good Lord, he actually recorded my put-on. It boggles the mind to realize that the classic beauty of Chinese calligraphy has actually recorded that also classic, but not so beautiful, Leo Durocher. On that curiously final note, I give you the second half of my "mini-series" on the People's Republic of China.

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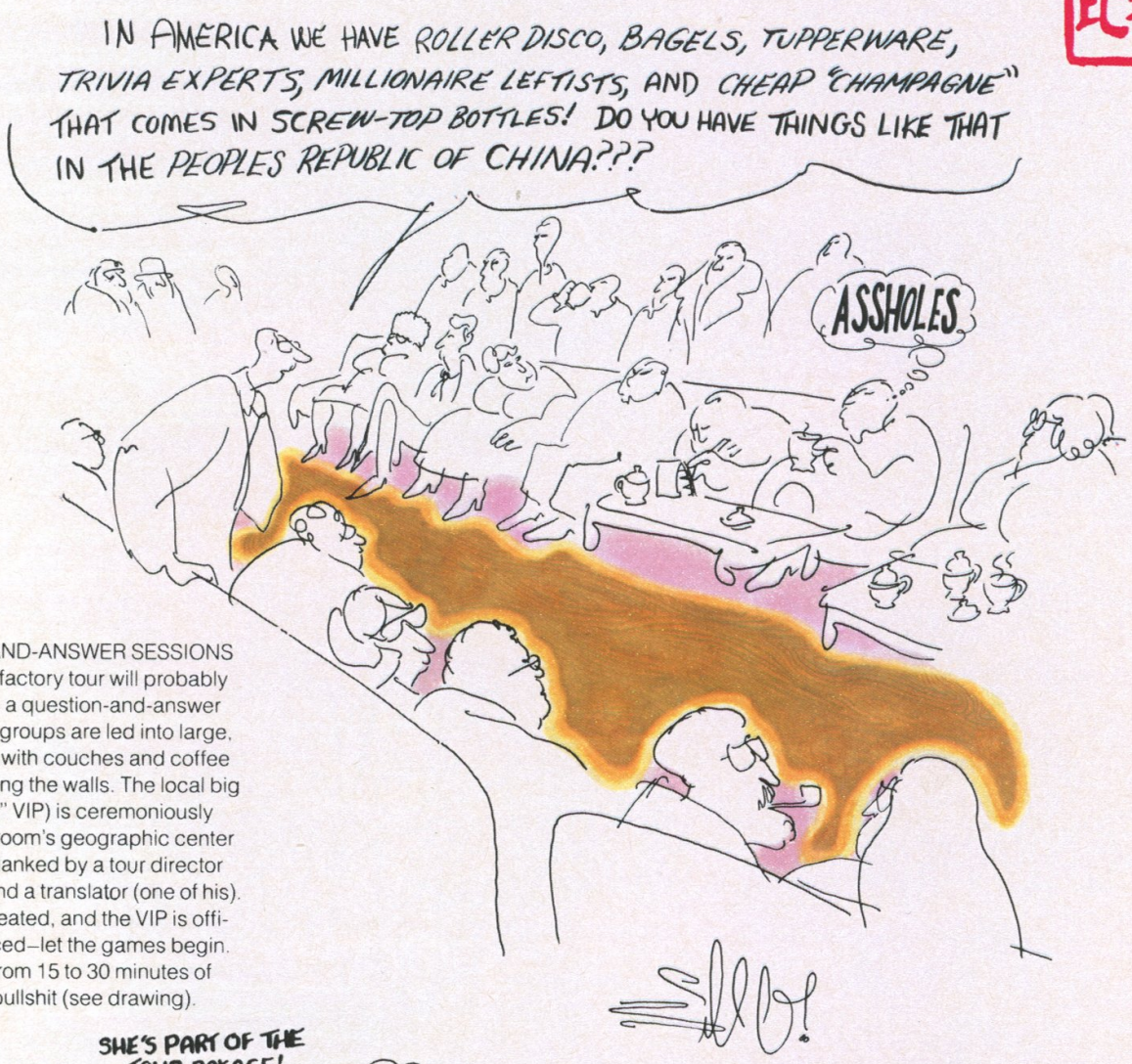
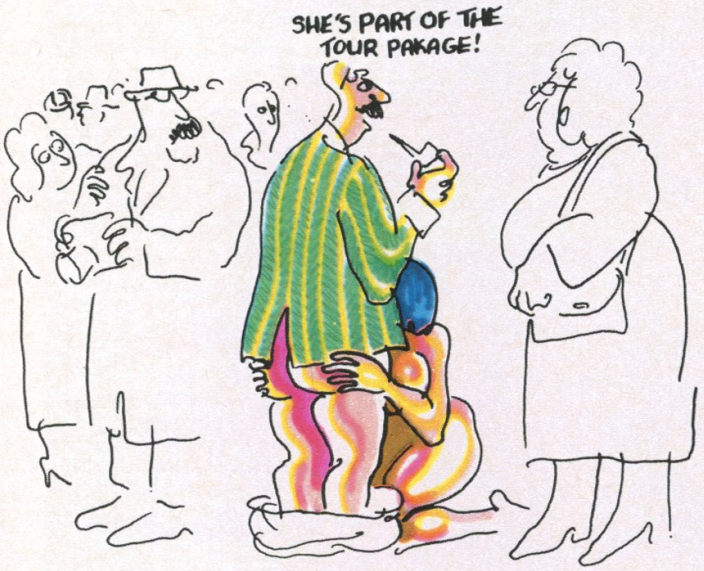
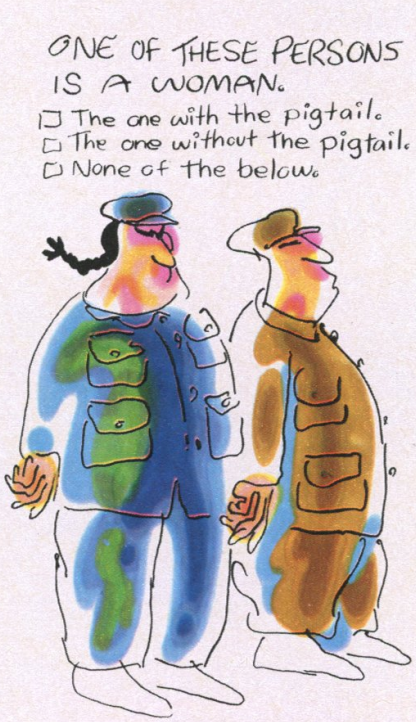


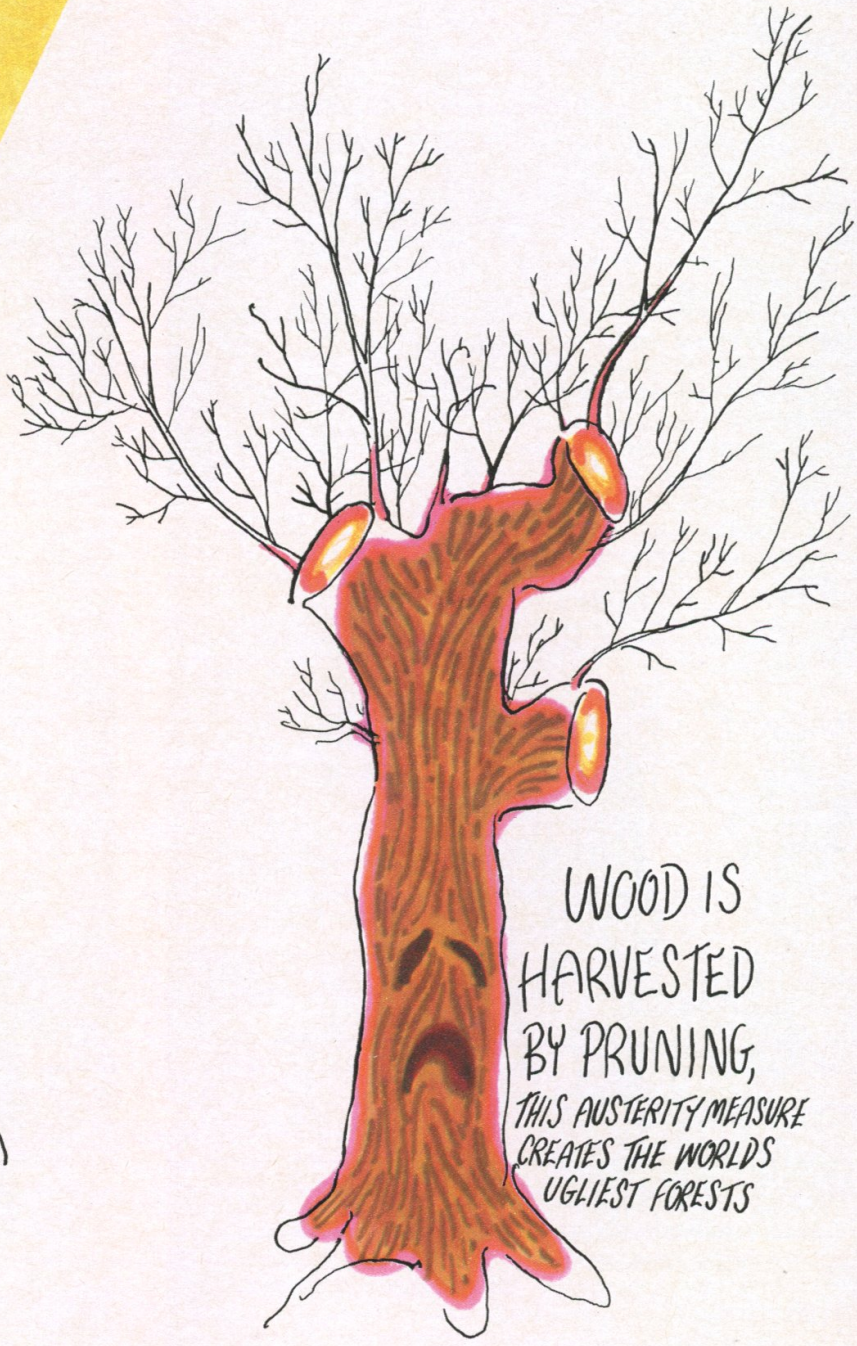
QUESTION-AND-ANSWER SESSIONS
A hospital or factory tour will probably wind up with a question-and-answer session. Tour groups are led into large, well-lit rooms with couches and coffee (tea) tables lining the walls. The local big shot ("party" VIP) is ceremoniously seated in the room's geographic center (precisely), flanked by a tour director (one of ours) and a translator (one of his). Tourists are seated, and the VIP is officially introduced—let the games begin. Anywhere from 15 to 30 minutes of absolute bullshit (see drawing).

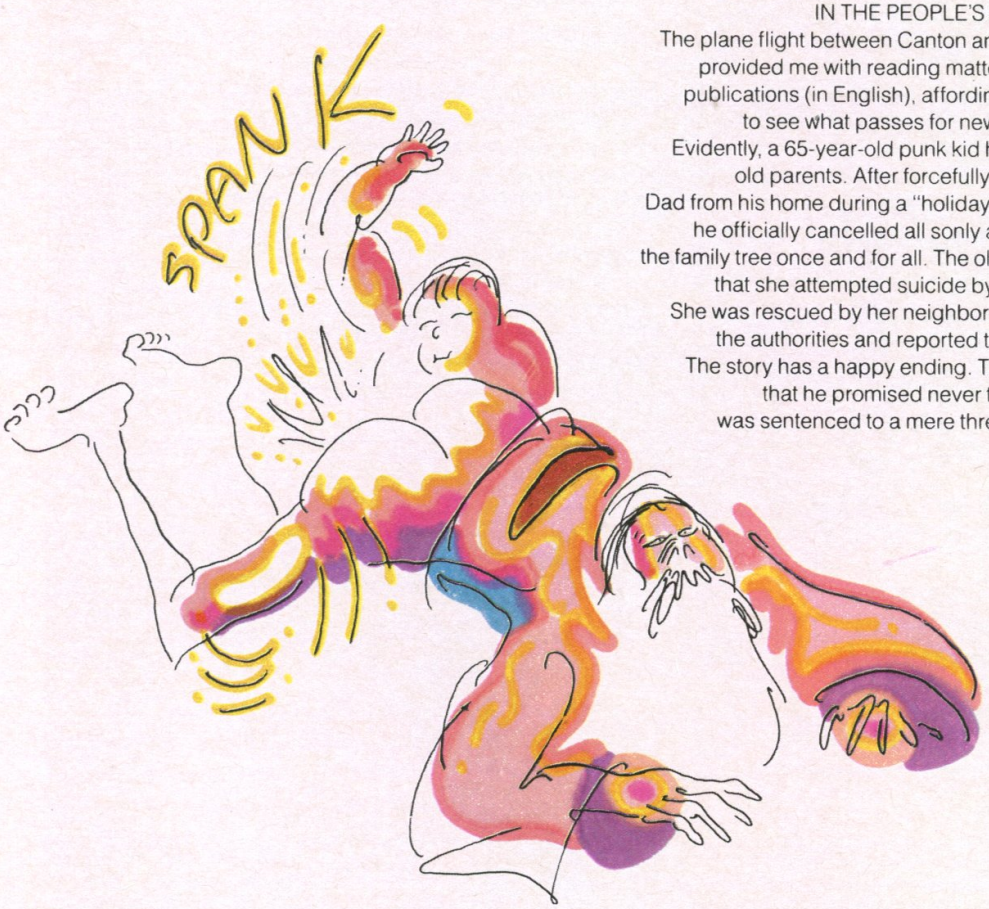


"WE DO NOT HAVE PROSTITUTION HERE; HOWEVER, THERE ARE SOME WOMEN WHO DO SELL THEIR LOVE."—CHINESE GUIDE
Victorian Marxism! That's the official propaganda image for 1 billion people, living together in godless bliss. No prostitution, no venereal disease, no adultery...that "prostitution" quote above is as close as I came to the truth from a government guide.



AT LONG LAST–"BIRTH CONTROL"
Population control and the food shortage have at long last become co-high priorities, as fat people are virtually nonexistent in Big Brother's armed camp. (An occasional bulbous butt might press too firmly against a seat of baggy Mao-style trousers, "butt" in general there ain't no fat people in China.) The new leaders have finally discovered that they're up to their armpits in people, and since marriage must be okayed by the government, they've cut back on okays and declared penalties for those who produce more than two kids. Does the pope know about this?





BOY GOES TO PRISON FOR BEING
MEAN TO MOM AND DAD (IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN
IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC)

The plane flight between Canton and Xian (pronounced "Sian") provided me with reading matter in the form of Chinese publications (in English), affording me the one opportunity to see what passes for news on the mainland. Evidently, a 65-year-old punk kid had been rude to his 85-year-old parents. After forcefully removing Mom and Dad from his home during a "holiday" dinner (probably Passover), he officially cancelled all sonly aid, thus chopping down the family tree once and for all. The old woman (Mom) was so upset that she attempted suicide by "jumping into a well." She was rescued by her neighbors, who immediately went to the authorities and reported the sexagenarian brat. The story has a happy ending. The errant child was so sorry that he promised never to do it again and was sentenced to a mere three years of hard labor.

PROPAGANDA: NO "TIPPING." JUST APPLAUD THE WAITERS,
THE COOKS, AND CHAIRMAN MAO'S GLORIOUS CULTURAL REVOLUTION

In place of after-dinner gratuities (tips), I gave freely of my...*applause*? (Considering the quality of food and service, I *over*tipped.) The American tour guides lead their tourists into a propaganda session, proclaiming the great friendship between our peoples and special praise for Chairman Mao and the glorious Cultural Revolution. These crap-rap sessions were also orchestrated for our departure from each city at airport, bus, or train stations. Barf!

"I DON'T TRUST ANY AIR THAT I CAN'T SEE."—JOHNNY CARSON (ON THE SMOG OF LOS ANGELES)

Johnny Carson would "trust" the air of Red China. The burning of coal (China's main energy source) envelops the country with a grayish amber tint, affording an excellent (filtered) naked-eye view of the noonday sun. Surgical masks are worn on the streets, providing some relief from the visible air and—on one particular occasion—escape from the law. During the week before my departure, a bank robbery took place in Peking, supposedly the first of its kind. The perpetrators actually used surgical masks to hide their identities before escaping into the crowded streets with their loot.

HOMOSEXUALITY IN CHINA?

While public displays of affection between men and women are rare (practically unheard of), hand holding and embracing in public between members of the *same* sex is a common occurrence. The commune system of all-boy/all-girl dorms could be combining with their unisex nondress code (Mao jacket, cap, baggy pants, canvas shoes) to create the world's largest known Marxist closet.

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BITTER RICE (AND OTHER GOURMET FAVORITES)

As a stateside maven of Oriental chow, I joyfully launched my bulky bod, taste buds and all, into what I thought at the time would be a diner's dream tour through the People's Republic of China. Unfortunately, I was terribly disappointed. I'm sorry to report that the white rice (served up by the soggy bowlful) appeared to have been processed by a meat grinder; not a decent whole grain could be found in any given serving. The Dim Sim (Chinese kreplach) were dim, the Lo Mein reached an all-time lo, and the spareribs were (yes, you guessed it) spare! Dishes heavily laden with soggy cabbage and tasteless lotus roots were common table fare. Other nondescript platters of steaming indelicacies melded with an occasional serving of rock-hard chicken and miniature slices of overcooked beef.

The only flavorful dish turned out to be a medium-sized carp (freshwater fish), tastefully coated with herbs and spices and served whole (bone within). Two beady little fish eyes glared angrily at the hapless consumer, the eatee making eye-to-eye contact with the eater. Avoiding the seemingly scornful stare, I peeled the skin back, gaining access to the tasty white meat. Curses, foiled again! The meat was impregnated with a multitude of tiny, needle-sharp bones. Scouring the carcass for a single bite became too much of a hassle...too much tongue-stinging, too little meat. As good as it tasted, it just wasn't worth the effort. Returning to the soggy rice and muscular chicken, my thoughts drifted off to the wondrous joys of stateside dining. I mentally undressed a Big Mac.

This disappointing mainland table fare showed little relation to the haute cuisine that is so readily available in restaurants operated by their Chinese-American counterparts. I wondered why. The answer could very well lie with the ingredients. They simply don't raise a very high-quality food product. Those enormous heads of cauliflower and broccoli grown in the States are far superior in size and taste to the mini-greens raised by a nation that utilizes human droppings to fertilize its fields. Knowledge of China's farming techniques ain't exactly what I'd refer to as "food for thought"; it only served to put an additional damper on what was left of my appetite. Combining that information with the "purity" of their water supply (China imports tap water from Mexico City), you've got the makings of an extremely effective plan for quick weight loss. Eventually, the question of food became academic: I made the mistake of drinking the water. My Chinese calendar said it all; for me it was the Year of the Amoeba.

By now, it's easy to understand why Marty Feldman has become the movies' newest comic headliner: anyone who looks like a cross between Peter Lorre and Don Knotts and who views life as a nonstop "Gong Show" deserves to be a star. Feldman is the latest in a long line of endearing film eccentrics that includes Lorre, Knotts, Peter Sellers, Stan Laurel, Harry Langdon, and Buster Keaton.

Thus far in films, the diminutive Englishman has invariably portrayed a gnome, but all that is slated to change in the very near future. Although Feldman will neither confirm nor deny the rumor, as we went to press, speculation continued to mount in Hollywood circles that his next film assignment would be the title role in *The Kareem Abdul Jabbar Story*.

In any event, when last seen in 1977, the wall-eyed Feldman had climbed down from his belfry to coauthor, direct, and star in *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*, a madcap send-up of Hollywood's classic Foreign Legion films. As Digby Geste, Feldman played the part of Beau's identical twin, probably because, like actor Michael York (who played Beau), he's a muscular six feet tall, has blond hair and lovely eyelashes, and can get any girl he wants. Most people who saw the film feel that the only movie idol Feldman resembles is the Maltese Falcon, but the English comic graciously realizes that such people are merely jealous of his good looks, money, lovely eyelashes, and the fact that he can get any girl he wants.

Actually, Feldman reminds observers less of Michael York than of the two men he's most often compared with, Mel Brooks and Woody Allen. Like them, he became a comedian-turned-writer-turned-actor-turned-filmmaker. After small roles in *Every Home Should Have One* and *The Bed Sitting Room*, Feldman emerged as one of the movies' coming attractions in 1971, when he portrayed the hunchbacked Igor (he of the movable hump) in Mel Brooks's *Young Frankenstein*.

On the heels of that insane triumph, Feldman appeared with Gene Wilder and Madeleine Kahn in *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother* and then teamed up with Brooks again in *Silent Movie*. *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* followed a year later, and since then Feldman has been hard at work on his latest film project, *In God We Trust*. Feldman, who directed and coauthored the film, stars in this send-up of big-time religion, along with Louise Lasser, Andy Kaufman, and Peter Boyle. For a former jazz musician who was once described by a newspaper critic as "the world's worst trumpet player," Feldman has come a very long way.

Born in London's East End on July 8, 1934, Feldman left school when he was 15 to pursue an all-purpose show business career. In addition to forming a jazz band and a short-lived comedy trio ("Morris, Marty & Mitch"), he also worked England's carnival circuit as an assistant to an Indian fakir. (Feldman's part of the act was to shoot arrows at the fakir before blowing him up in a metal container.)

While still a teenager, the pint-sized high-school dropout began writing jokes for various BBC radio shows, and by the time he was 21 Feldman was scripting BBC-TV sitcoms as well. And then he fell in love: in 1958 Feldman began courting Lauretta Sullivan, the daughter of a Catholic butcher. Feldman wanted to marry her, but Lauretta's father objected (as the comedian knew he would): Feldman is a devout vegetarian. In spite of that, the marriage took place and has endured for 22 years.

Feldman gave no thought to performing until 1967, when David Frost, in his capacity as a television producer, invited him to join future Monty Python members Graham Chapman and John Cleese on "At Last, the 1948 Show." It was Feldman's first appearance before a camera, and he became an overnight star. Feldman was soon rewarded with his own weekly television series, "Marty," and a disease English journalists called Feldmania soon swept over Great Britain. His career has been in ascendance since then.

To interview Feldman, *Penthouse* sent Richard Kleiner to meet with the filmmaker at his home in Southern California, where Feldman and his wife have resided for the last nine years.

Photograph by Gary Heary

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MARTY FELDMAN

"The meek will inherit the earth, but not until the strong are finished with it, by which time it won't be worth having."

Queen
Victoria

Penthouse: How would you describe yourself?

Feldman: I look like a younger Miles Davis. I'm six feet eight inches, in fact, and black, and I play trumpet beautifully whilst playing soccer. I'm hugely muscled and wonderfully and fearfully made. I can't describe myself!

Penthouse: Are you the worst trumpet player in the world?

Feldman: Yes. But I've actually increased my range—I'm now the worst flügelhorn player in the world as well. And within the last year I have become the worst drummer in the world. Really, I've started to learn drums.

Penthouse: If you're that bad, you belong in a punk-rock band.

Feldman: No . . . well, it depends on what you think of punk rock. There's a lot of it I like—the part that's deliberately crude. My music is not deliberately crude—it's inept, and that's something else. It just has the ineptitude of a middle-aged Jew trying to be Billy Cobham or Miles Davis.

I can keep time on drums; I'm very good at that. I cannot really, truly understand the function of the drums when I'm sitting behind them, because you've got all your pots and pans there and you seem so remote from everybody else. You're like a goalkeeper in a hockey game or something. Suddenly the action's there, and then it's gone again—the last line of defense. I can never remember to get out of the way of the other instruments. I especially offend the bass player—my bass drum is getting in his way all the time. I play bop drums. I grew up in a bop era, and I'm dropping bombs in my bass drum, which is a bit of a pain in the ass when you're playing a steady backbeat, you know?

Penthouse: Isn't being an entertainer an odd way of making a living?

Feldman: I don't know if being an *actor* is so odd. People need storytellers. That doesn't seem to me to be terribly odd. But to be a comic, to be a clown, to invite an audience to ridicule you, does seem to be a rather strange thing for an adult to do, yes. I'm not really an adult, of course; otherwise we wouldn't be talking this way. When I grow up, I shall stop being a comic and start doing something responsible.

Penthouse: Are you a stand-up comic?

Feldman: I tried that once, when I was 15. But you know the stand-up comic is a lonely figure who is put in the position of dominating an audience. The same impulse that makes you a stand-up comic probably makes you a dictator. It's a very lonely way to make a living. I've written for a lot of stand-up comics in the past, and they are totally self-occupied and self-centered. They rarely make good actors, because they're not used to talking to anybody else—only to an audience. They remain superior to the audience; they remove themselves from being ridiculous. A stand-up comic is not ridiculous unless he becomes his own butt, like Buddy Hackett does. They ridicule other people.

Penthouse: Woody Allen isn't the kind of stand-up comic you describe.

Feldman: Woody Allen is not a stand-up comic; he's a lie-down-on-the-couch comic. His stand-up act becomes an extension, I suppose, of what he tells his analyst. But again, he's dominating the audience when he stands up there. I don't want to dominate; I prefer collaboration.

Penthouse: How do you do that?

Feldman: You're together with the rest of your group, and you all take your clothes off and stand naked with the lights on. Show all the warts and everything. The gut. Varicose veins. You have to show all that to each other before you can really work together. You say, "Look, these are all the bad things, the bad ideas. Maybe you can improve on them. Here are my failings. I'm not afraid to show them to you." Writers and actors both have to be able to do that. I must say Americans find it easier than the English do, because the English process is very much a matter of acting at arm's length. They don't touch. American actors touch. I have to touch people to know that they're there, I think.

"Don't show me a leper," they say. "I'll send him money. Don't show me a starving child. Yeah, I'll do telethons. I'll do anything. Just don't show me the child." That's Beverly Hills.

You know, this collaboration idea is true of any relationship in life. It's true for a shortstop—knowing that second base will be covered: he just turns and spins and throws the ball to second, and second base will throw it to first base, knowing the man is going to be up, going to be keeping his foot on the base. It's faith in each other, knowing that nobody is going to drop the ball. And yet it happens. With Billy Russell it happens all the time. And yet the Dodgers pull off double play after double play, because they have a kind of trust in each other as professionals, because they play together all the time. Like jazz musicians. You've got to play together a long while to be good.

Penthouse: Back to music again?

Feldman: It all comes back to music. That's my prime source of information. Rhythm is the prime source of everything—the sound of my heart beating, a pulse, the drum. Originally, somebody thumped away on some hard surface before they ever blew through anything or pulled on a string. It's the most accessible thing to do. Primitive societies—that's the kind of society I want to live in, where everybody is an actor and a writer and a grocer and everything else. They're good collaborators.

But I live in Beverly Hills, which is just the opposite. You see the rich scrambling for rich people's toys. Around Christmas it's obscene. People scrambling past each other to spend thousands of dollars and throwing charity balls for cripples. I would like to take someone with muscular dystrophy along to a charity ball for muscular dystrophy and say: "Look, he doesn't want your money. He just wants to come in and dance, okay? He's wearing a tuxedo. Let him in." Everybody would sit and feel so fucking uncomfortable. They'll raise a thousand dollars—that's easy. But they don't want to see the reality. "Don't show me a leper," they say. "I'll send him money. Don't show me a starving child. Yeah, I'll do telethons. I'll do anything. Just don't show me the child." That's Beverly Hills.

Penthouse: What was it like growing up in London's East End?

Feldman: It's comparable to the East Bronx in New York or New York's Lower East Side of 35 years ago. The Jews who got on a boat and left Russia or Poland ended up either in the East End of London or in New York. It was a matter of which boat got out first.

Penthouse: Were you a clown as a kid?

Feldman: Oh, yeah. Sure. You'll find that most comics are small and physically strange-looking. If you're small and funny-looking and you don't have great scholastic genius—which I certainly didn't have—you retreat to the position of comic. It's the only possible position you can take and survive among your peers. Unless you're great at sports. At sports I was like I am at drums—enthusiastic but not talented.

Penthouse: Were you popular as the class clown?

Feldman: There's a lot of anarchy in my comedy. And that goes back to being the only Jew in my class, being the alien. That's how I was treated. I should have been issued a green card then. When they had prayers, I was sent outside. I wasn't allowed to be there for prayers. They gave me extra math. That's obviously how they thought of their religion—it was as complicated and as dull as math. That's the English attitude towards Protestantism: cold showers and mathematics. It's totally sexless. Cold.

The British produced a great number of mass murderers, you know? England and Germany. Passionless mass murderers. Little bank clerks. My neighborhood doctor. They all have sort of bald, bony heads and wear pebbled-ash lenses and raincoats. You find out that that nice little guy in fact slaughtered a hundred people

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
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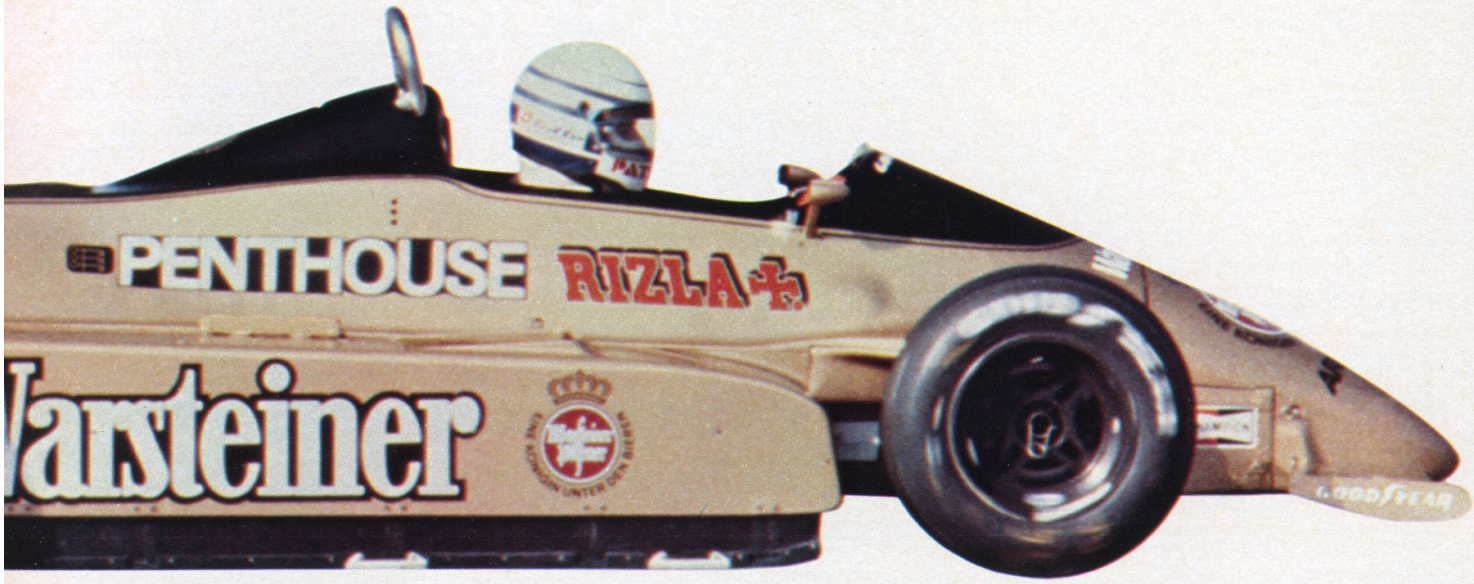

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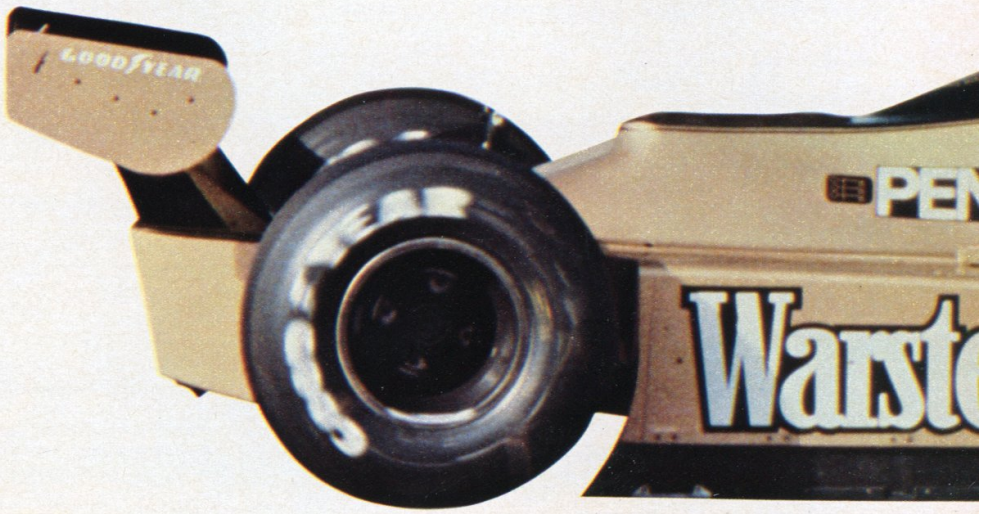

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BY GORDON KIRBY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STAHL

The 1980 Long Beach Grand Prix was the first American appearance of the Warsteiner Penthouse/Rizla Arrows racing team.

AMERICA'S MONTE CARLO

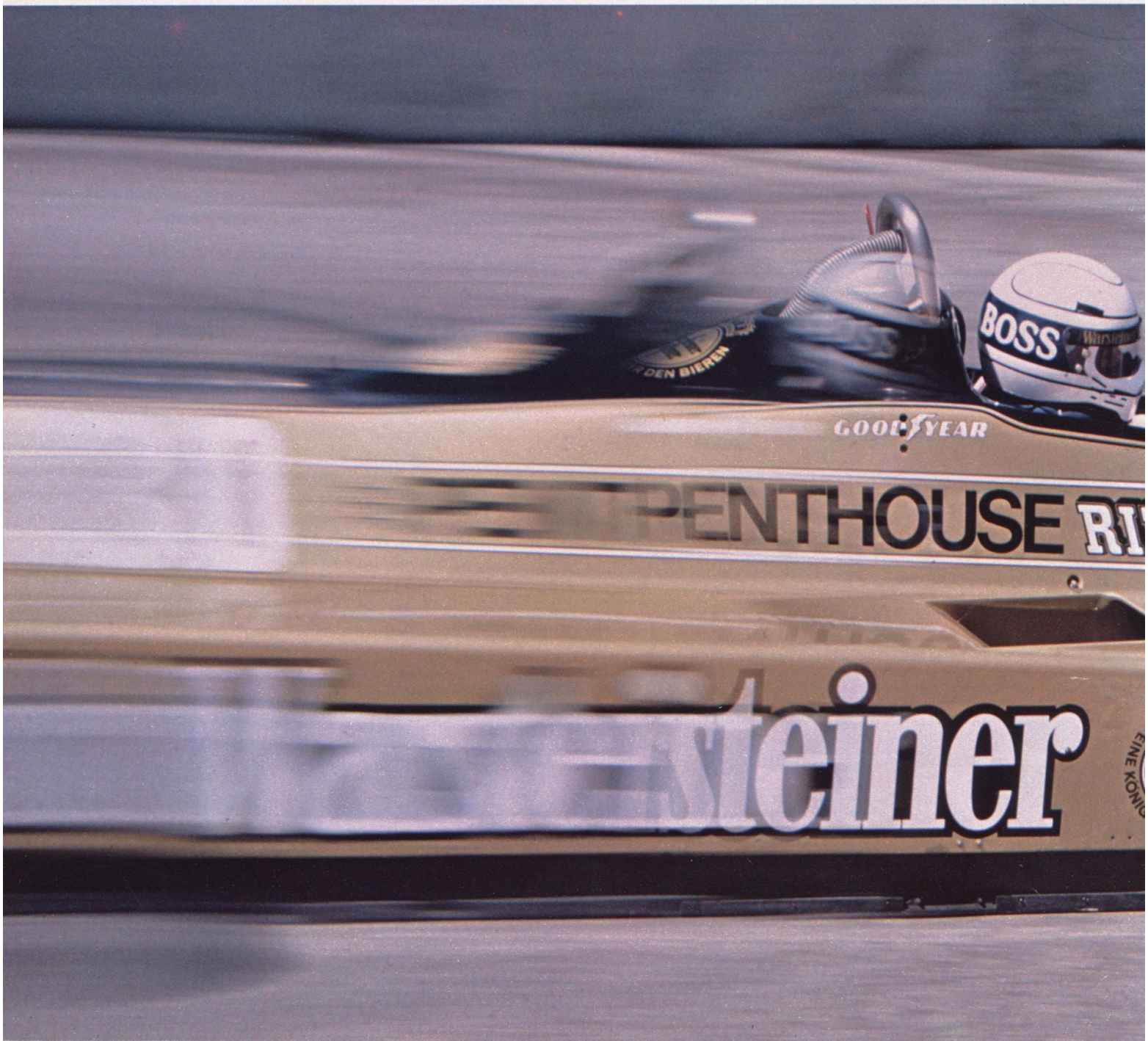
Long Beach is a bastard of a racetrack. It's a bit too Mickey Mouse. It changes all the time and wriggles around like a mad hyena. So you have to work hard to turn a fast lap around here. If you screw up, you'll find yourself pasted against a cement wall."

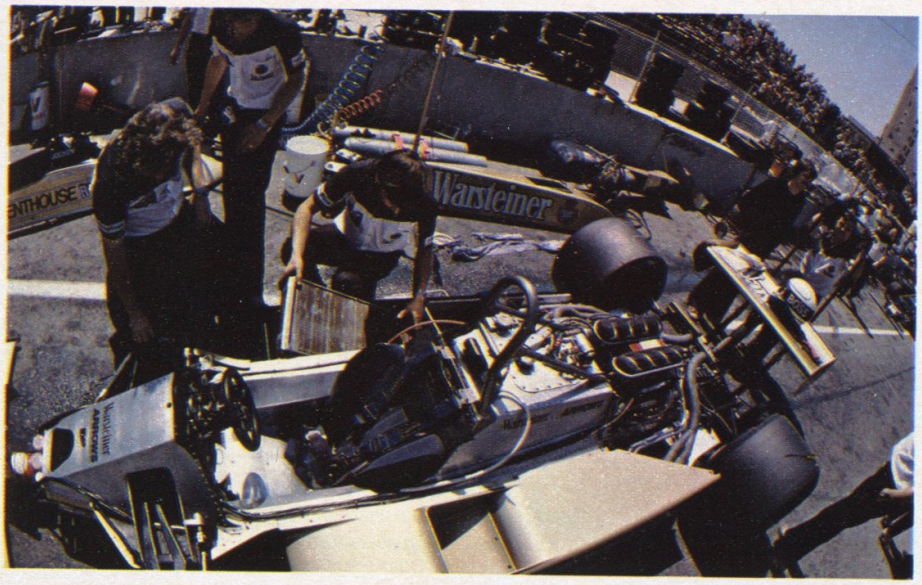
The man speaking is World Driving Champion Jody Scheckter. A muscular, round-shouldered South African, he drives for the Ferrari team and has won ten World Championship races in the seven years he's been racing.

Long Beach is the scene of the fourth of the 15 scheduled Formula One grand-prix races that will take place this year. Its course traverses the town's streets and parking lots. Except for the long and fast Shoreline Drive straightaway and the shorter, bumpy stretch of Ocean Boulevard that forms the front-straight, the two-mile racetrack consists of a series of frantically tight and often very narrow turns that demand precision and physical mastery. Monte Carlo is the only other track on the grand-prix circuit where you will find this type of through-the-streets course.

The track is bordered by a series of concrete barriers, each of which measures 12 feet in length and 3 feet in height and weighs more than 8,000 lbs. At critical points around the track, piles of old tires are lashed together and stacked against the concrete barriers to offer extra protection for out-of-control racing cars.

One of the main attractions of this year's grand-prix race in Long Beach was the first American appearance of the Warsteiner Penthouse/Rizla Arrows racing team. Lead by former grand-prix rac-





er and CanAm sports car champion Jackie Oliver, the young Arrows team was expected to be quite competitive. Driving the Arrows A3 were Jochen Mass, a German racer who was winner of the 1975 Spanish Grand Prix, sixth-place winner in the 1977 World Driver's Championship, and also World Sports Car Champion for 1977; and Riccardo Patrese, Formula 3 Champion in 1976 and Formula 2 Champion in 1977. This hot new team was eager to race the streets of Long Beach in the new Arrows A3, redesigned by chief engineer Tony Southgate. After undergoing extensive wind-tunnel testing and experimentation with a new honeycomb construction technique, the Arrows A3 was deemed ready for competition. The new car was built for aerodynamic advantage and lightness but still maintained the torsional

(clockwise from top) The Warsteiner Penthouse/Rizla Arrows A3, driven by Jochen Mass of Germany, is prepared in the pits at Long Beach; Riccardo Patrese of Italy, driver of the other Arrows A3, smiles as he receives his well-deserved trophy for finishing second at the 1980 Long Beach Grand Prix; Jochen Mass in action as he swerves out of the Indianapolis Bend and streaks to the end of the straight.

rigidity necessary for effective suspension and handling. This revolutionary new racer attracted crowds wherever it went—crowds that also came to admire the Penthouse Pets, who added their own type of excitement to an already thrilling event. And in the end, those spectators who kept their eyes on the two Arrows drivers were rewarded with some of the most exciting and professional driving to be seen at Long Beach.

On Friday morning, two days before the race, the cement-lined track is sealed off to traffic. At 10 A.M. practice begins.

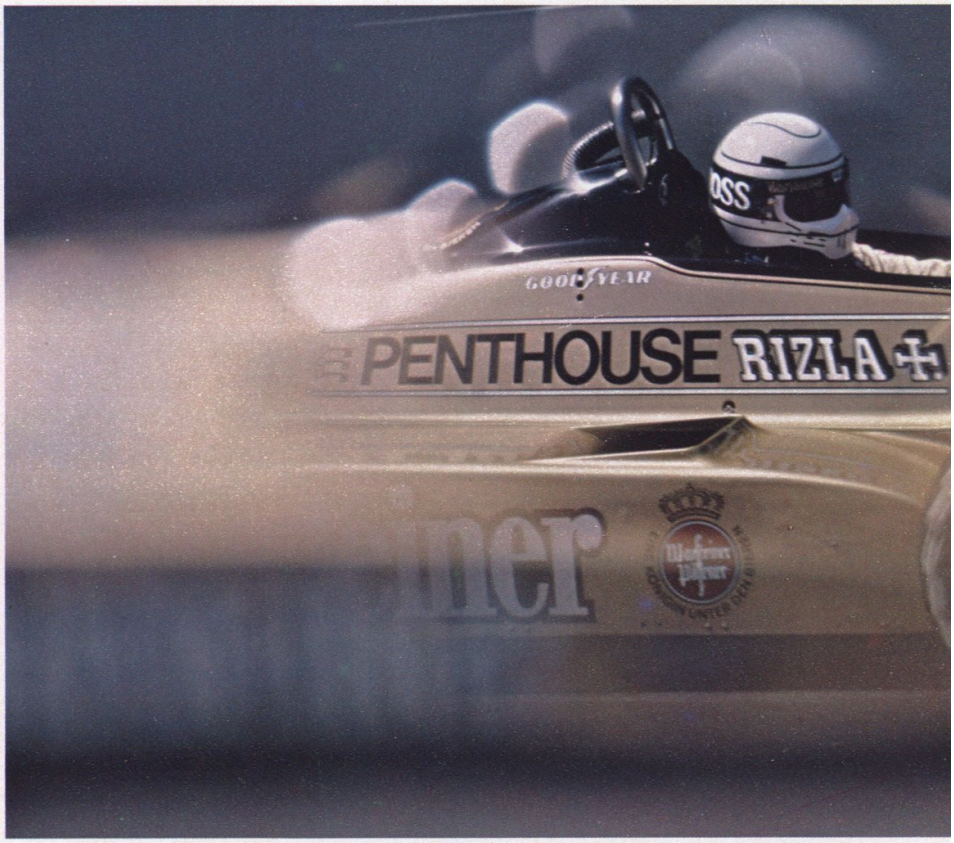
From the pits, the grand-prix racers take to the track. Wheeling the cars onto Shoreline Drive, the drivers work against their throttles as they shift from second through third and fourth and into fifth gear. By this time they are at three-quarters throttle, say 130 mph, just feeling it out . . . and fast approaching the Queen's Hairpin (the *Queen Mary* is just off to the left, over in the harbor). Here the brakes undergo their first serious test, for, as Scheckter says, "The Queen's Hairpin is the fiercest piece of braking we do anywhere in the world." The cars slow down to 20 mph and file easily through the hairpin.

Through the curves of what drivers call the Mickey Mouse section of the racetrack, the cars wind their way back toward Ocean Boulevard. Here it's all hands and elbows around the steering wheel—along with some quick slashes at the gear lever. The drivers begin to settle down as they shoot along the Ocean Boulevard front-straight. They swing over the abrupt, right-handed "jump" that takes the cars from the boulevard onto the second Mickey Mouse section of the track.

After five or ten minutes of hard driving, the cars begin pulling into the pits, where they are met by the mechanics and engineers. Tense conversations follow between driver and team manager as the mechanics immediately go to work, modifying some part or parts of the car's anatomy.

Once the job is done, the driver quickly gets rolling again. After a couple of laps, the driver and his team compare lap times with those recorded earlier. Again, the driver brings his car into the pits, and again, for an hour, the frantic interplay between driver, the team manager, engineer, and mechanic continues. Then a checkered flag signals the end of the practice session.

At 12:15 P.M. the drivers appear again.



(above center) Jochen Mass behind the wheel during a qualifying run; (right) Nelson Piquet of Brazil, winner of the 1980 Long Beach Grand Prix, brakes hard in his Parmalat Brabham BT49 as he drives into the Alamitos Hairpin; (top left) Riccardo Patrese; (bottom left) Jochen Mass.

Fifteen minutes later they are back on the track for a 90-minute qualifying session. This time, every lap counts.

The tempo builds. Everywhere the search for the extra split second goes on. Cars dart in and out of the pits. Conversations are curt. The mechanics work feverishly at their machines. Tires are consumed and changed at a white-hot rate. The hour and a half vanishes in a vortex of noise and action.

Minutes after the session, the rumors are confirmed that Frenchman Didier Pironi, at the wheel of a Gitanes cigarettes-sponsored Ligier-Ford, has set the fastest lap of the day at an average speed of just over 90 mph. He is followed by Australian Alan Jones in a Saudi Arabian Airlines–backed Williams-Ford and by Nelson Piquet in his Brabham-Ford, sponsored by Parmalat, a European dairy products conglomerate.

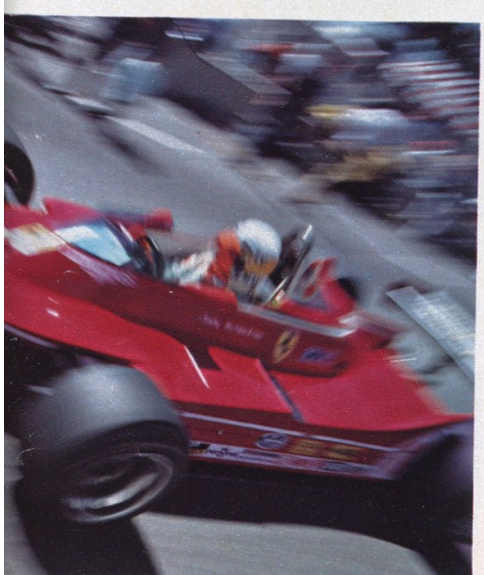
A disappointing fifteenth, one and a half seconds slower than Pironi, is Riccardo Patrese's Penthouse/Rizla Arrows-Ford; teammate Jochen Mass is five places and eight-tenths of a second farther back. The Ferrari team, World Champions in 1979 and winner at Long Beach in three of the past five years, is also in trouble. Both World Champion Jody Scheckter and teammate Gilles Villeneuve complain that their cars have no traction. Another driver struggling with a defective car is 1978 World Champion Mario Andretti, who has come out of the first qualifying session ranked eighteenth.

The following day this action repeats itself. Some people begin to look more composed, more confident. Others look grim. The pace of work steps up.

But nobody is able to match the pace set by Nelson Piquet in his Brabham. He laps the track two seconds faster than he did on the previous day, leaving everyone a full second or more behind. In Sunday's 80-lap race, that could develop into a very impressive margin!

Back in the garage, Piquet leans against a pile of tires and talks about his qualifying run. "To go fast on this circuit," he explains, "you have to take a lot of risks—not dangerous ones, just a lot of small ones, where a mistake could break a wheel or bend a wing. "You know," he continues, with a shadow of a grin, "I prefer a fast circuit, one that has no Mickey Mouse parts, so that your heart is in your mouth all the time. It is much more satisfying to do a fast lap like that."

Qualifying second was Frenchman René Arnoux. He came to Long Beach



(top) Piquet is hot on the trail of Derek Daly's Candy Tyrrell 010 (Ireland) as they round out of the Indianapolis Bend with Shoreline Drive and the Queen Mary *in background; (left) World Driving Champion Jody Scheckter of South Africa exits from the pits in his Ferrari 312-T5.*

as the World Championship point leader, with two wins under his belt from the first three grands prix of the year. Didier Pironi had slipped from being fast man on Friday down to ninth place in the starting lineup, while Riccardo Patrese moved his Penthouse/Rizla Arrows from fifteenth to eighth place.

Although he qualified the other Arrows A3 a full second slower than Patrese, Jochen Mass also felt confident. He speculated that some of the cars ahead of him would have to change tires during the race, while his Arrows, "better-balanced," would be able to go the distance on the same set of tires. He would start the race from seventeenth position, behind defending World Champion Scheckter and '78 Champion Andretti.

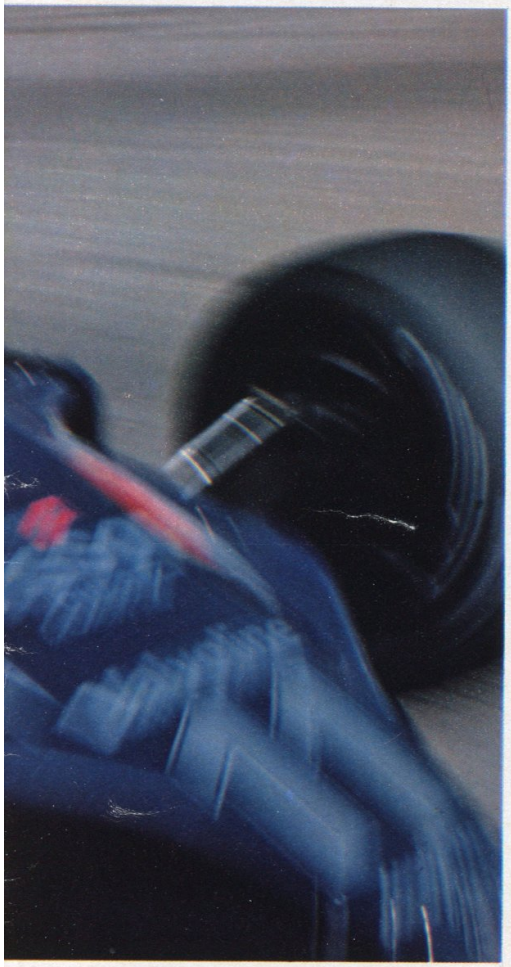
Finally, it's the day of the race.

"If you're unfit and a bit tired, you find you get lazy about jumping on the accelerator," says Alan Jones. "So you've gotta be alert and want to jump into the thing for the whole race. And that's the thing—being mentally one hundred percent for an hour and a half."

Jones is talking about what it takes to handle an afternoon of grand-prix racing. He drives for a team run by Englishman Frank Williams. Jones and his Williams-Ford were the only combination that looked like they would give Piquet and his Brabham a run for their money at Long Beach. Starting from fifth place, Jones moved up to fourth during the first lap, and two laps later he raced by René Arnoux into third place. Out of the smoke and confusion of the opening lap Piquet emerged with a clear lead, and by the time Jones moved into third place Piquet

was already more than five seconds ahead. Between them, in second place, was the Alfa-Romeo driven by Patrick Depailler.

By the fifteenth lap Jones had inched his way onto Depailler's tail, and at the Queen's Hairpin he tried to outbrake the French driver. But as the two men matched each other, in the flash of time it took for the pair of machines to lose 140 mph in velocity, Depailler squeezed Jones toward the inside wall and forced the Australian to give way. The Frenchman immediately pulled out with a 50-yard lead. Two laps later, Jones was ready to try the move again. This time he made it. As he hustled past the pits, Jones checked his pit board. Twenty laps gone—one-quarter of the distance—and he was ten seconds behind Piquet.



"I thought I was in pretty good shape about then," Jones later observed. "A little way behind, but a solid second."

For the next 30 laps Jones held his position, but then he caught a group of lapped cars, which included Jochen Mass's Penthouse/Rizla Arrows and Bruno Giacomelli's Alfa-Romeo. Mass showed his class by allowing Jones to pass, but Giacomelli was not as accommodating. Racing side by side into the Queen's Hairpin with Jones, the Alfa driver put the hairpin squeeze on him. The two cars clashed. Both bounced and thumped back to the ground. The Alfa-Romeo kept going, but Jones's car was torn apart. He climbed out and hitched a ride back to the pits.

Meanwhile, back at the Queen's Hairpin, Clay Regazzoni's car had crashed. The veteran Swiss driver had moved up to fourth place, but on his fifty-first turn at the hairpin, he discovered his brakes had gone. The racer plummeted into a triple layer of tires before slamming against an 8,000-lb block of cement—shifting it three feet back. Regazzoni was cut out of the wreck and taken to a hospital. Damage to his spine had left his legs temporarily paralyzed.

Back in the pits, the atmosphere was grim. The race was drawing to a close. Depailler had hit a wall with his Alfa-Romeo. Arnoux's Renault had blown a tire. Gilles Villeneuve had pushed his Ferrari up to third place before having to stop for new tires; not too many laps after that his car rolled to a stop because of a broken drive shaft. Mario Andretti had dropped out on the first lap when a wheel-banging match with another car left his Lotus with broken steering.

Piquet paced his Brabham around the course toward his first grand-prix win. He passed under the checkered flag more than 50 seconds ahead of the next man—Riccardo Patrese in his Penthouse/Rizla Arrows. Since Jones's crash, Patrese had held the position of second throughout, bringing the Arrows team their best-ever result.

Third place went to Brazilian Emerson Fittipaldi, World Champion in 1972 and 1974. Fourth place was taken by John Watson's McLaren, and hard on Watson's heels was Jody Scheckter's Ferrari. Scheckter had lost time in a six-car incident triggered by Giacomelli's spinning Alfa-Romeo (again), and he later had to stop to change all four tires.

Also forced into the pits for a tire change was Didier Pironi, who held off Jochen Mass for sixth place. Mass had clipped another car and broken one of his wheels at the race's first turn, so he had had to make a pit stop at the end of his first lap. Mass's drive back to seventh place was therefore a good performance, and it rounded out a memorable day for Jackie Oliver's young and feisty team. (A few months later, Mass had his day of glory, capturing second place in the Spanish Grand Prix.)

Piquet's win boosted him into a tie with René Arnoux for the World Championship points lead. About an hour after the race's end, Piquet finally made his way back to the garage. The little Brazilian sat on one of his car's rear tires, talking to newsmen. At his elbow, designer Gordon Murray was fielding a question about the Brabham team's chances for winning the World Championship. Ahead lay the nine grands prix of the European summer followed by the two final races of the season, at Montreal on September 28 and at Watkins Glen on October 5. As he composed his careful reply, you could see Murray's eyes trying to peer across that horizon of time.

"I think this win puts us there," he began. "But that's about it. There are so many teams who could win any race this year. It's impossible to say. . . ."

(clockwise from top) In his Essex Lotus 81, Mario Andretti of the USA takes the 90° Essex Turn at the end of the front-straight before approaching the Linden Street downhill; Jacques Lafitte of France races into the Alamitos Hairpin in his Gitanes-sponsored Ligier JS-11-A; Jochen Mass mounts up; France's Patrick Depailler in his Marlboro Alfa Romeo Autodelta 179 as he rounds the International Hairpin.

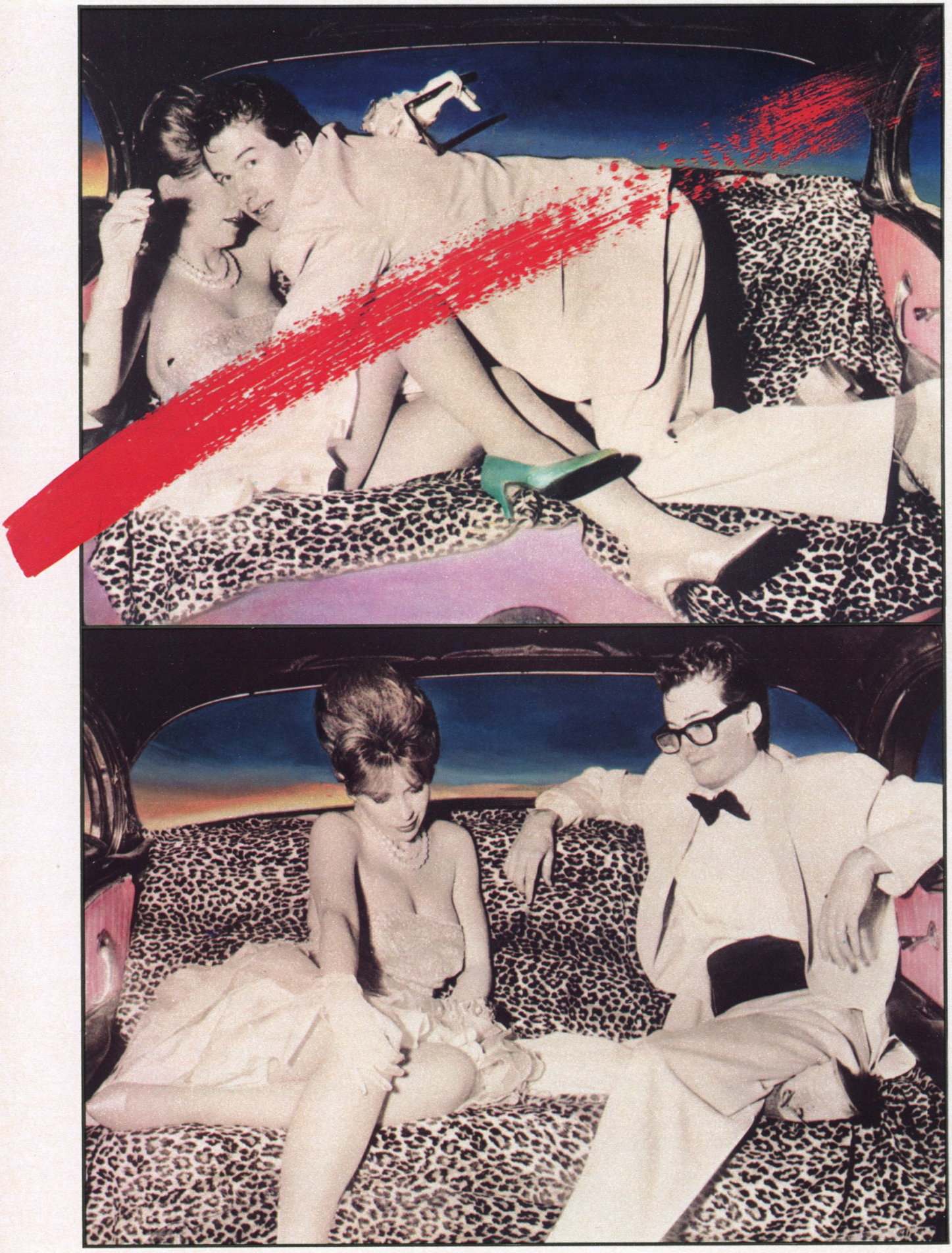


Photo illustration by Richard L. Shaefer

"I'm not sure I can handle this." Twiller paced around the telephone table. Crutch looked at him.

"Put it off any longer and you'll be going to the prom with Floyd."

Twiller paced some more. Crutch stuck him in the back with the receiver. "Go on, give her the horn."

"All right, I'm doing it."

Click . . . click . . . clickity . . . click click four three six.

"*Hello?*" Voice like a meat truck. Angelo Gabooch.

"Ah, yes, is Gina there?"

"*Who wants her?*"

"Just tell her Jack is calling."

"*Jack who?*"

"Just Jack."

"*Go fuck yourself.*"

Clack-hmmmmmmmmm mmmmmmmmm.

He stared at the dead receiver. "I'm not taking that kind of shit."

Click . . . click . . . clickity . . . click click four three six.

"*Yeah?*"

"Lemme talk to Gina."

"*Go fuck yourself.*"

Clack-hmmmmmmmm mmmmmmmmm.

Crutch looked at him and at the dead receiver. "What's going on?"

"Angelo keeps cooling me."

"That cuntlapper." Crutch's voice rose in anger. "What the fuck business is it of his? Call her again. Go right in on past him."

Twiller dialed again with new determination. He wouldn't stand for that kind of shit from *any*body.

. . . click four three six.

"*Yeah?*"

"Angelo . . ."

"*Go fuck yourself.*"

They cruised up the avenue in his new red-hot Buick convertible, converted out of the junkyard for fifty bucks, top permanently down, unless you had three guys to haul up the broken lift mechanism. The body was constructed of chicken wire and plastic filler. One good bounce, it'd all fall away, and there'd be nothing left but a steering wheel and four tires going down the road.

He turned toward Drumville and moved deep into it toward Gina's neighborhood.

"If Angelo answers the door, don't take any shit from him." Crutch whirled the tuning knob on the radio. "Tell him you're selling magazine subscriptions."

The motor started making a fierce tapping noise. Twiller pulled over and grabbed a quart of oil from the backseat.

Crutch opened the hood, and Twiller leaned in over the motor with the oil. "Drink. Drink deeply . . ."

They slammed the hood down and resumed progress past Drumville High, where Angelo had made a name for himself, along with his brother Nestor, pounding other linemen to pieces. Twiller smoothed his hair down and tried to remain cool. "If he hangs me upside down over the railing, you know what to do."

JACK-IN-THE-BOX

FICTION BY WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE

Two things kept
Jack Twiller from scoring
on prom night:
fear and his $50 Buick.

"Right, catch your car keys if they fall outa your pocket. Whyn't you just leave the keys with me?"

"Good enough."

Twiller guided the big Buick toward the Gabooch residence, pulled in toward the curb, and parked. He took his keys out of the ignition and gave them to Crutch.

"Might as well give me your loose change, too . . ."

"Yeah, good idea." Twiller emptied his pockets and took a fast glance at himself in the rearview mirror. He worked his comb on through a few times and then added a dash of pink pimple cream to his nose. "I'm ready . . ."

The Scarlet Pimplenose is coming.

He stepped out of the car and jogged lightly across the street. An athlete. In condition.

He went up the sidewalk, happy to see there were lots of thick bushes alongside the Gabooch balcony to break his fall.

He rang the doorbell.

Silence. Then:

Someone started rolling a refrigerator down the stairs.

The door opened, and Angelo peered out at him. "Yeah?"

"Is Gina home?"

"No."

"When is she coming back?"

Two huge meat paws came forward, grabbing the Pimplenose's lapels. "*Go—fuck—yourself.*"

"Hey, man . . ."

"*An-gelo!*" A piercing cry came from above, and then Gina thundered down the stairs in her engineer boots. She whacked Angelo in the head. "Hey, what's wrong with you?"

Angelo smiled sheepishly and backed off onto the stairs.

Gina ran a hand quickly along her hair, smoothing it flatter against her cheek. "Beat it out of here, idiot." She pushed her brother again, and he turned, going up the stairs, fortunate in that he'd not had to deal further with the Scarlet Pimplenose, who was now adjusting his lapels. The Pimplenose's shirt seemed to have been stretched in a single instant, five sizes too large. He lounged back inside it, casually, against the porch rail. "How're you doing?"

"Okay," said Gina, her gum snapping. "What brings you up this way?"

"I was just rolling by . . ."

"Don't mind Angelo. He acts that way sometimes."

"Sure. This shirt was a little small anyway." He fluffed it out, his good old gaucho shirt with the cloth buttons. A lot of shirt. Room for two gauchos in it now. "Angelo doesn't faze me."

"He's an idiot, that's all. He thinks he's a hero." Gina pointed toward the street. "That your convertible?"

"Yeah."

"It looks sharp."

The Pimplenose leaned further back on the railing, in a pose of complete casualness. "You wanna go the Anthracite Prom with me?"

"When is it?"

"Friday night."

"We try to make each step as natural as possible!"

"That's not much time . . ."

"Yeah, well, I just found out about it; they just announced it."

"Three days before?"

"Yeah, I dunno, I got the date wrong or something." He stared down at the steps. Above, in the Gabooch apartment, the floor was shaking, as Angelo walked about, perhaps looking for his football shoes, in order to kick a really long one. "I dunno, you wanna go?"

Gina turned her dark eyes toward him. "You send me a corsage, or do I buy one?"

"I'll buy you one, that's what I heard, the guys buy it." He put his hands in his pockets. "You hear something different?"

"No."

"Okay, I'll pick you up around eight, all right?"

"Yeah, sure." She took a step backward toward the door, and he took two steps toward the stairs. The less time he spent around the Gabooch household the better.

"Right then, I'll see you Friday." He moved on out toward the car, swaggering nonchalantly in his now size-44 shirt.

Crutch looked at him for an answer, and Twiller snapped his fingers. "I'm on."

"Way to go." Crutch handed him back his keys and change. The Pimplenose turned over the ignition and pulled quickly away. "I went right in on past him."

"After he set you back down, yeah, it looked like a smooth move." Crutch clicked on the radio. "So that's you. Now what about me?"

"There's a chick out there for you somewhere."

Crutch sank back in the seat and started cleaning his glasses. He looked up at Twiller with weak, squinty eyes. "The only thing I'll be taking to the prom is a pants full of Kleenex."

A FRANK TALK FROM A GIRL ABOUT BOYS WHO HAVE PIMPLES

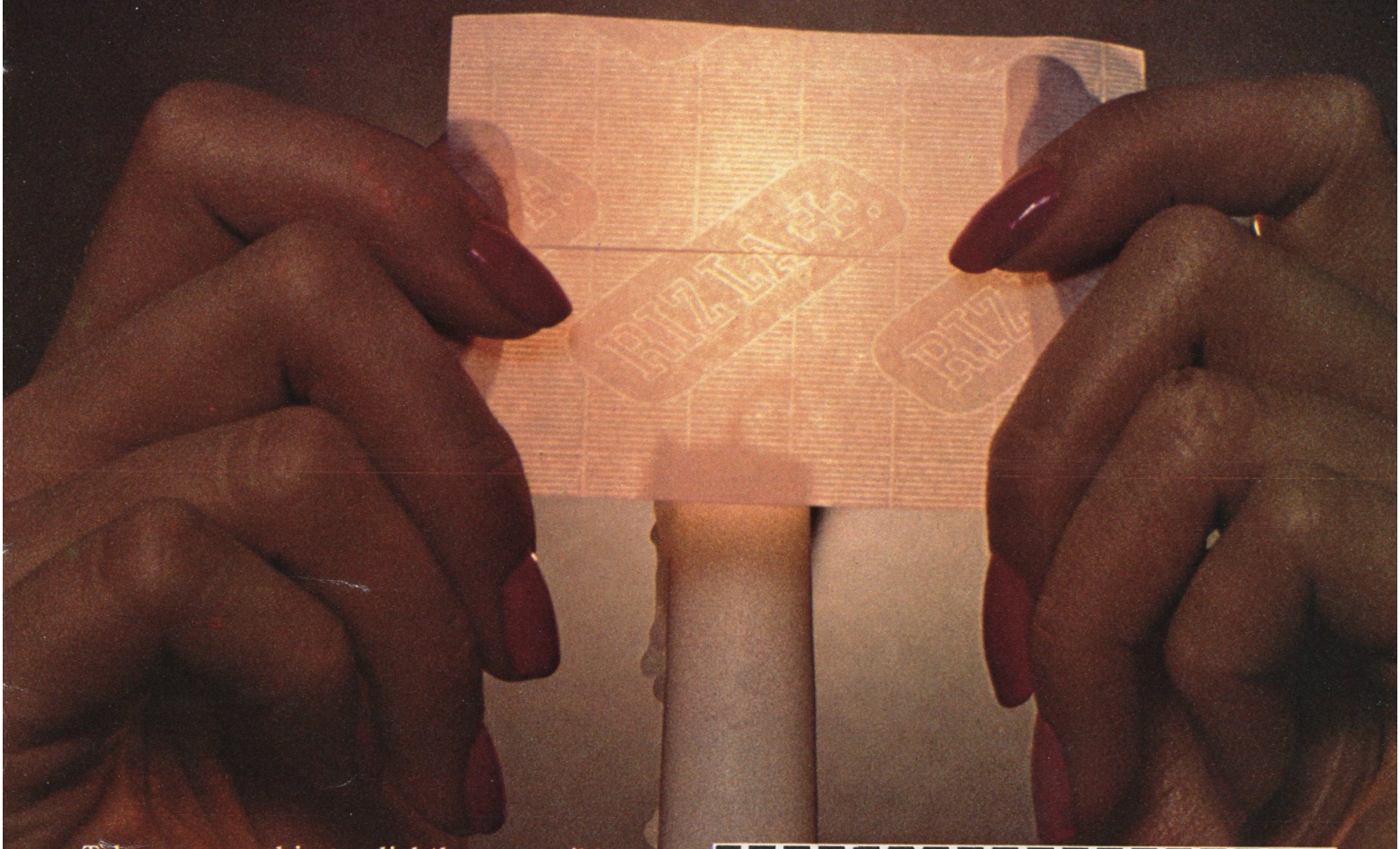
"Having a brother near my age certainly taught me a lot about boys who have pimples. First of all, I want to say that we girls sympathize with boys in this problem. Why shouldn't we? We have pimples, too. But today, with CLEARSAIL available to all of us, there is really no excuse to let pimples be a social problem."

He added just a dash and studied the final picture in the mirror. He'd been late in renting his tuxedo, so he'd had to settle for one a size too large.

He tightened the maroon cummerbund, adjusted his boutonniere, and went downstairs, past the living room. His father rolled over on the couch. "Take my car."

"Thanks, Dad, but really I'd rather take my convertible."

Rizla, if you take your smoking lightly.



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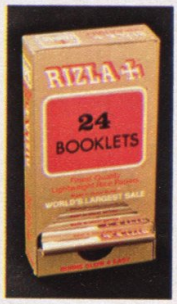

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"It shouldn't be on the road; it's falling apart."

"I've got it tuned up pretty good now—"

"—with chicken wire." His father rolled back over, facing into the pillows.

Twiller went out the door and across the lawn. The big red convertible awaited him. He slipped into the driver's seat, onto the cushion necessary to place him comfortably behind the wheel, as the seat was jammed in the back position, a setting suitable for all-star center Nazareth Bomboni, whose arms were thirteen feet long, but your varsity shortstop required a cushion, discreetly covered in imitation leopard skin, to match the seat covers and steering wheel.

He blasted off. The evening air danced merrily around the open top; below, the frame was so totally rusted from river water running through it at the junkyard there was constant danger of the wheels falling off, but he laughed at danger.

Fuck danger.

He was riding top down, in style.

To Drumville, where there was even more danger, from Angelo and Nestor Gabooch.

But Gina seemed able to handle them.

Gina would protect him.

The wind whipped the sleeve of his dinner jacket, and the smell of new-mown grass was in the air. Summer had come, the big night of the Anthracite Prom had arrived, and tomorrow he would be at Bird Grooming School.

He turned the corner, nose in his boutonniere.

He pulled in at the curbstone, switched off the ignition, and looked toward the Gabooch residence.

He tapped the horn lightly.

She'll hear that and come down.

He waited, casually, while nothing happened.

Heaving a sigh, he opened the car door and stepped out, about to put his body into the hands of a pair of gorillas.

He pulled himself together and danced up the stairs to the front porch like the game shortstop he was.

Finger trembling, he rang the bell.

There was a moment of silence, and then a refrigerator bounced down the stairs, crunching and splitting the steps, warping the building, shaking the doorframe.

The door opened. He stared at the hulking shape that made Eastern Conference halfbacks shit their pants when they tried to get past it.

"Yeah, come on in." Angelo stepped back and indicated that Twiller should precede him up the steps.

Smells of strange spicy cooking wafted down the stairs as Twiller ascended. He waited at the top step, and Angelo waved him on through toward the living room. "Have a seat. Gina's still gettin' ready."

Twiller drew up the creased knees of his tuxedo and went down into the sectional sofa. Angelo sat in a chair across from him. On the television set were colored photographs of Angelo, Nestor, and Gina, arranged around a vase of plastic flowers, wrapped in cellophane.

The floor boards creaked deeply. Twiller looked to his left and for an instant saw an upright freezer rolling toward him; then his vision cleared, and he realized it was Nestor. "How you doin'?" said Nestor, rolling on through to the kitchen.

Twiller looked at Angelo. "What's up with football? You got a scholarship, right?"

"Yeah." Angelo lowered his eyes like a shy buffalo.

Twiller tried to maintain a friendly conversation. "You guys really dumped Anthracite this year."

Angelo looked up, smiling. "Hey, but you guys did us under in baseball. I saw the game . . ." Angelo interlaced his fingers and cracked his knuckles. ". . . you looked all right out there. You get any offers?"

"Naw, I'll probably play some Industrial ball."

"It's a fast league, the Industrial." Angelo hung his arms over the back of the chair, hands dangling like a pair of sledgehammers.

The upright freezer rolled back into the living room. It looked at its brother. "What's keepin' Gina?"

"She's just finishin'." Angelo turned to Twiller. You in a hurry?"

"Naw, hell no."

"She likes to take her time." Nestor dropped down onto the other end of the sectional, causing Twiller's end to rise. Angelo pointed to the plastic grapes on the coffee table. "Have one." He extended the bowl, but Twiller decided it was not the time to add plastic grapes to his vaudeville swallowing act.

The floorboards creaked again, and Mama Gabooch, a compact model from Westinghouse Refrigeration, rolled in. She raised her arm dramatically, as the whispering of a floor-length gown sounded in the hallway behind her. Gina stepped through, in folds of taffeta and flounce, all of it rustling around the points of two transparent-toed shoes, sparkling with rhinestones.

Twiller rose and stepped toward her, amazed at the transformation that'd taken place, from black leather to lace, Gina suddenly so soft and delicate-looking, her hair and eyes radiant, her cheeks blushing red as she gave him a hesitant smile. The corsage he'd sent her was around her wrist, and her hands were crossed in front of her, on the billowing folds of her gown. Angelo and Nestor crowded in, checking her over.

"Looks all right, don't she, Ma?"

Mama Gabooch gestured again, as if she were about to sing an opera. "She's beau-tiful." Her hand went lightly along the edge of Gina's gown, tracing it in the air. She turned to Twiller. "We're very happy you're taking Gina. I know what a fine young man you are; Gina's told me all about you."

"It's my Halloween costume. I'm disguised as an unmarried, liberal Democrat."

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Photograph by Robert Dibue

For a moment Twiller wondered if he'd gotten into the wrong house, but Mama Gabooch put out her hands, taking his and Gina's. "Anthracite Academic is a very fine school. It produces true gentlemen." She raised his hand with somber formality, as if presenting him to the community. Her voice took on a deep tremor, kind of like an afternoon radio program or a very tight girdle, maybe.

"Boys from Anthracite Academic have a future." Mama Gabooch squeezed his hand warmly and then gestured tenderly toward Angelo and Nestor, the meanest, raunchiest cold-storage units ever to kick somebody under a car. "And mine have done okay, too. Both with scholarships." She turned to Twiller. "Are you on to more school?"

"Yeah, I'm probably going to be studying at a small school . . ." He gave a vague nod of his head. ". . . up the line."

"Mom," said Gina, "I think we have to get going."

"Yes, yes, go on, both of you." The Mother of the Year put her hands lightly on their backs and escorted them to the stairs, her girdle squeezing a trembling farewell from her. "Have a won-derful evening; you look *so* nice . . ."

Twiller followed Gina down the stairs, feeling the incredible wonder of it all—gown, corsage, tuxedo. They crossed the street to the big red Buick, and he opened the door for her; she slid in past him, her hair alive with electricity, pointed spit curls lying smoothly against her cheek. She fiddled with her corsage.

He started up the car and pulled out into the street, still looking at her, still amazed at the transformation she'd undergone. He realized he'd sort of expected her to come in engineer boots.

She looked at him, her eyes a little unsure. "The dance is at Masonic Hall, is it?"

"Yeah, ever been there?"

"No, you?"

"I was in a dance recital there once, in the auditorium part."

"What kind of dance was it?"

"Hazatska, stuff like that." He turned onto Main Avenue. "I tap-danced up a flight of steps."

"No kidding?"

"Yeah . . ." He shrugged modestly and circled the big Buick toward town, along the streetcar tracks, the wheels biting and slipping on the grooves. Traffic grew heavier, town crowded with prom couples. He could feel the excitement in the air, for this night belonged to them, as did the future; at bird grooming school or the button mill, it was a hard decision to make.

He wheeled in alongside the Hall, the curb lined with MGs, Corvettes, custom jobs with flames painted on the fenders. His fenders were hand-painted, too, of course, with rust-preventative red, applied over the chicken wire of which they were constructed.

"No room here," he said and turned into the alley, wheeling the big Buick through.

"There's a space."

"Too small." Having learned to park with only the use of second gear, he clung to this training habit now, searching for a space large enough for a two-ton truck.

"Here's a spot," he said and prepared.

"Isn't that a loading zone?"

"I'll chance it." He deftly maneuvered the convertible back, scraping the whitewalls against the curb with a rubbery screech. "In snug," he said, turning off the key. He opened both doors, and Gina stepped out, her gown rustling over the curb. He gave her his arm. Her dangling teardrop earrings swung back and forth, palely glittering in the twilight, and her heels tapped on the pavement. His gleaming patent-leather pumps answered, steps echoing with hers.

"Don't introduce me to too many of your friends, okay?" she said. "I'm feelin' kinda shy."

Twiller touched the ignition and looked at Gina. This was her last chance to attack him, maddened by his after-shave.

They turned onto the avenue and walked toward the Hall. The wide stairs were filled with couples, and he felt his stomach, and Gina's, drop.

She squeezed his arm nervously, and it suddenly seemed to him he'd been dating her for years. He was right in step with her, in mutual fear, because the class officers were on the marble stairs, looking like the Ivy League already.

Above their heads, strung across the doorway, was the banner bearing their class slogan: *RECTUM PROPTER SESE.*

Though he'd flunked Latin, he knew enough to feel the words ill chosen. He led Gina under the banner through the open door into the ballroom. It was framed with tables, and he guided her to an empty one.

"It's nice," said Gina, looking at the streamered ceiling.

He glanced toward the bandstand, where Eddie Chanooga and His All-Stars were playing accordion, guitar, bass, and drums—a big sound from the Dance Band Man himself.

He gestured toward the dance floor. "Want to?"

"Okay."

She got up with him and slipped into his arms. He guided her with surprising ease. A seven-dollar tuxedo had done wonders; he felt loose and carefree, could hardly believe that the nightmare of high school was over, but it was, all the years spiraling into a single point, like the rainbow of streamers overhead.

"Eddie Chanooga played our last dance," said Gina. "He's really cool."

Eddie swayed with his accordion and crooned into the mike; it had a tendency toward ear-splitting feedback that made Eddie's gleaming teeth seem like they were made out of metal—Mister Senior Prom himself, hitting the high notes, his toupee lifting about an inch off his head.

Twiller glided with Gina toward the bandstand, her wrist hanging lightly on his shoulder, her fingers touching his collar. "What did you say you were going to be doing when you get out?"

"I've got a chance to work with birds."

"Really? Doin' what?"

"Well, it's a whole curriculum; you learn everything."

"It sounds unusual."

"Yeah, it's something a little different."

"That's the kind of guy you are, right?" Gina smiled, her dark eyes like a black shooter he used to have, with faint swirls of gray at the center. He looked at her, thinking about how it could be—him coming home at night, covered with feathers and birdshit, and Gina waiting for him, in a little apartment over on Drain Court maybe, with a view of the junkyard.

He turned her in his arms, past the far end of the bandstand. "I might look into something down at the button mill, too."

"Oh, Jesus, I worked there last summer. You don't wanna go there."

"Slave labor?"

"And the noise." Gina put a finger in her ear, above her dangling teardrop.

"My guidance counselor wanted me to take it."

"Well, it's nowhere." Her gown pressed against him, and he seemed to spiral up the bright streamers, to the vanishing point again. He was free; he didn't have to do anything he didn't want to do. They could put bird grooming school up their *Rectum Propter Sese* along with the button mill.

Her huge gown kept him far away from her; it was like dancing with an opened umbrella, but her shoulders were bare and felt warm and soft.

"It's a big dance," said Gina.

"The biggest."

Conversation was proceeding along in a sophisticated manner. He hadn't thought it would ever be possible with a girl. But it was easy. He was *on top* of things tonight. He pressed in closer against her gown, but it sprung him back out, to arm's length again. Mama Gabooch had probably wired the fucking thing.

But the night was long; there was no need to rush anything. He had hours and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Reporting to you from Washington, that concludes this evening's State of the Union Address."

"Like children taking turns, they tenderly kiss each other's swollen nipples, savoring the honey taste of gay abandon."

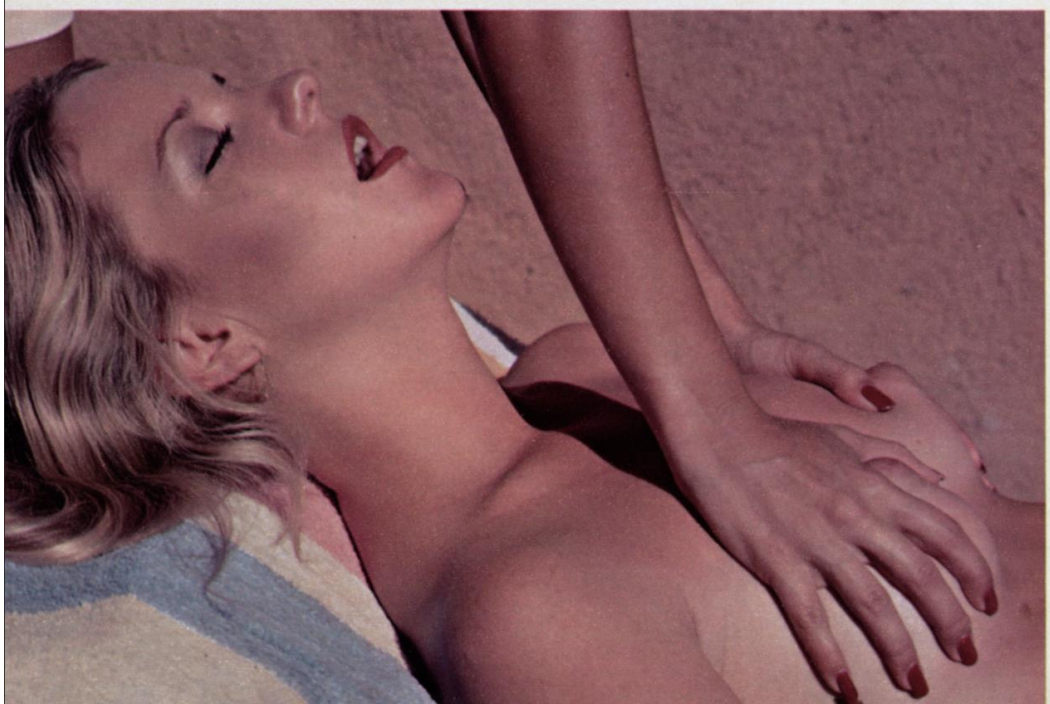
INNOCENCE ABROAD

They are just 18, fairly bursting with energetic spirit; after years of parental restraint, their bodies have minds of their own. Eyeing each other shyly, they meet and become fast friends –exchange their private dreams and express their admiration...Both of them know the right man will someday come along, but patience alone, they feel, is not instructive. Though in time they'll experience all that young women should in the arms of suitors, for now they're content to learn the world's ways from each other. Intimate secrets lead to intimate caresses, and parting seems too deep a sorrow to blithely accept. Entwined in a loving embrace, they form a new pact: despite the temptations admirers will set at their feet, they'll never stray far from each other, never completely sever the bond they've formed ...Though there's much to learn, they are not discouraged; they are raptly eager students of the loveliest art.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

CHALLENGE

Like children taking turns, they tenderly kiss each other's swollen nipples, savoring the honey taste of gay abandon. Setting off on an autumn cruise for two, they lie silently on the deck with the relentless sun bearing down, feeling its surging effect in their tightening loins and yearning bellies. Then, retiring to the *Challenger*'s cabin below, they sweetly challenge each other to a duel of love.



Pressing their sun-blushed bodies closer together, they tenderly explore each curve and crevice with ardent hands still damp from the love juices summoned in earlier caresses...They both cry out for something deeper and wilder, and in unison they surrender to the final temptation, ardently suckling each other's molten core. As they share a rapturous shudder, their secret honeymoon cruise drifts softly to an end...

CHUCK NORRIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

someone to emulate. I never stress violence in my films. I stress the discipline and the inner confidence karate brings. And when I have an antidrug message in my films or talks, I want the kids to think, 'Chuck's against it, so it must be bad.' "

All this sounds fine in the security of a chauffeur-driven limousine, departing from the luxurious Plaza, but would it play at today's stops, three high schools in the ravaged, urban Bronx?

When we pull up at our first stop, Samuel Gompers Vocational High School, it doesn't look too promising. Kids hanging out the windows spot the limo and let out raucous yells. Are they cheers, or will Norris have to smite down the public-school system? As we make our way through a mobbed hallway, a jive-ass black kid playing to his friends shouts, "Hey, Chuck, are you here to kill the niggers?" It is the kind of perfect, smart-alecky, insightful remark that makes New York New York. Norris, either misunderstanding or ignoring the crack, responds with a wave. He has the trademark of all great saints and the nobility: to perceive brickbats as kudos.

But the boy's comment *is* only grandstanding. He jockeys for a place beside Norris. Another kid, Jimmy Wilson, approaches him and grins. "Hey, Chuck, I'm your personal bodyguard today." Norris shoots back, "Hey, you're on, man." A teenage throng closes in. An Oreo communion is under way.

The vibes in the assembly hall are ominous. The kids are loud, unruly, and exuding piss and vinegar, while the teachers display the passivity of bondage partners. The male bodies make an unkind contrast. The boys are rangy and lean from street activity and scanty diets, while the teachers are pampered, soft shapes in hopeless polyester suits in improbable color combinations. You can envision the sugar infusion of glazed doughnuts and sweetened coffee ingested as a stimulant for courage to walk into their homerooms. The teachers check out Norris's tight physique, as he takes the stage to applause, probably thinking they should have spent more time in the gym than in fucking liberal arts.

Chuck warms them up with his background, from Nowheresville to the Silver Screen, and assures them that with the proper philosophy their odyssey could be the same. It's all very genteel on both sides. The connective fire is missing. Then, as a politician attempting to break somnambulism introduces a revered name—say, FDR—Chuck brings in his own dragon: Bruce Lee.

The effect is astonishing. Reverentially, the kids lean forward in their seats. Chuck tells them about his fabled first meeting with Lee in New York, when both were staying at the Americana Hotel. About how, going up in an elevator at midnight, they talked tactics, and when the elevator reached Lee's floor, Bruce invited Chuck out into the hallway to practice some moves. Five hours later, as the sun was rising over Gotham, these superheroes were still having at it as the bellboys delivered orange juice to the early risers. It is a showstopper, Chuck's own rendition of "Everything Is Coming Up Roses." These kids (and those at the two subsequent stops) go wild.

Chuck has them now. It's time to remind them that Bruce died—this is on his own immutable knowledge, and Bruce's wife says so, besides—from a blood clot on the brain, not drugs, as rumored. "The drug thing is baloney," Chuck declares. And Jesus, he gets away with the word! *Baloney* at the lunch program counter, yes, but *baloney* to connote bullshit in this setting? They applaud wildly when they find out their hero was clean. It was baloney, the Waltons' idea of an expletive, not mother-fucking baloney.

Next, Chuck runs some clips from *Force*. This could be tricky. The first guy he wipes out in the film clip is a Latino. Then he teaches an impudent black teenager (who, in a liberal bow, plays his on-screen adopted son) a lesson on the mat and, finally, kills Ron O'Neal of *Superfly* fame. Love makes the kids color-blind.

It's an awesome performance. The kids pursue him from the school to the waiting limo, patting the car's sides and roof the way the faithful clutch the pope's robes. The same scenario is repeated at every school, without a negative vibe. The girls fondle him and ask for and offer kisses—always on the cheek, of course. They swoon in disbelief when he relates that he is 40. They have potbellied fathers who are 40, and "Chuck's gorgeous." He says stoically, "You can never be a major star without a large female audience. God," he chuckles, "the girls in New York have nearly killed me."

The boys are even more surprising. At first you believe they are really only turned on to the badass stuff in the movie, the ceremonial stompings, but in many conversations they cite "the discipline" of the sport. A few even badmouth the acknowledged king of the ghettos, Ali. "A lot of kids in school are into boxing, you know, that Ali jivin' and shuckin' clown stuff. They have no maturity. The mature kids are into karate. We dig the discipline."

This totally coincides with Norris's message that the schools and the nation are being poisoned by permissiveness. Permissiveness, he says, "is ruining our children in schools. It makes it harder to do something positive at home, since the schools have them longer than we do. You've seen it firsthand. These kids crave discipline. And, sadly, the poorer the child, the less discipline he gets. Do you know the teenage suicide rate has doubled?

"These kids have a tough row to hoe,

and they can't handle adult travails and tribulations. In my karate schools we salute the flag, and the teachers are addressed as 'sir' or 'mister.' My goodness, in schools today there's no image to respect: no prayers, no flag, and teachers are on a first-name basis with kids. I have even heard of students telling the teacher to 'ef-off.' Can you imagine that? I have a friend who is a teacher and a black belt, who yanked a kid out of his seat for telling him that, and they prosecuted the teacher!"

When asked what he would do to a teacher who snatched one of his children for hypothetical obscenity, he replied, "What the teacher did would be a minimum compared with what he got at home. He wouldn't sit down for five years."

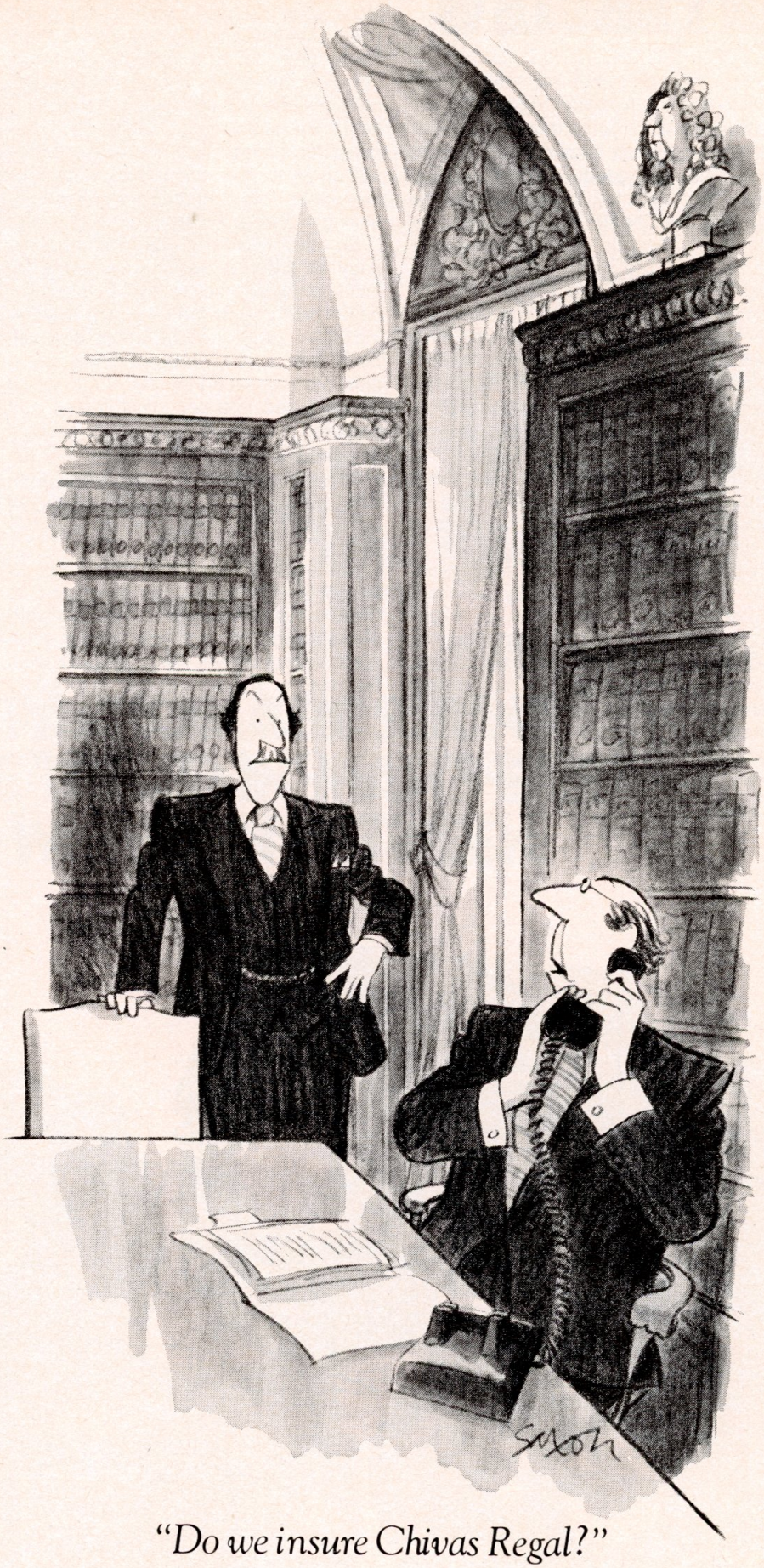
The amazing thing about Chuck Norris's performance is the fact that he wins his audience without being subservient to it. He runs right into the teeth of his audience as a straight arrow and is phenomenally adored.

He doesn't find this incongruous at all, since he believes most Americans—rich, poor, black, brown, and white—think as he does. "We are the most generous nation on earth," he says. "Americans are the most compassionate race in the world. When a foreign country has a problem, we make it our problem. Look at the Cambodian boat people. But somewhere along the line we have lost our respect, because one-tenth of one percent are dictating public policy. The tail is wagging the dog. We allow these loudmouths to denigrate everything we believe in—school prayer, pride in country, and the right to defend ourselves. Right now the schoolyard punks are running the show because we didn't slap their hands when they put them on us. Now rinky-dink nations are stomping all over us. We should have gone in and got those hostages out the first day. The Israelis, whom I deeply respect, would have done it.

"As the saying goes, 'The squeaky wheel gets the grease.' So the shouters and yellers are having their way in everything from school prayer to sex and dope to foreign policy. But believe me, it's changing. I can feel it."

Bombast or prophecy? Well, Reagan is up in the polls, and Chuck Norris is soaring at the box office. He points out that when his fortune is made, he is going to build agrarian schools around the country, where urban kids can get close to the good earth and learn the discipline of karate. "That is my dream for America," he concludes, "and I can see it coming in a few years."

Is his dream strictly a right-wing, bucolic, nostalgic rant? Consider this: the penultimate prophet of the permissive sixties, Bob Dylan, once said in despair, "The whole world is looking for a daddy." To Chuck, Bob wasn't just blowin' in the wind.



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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

and ate them or something. I think it has a lot to do with Protestant repression.

Penthouse: Were you a devout Jew?

Feldman: I got bar mitzvahed, the whole thing. I was very good. I learned Hebrew. I was very attracted to Judaism, to the ritualism, the theater of Judaism. Like Catholics. They do it even better—it's grand opera. The same country that produced Verdi produced Roman Catholicism. The costumes and the lighting are the same. I suppose some of my early feelings towards theater were conditioned by going to synagogue and by the Hasidim who lived in the neighborhood. They were always singing and playing the violins. They were like Sufis to me. I'm still attracted to Hasidim. I love them, although I'm no longer a Jew in any religious sense, and there is no other sense in which you can be one.

It's a love of magic that Jews have. Also, a natural sense of money! Jews are storytellers, too. I can't think of WASP storytellers that would go from village to village, telling the legends of the people, like the Jewish storytellers in the shtetls.

Penthouse: Did you write when you were young?

Feldman: I used to write a lot of poetry. I was first punished for writing at the age of 11. My school accused me of copying a poem I wrote. It wasn't very good, but it scanned and rhymed, and it might have come out of a book of children's verse or something. They said I wouldn't be punished if I admitted I copied it. I said, "But I *did* write it," and so I got punished for writing. That may have gotten me on to it. The masochist in me may have said, "Hey! People *punish* you for writing—I'll be a writer!"

So I started writing then. Writing came easy for me. I'd be asked to write an essay on what I did on my half-day's vacation. Well, I didn't do anything interesting. So I just filled the whole exercise book with a story that I'd made up—a child's novel, set during the war, in which I parachuted into occupied France and captured a German general and brought him back. I filled the whole fucking exercise book with this. Again I was punished. They said, "That isn't what you did." And I said, "No, but what I did was boring."

Needless to say, I dropped out of school early. You were supposed to make some halfhearted attempt at a higher education so that you would have some kind of career. Certainly that's what my parents wanted for me. But neither I nor any of the schools I went to thought it would be a good idea if I remained in them. We had that in common. And there were too many things I wanted to do. I wanted to write. I wanted to paint. I went to Paris to write and paint. I thought that if I went there and hung out, the ghosts of Fitzgerald and Hemingway and Henry Miller would sort of rub off on me by osmosis. But it doesn't happen by osmosis; nothing happens by osmosis. I discovered that in a year or so, during which I learned to get rid of the adjectives in my writing. I realized that the verbs or the nouns were important—either the trumpet or the rhythm section.

Penthouse: How did you make a living in Paris?

Feldman: I went there when I was 15. I did several things simultaneously. I had a jazz group, a bop group: Marty Feldman and the Bee-Bop Seven. I worked various fringe operations—legal, semilegal, some illegal activities. The usual street hustles, which could never quite get me hanged but could get me sent to reform school if I was caught. I was never caught. I worked in a carnival act for a while. I was an office boy in advertising for a little while. I worked in a musical instrument shop and in a boot factory. I finally realized I wasn't going to make it as a musician.

I started thinking about writing again. I stole books for a living for a while. There was a guy who dealt in stolen books. He would pay us a third of the published price if we'd steal them. So we would go and steal books from bookstores in London. And I found I was keeping a lot of them—I wanted to read them. I actually stole my education. I don't know why, but I got very high on American humorists very early: Thurber, Perelman, Ring Lardner. I missed the whole English mainstream. I haven't read any Thackeray. God knows what Jane Austen did, apart from writing movies for Laurence Olivier—I don't know. And yet I know all about Mark Twain, I know about Frank Sullivan, and I can tell you all about Will Guthrie.

Penthouse: When did you have time to read?

Feldman: When my band was performing one-night stands, there wasn't very much else to do. So books were passed around. I was a magpie with anything to read. I'd swoop down on anything that seemed to glisten, take it back to my nest, and read it. And then a book would refer to another, and I'd get that, and so on and so on. But then I realized I wanted to write fiction, not read it. It wasn't necessary to read it; I wanted to improve on that. With fiction you can make the right people win—the goodies can win, you know? Nixon can be impeached—he's not pardoned in the world of fiction.

Penthouse: So, did you write fiction?

Feldman: I wrote jokes. We used to line up outside the Palladium, where a comic would be playing. His manager would come to the door, and a lot of us would stand there, holding out pieces of paper with the jokes scrawled on them. And he paid a few dollars for each one he

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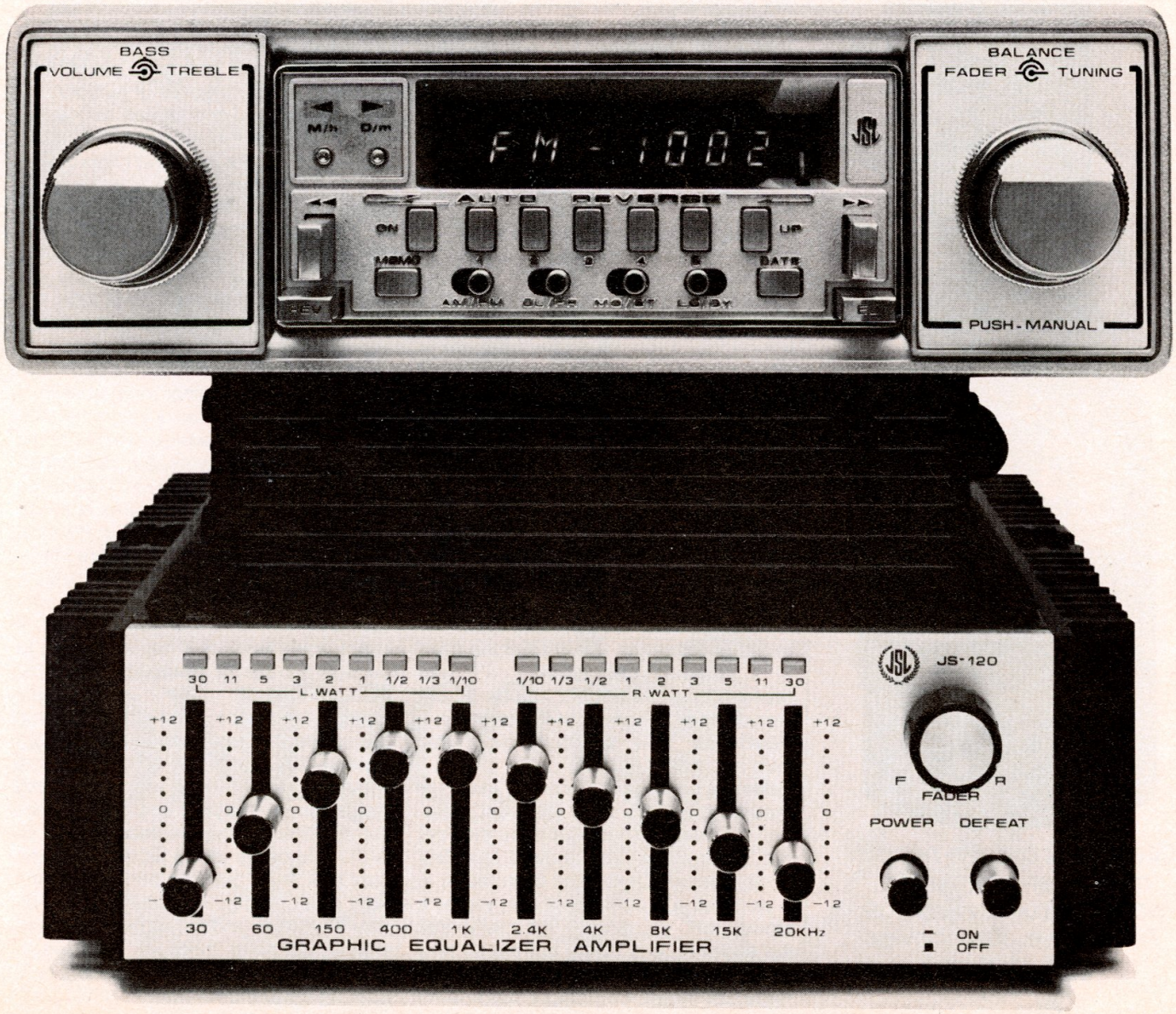

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bought. When I found that somebody would pay me to write jokes, I wrote jokes for anybody who would buy them. By the age of about twenty-one, I'd become a successful writer of television situation comedies—again, without realizing what I was doing. It was just fun to do. And one thing led to another. I wrote for David Frost's show and worked with John Cleese and Graham Chapman, the future Monty Python people.

Penthouse: Did you have any idea of how successful Monty Python would be?

Feldman: I didn't have a sense of it as a movement or anything. I'm always on the fringes of movements; I never see them. I think I'm always looking the wrong way. There's a photo of the assassination of the archduke of Serbia, which started the First World War. Everybody in the photo is looking towards the murder except this one guy in the corner of the picture, who's looking somewhere else. That's me. There's always somebody looking the other way. While they were crucifying Christ, there was a guy walking down the street, stoned, on his way somewhere, who looked up the hill and saw them banging away, hitting some nails into a guy's hands. He just looked away. He didn't know he was witnessing history. That would have been me, always looking the other way.

Penthouse: Did any of your projects fail?

Feldman: My first job directing a film, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*. I just hated the film.

Penthouse: How did you happen to do it?

Feldman: It wasn't my project. It was offered to me.

Penthouse: You didn't write it?

Feldman: I wrote it, yes. I can't not take responsibility for it. I take responsibility but not the blame. I did it because it was offered to me and I wanted to make a movie. I wanted to direct—I think all writers do. I was out of work. They wanted a Mel Brooks kind of spoof, and I wrote it to order. And I wasn't very comfortable doing that.

Penthouse: What's the difference between responsibility and blame?

Feldman: There's a difference between the two that has to do with loyalty and culpability and guilt. I may be guilty, but I'm not culpable. Maybe I was insane or acting under stress, or I did it at the point of a rolled-up checkbook . . . I was raped—I don't know. But I knew what I was doing at the scene of the crime.

Penthouse: How do you prevent that from happening again?

Feldman: I get more control. I have the cutting rights to *In God We Trust*. Actually, it's the audience that does the final cut in comedies. You show it to a few audiences, and if none of them laugh at a part and you don't cut it out, you're a bloody fool, you know? The cliché that the audience is a failure but the show a success does not apply in comedy. If I make you laugh, it's comedy. If you don't laugh, I've failed. Smiles don't count—you can't hear them.

Penthouse: How do film executives treat you?

Feldman: I think they treat most comics as clowns rather than as writers-producers-moviemakers. They treat us rather like autistic children. They know there's nothing actually wrong with us and that autistic children may make them a lot of money. They know we can be a highly profitable commodity. So they leave us alone, mostly, but they don't understand the process of making people laugh.

Penthouse: Do you?

Feldman: No. That's the point. But you can't say that to someone who is going to hire you to make a comedy. You have to say, "Of *course* I know why people laugh!" You have to say that to your audience, too. You can't admit insecurity about what you think is funny. You can't offer a tentative joke or routine. You have to believe you're funny.

Penthouse: With the idea that maybe it will be contagious?

Feldman: Yes! Humor is all a cumulative thing. In a Bill Cosby routine, for example, none of the parts stand out as being funny. But he manages to create an atmosphere in which one wants to laugh. It's a nice, relaxed level of humor.

Penthouse: Have you spent much time studying different theories of humor?

Feldman: When I first started writing humor, I decided I would read everything I could on it to find out what I was doing. And that will totally destroy you. You read all these different theories of humor, and they all contradict each other. It will totally destroy you. It's like if you read *Kama Sutra* before you fuck: it will totally destroy you; you won't get a hard-on. It's all theory. No good. Books and theories about humor have rarely been written by people who practice it. Freud had theories of humor. Whether one questions those theories or not, I do question the standard of the jokes he quotes—they're pretty bad. Yes, they'll all work, but so will their opposites. None of them will define humor. A sense of humor is like a sense of rhythm. If you could define it, it would no longer be a sense. If it were not a sense, you could bottle it and buy it; MCA would own it; you could make a conglomerate out of it. But you can't pin a sense down like that. It has something to do with a pulse, a heartbeat, with what makes you alive.

Something has to be dead before you can define it. That's why I hate the dictionary—it's a book full of dead words, cemetery words. Or, if you believe that things can be analyzed and defined, then the dictionary is the greatest work of literature, because all the words are there. Just pick them out and put them in the right order. That's like looking at the piano keyboard and saying, "There are eighty-eight notes there. All you have to do is put them in the right sequence and you can be Thelonius Monk." Well, fuck,

that's not exactly what you'd call art.

All of the theories about humor are true to an extent, but then there's a greater truth than that, and I don't know what it is. There's a kind of Zen of humor, and if somebody is going to write it, then they'll have to write it from the Zen point of view. Except that Zen is noticeably humorless—it really is.

Penthouse: Is directing films an art?

Feldman: Well, I've learned that it isn't as difficult as I thought it would be. There is a great mystique about directing. Most directors, like most writers, like most actors, like most plumbers, are competent at their jobs, but they're not geniuses. There are very few really great directors. Most of them create a mystique around themselves, like doctors do. It isn't that difficult to do that. If you're like Buñuel, you don't choose to be a genius—you are one. You can't work at being a genius. You've got it or you haven't. I've learned to have confidence in placing the camera, and I know what lens to put on. I've realized that there is no great art or secret to that. There isn't any secret in directing a film for me. There is for Robert Altman, but I suspect the secret is just that you and I can't do it and he can.

Directing a movie is like directing traffic. You're surrounded by experts. What director knows as much about the camera as the cameraman? Directors are mostly ex-writers or ex-producers, or they've been first assistants. They have a general knowledge of it all. But they don't have specific technical knowledge of any one department. Maybe writers are the best people to become directors. Or maybe actors—they're probably the best.

Penthouse: What kind of director are you?

Feldman: I'm the guy with the whistle. Anybody can make suggestions, and I'm glad they do. Some of the best things in my latest picture were suggested by the prop master. I think the thing a director can do is create an atmosphere in which creativity is encouraged. Just because a guy is key grip doesn't mean he won't have a very good idea for a line, or a guy who is lighting a scene. Everyone makes suggestions. Then the director makes the final decision as to which way to go. He carries the whole picture in his head, or should be able to.

Penthouse: What is *In God We Trust* about?

Feldman: Well, you might say it's about the fact that Christ could no longer drive the moneylenders out of the temple, because now they *own* it, and he'd have to *pay* to get in—that's what this film is really about. So it's about the loss of innocence, the idea that one may have to be a little corrupt in order to survive. There's a great line in it: "The meek will inherit the earth, but not until the strong are finished with it, by which time it won't be worth having." That represents my own belief.

Penthouse: Do you read your reviews?

Feldman: When reviews are shown to me—and people generally only show you the bad ones—I'm devastated. Always. Totally devastated by anybody who thinks I've done anything badly. It's sort of a public insult or humiliation to which you can't reply. When you see yourself lambasted across the pages of a large newspaper as a fool, as an incompetent, or just as unfunny, you're humiliated, because you know thousands of others have read that and are saying, as you walk by: "There he is, inept and unfunny."

Penthouse: Are comedians always depressed off-stage?

Feldman: There's a tragic person inside all people. Comedy heightens your self-awareness and causes you to go out and parade your neuroses. Look at Woody Allen. He has such a need to explain himself. You wouldn't think people would want to hear it. But he does it. That takes courage. But then, it's courage if you succeed and arrogance if you fail. Woody comes out of a background that could only be Jewish New York—this need to forever *explain* himself. It's marvelous in him, because he is touched with magic. In lesser people it just comes out as kvetching. Lenny Bruce's comedy had a very real source. All his imitators get up and just open their mouths and think it will all come out, not realizing the dues that Lenny Bruce paid as a burlesque comic. He understood how to play on an audience, like a bullfighter with a bull, like a conductor with an orchestra.

Penthouse: Do *you* have a tragic sense?

Feldman: I have this feeling that the human condition is not a particularly jocular condition. But I don't think it's a great tragedy, either. I find it rather amusing—absurd. I think looking the way I look helps me to have a sense of the absurd. The whole object of comedy is to improve things a little, not by being moralistic, but by making people laugh, perhaps stimulating a few questions—that's all.

Penthouse: It doesn't sound like you're obsessed with having to make people laugh.

Feldman: But I *am* obsessed. In my case obsession is the norm. Writing, for me, is a pathological condition. I don't even think of it as a talent. I have to get things down so the little nag inside me will shut up; that's all. I'm like a nymphomaniac who is being paid to fuck, really. It's what I have to do, a compulsion. The fact that somebody is paying me to do it is a constant source of amazement to me, because I would do it for nothing.

Penthouse: Is it possible to be both an actor and a writer?

Feldman: I'm Jekyll and Hyde. Dr. Jekyll writes, and Mr. Hyde acts and has all the fun. Writing is a continuing process that gets interrupted by acting. Writing and directing at the same time is easier—the two are interrelated. But it gets very com-

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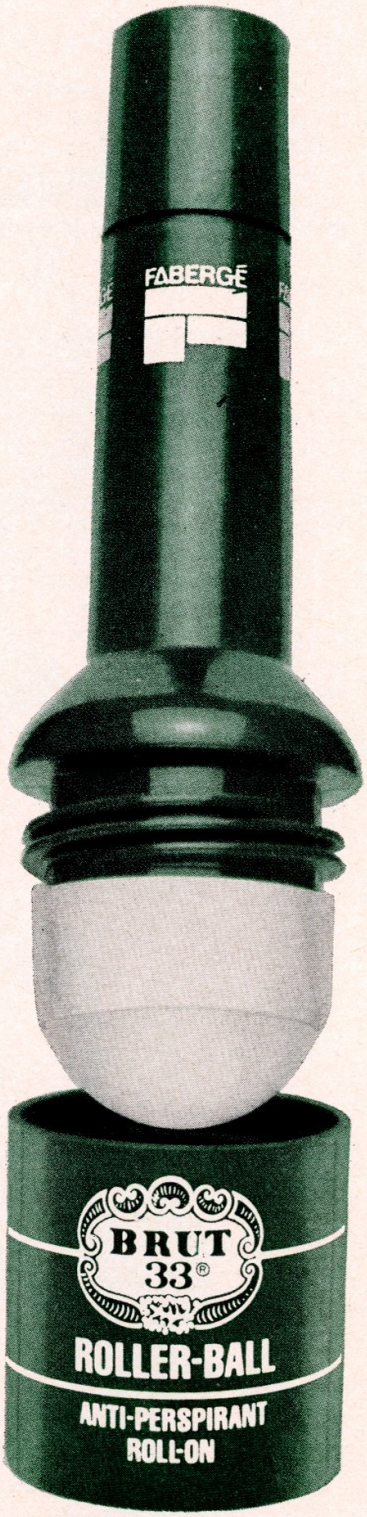

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plicated. I can be in the middle of a scene with Louise Lasser, for example: I'm acting opposite her. But then I'm suddenly aware that I'm directing her. I want to make a change in the scene but don't want to stop her, because she's going well. And I can't do anything, because the camera is on me as well. That's pretty schizophrenic.

Penthouse: Have you ever been to a psychiatrist?

Feldman: I've never felt the need to go to psychologists or psychiatrists. It's not so common for the English, you know? People go much more easily to psychiatrists in this country, it seems. It's been accepted as a profession for a great deal longer.

Penthouse: What do the English have against psychiatry?

Feldman: Well, they're still a little bit suspicious of anesthetics. If you're a man, you take a swig of rum and they cut your leg off. They think having something like chloroform is rather effete. The English think of hypnotists, psychiatrists, and all fringe religions as the same thing. On the other hand, maybe it's gone too far the other way in America. The mind doctors become the shamans and replace the priests. Woody Allen knows this.

Penthouse: Isn't your style of comedy opposed to Allen's?

Feldman: I feel very close in some ways to what Woody is doing in his pictures, although it's not like anything I could ever do. I think his frame of reference is the same as mine. We're both Jews, about the same age, self-educated, wanted to be stand-up comics, wanted to be comics, became writers. So I feel drawn towards Woody, although I hardly know him.

I'm also drawn towards Mel Brooks. With all the things that are wrong with Mel, he has such an energy. He's volatile. There's no container big or strong enough to put his energy in. We're totally opposite. I'm the introvert; he's the extrovert. That's my father's generation. That's the generation that came out without any education, that hustled and pushed and said, "I want to get to the top of the line"—and got to the top of the line and pushed their way beyond it. I recognize so much of my father in him.

And I think if I had a brother, he might have been like Woody. So I feel caught between those two cultures. And at the same time I can't get rid of the umbilical cord I have to Europe or to the European tradition that came to me via the silent movies—Keaton and Langdon and Laurel and Hardy.

Penthouse: Have you styled yourself after these people?

Feldman: I've had to accept the fact that I will never be as good as those people have been. That's the hardest pill to swallow—that I'll never be in the same league as those I admire.

Penthouse: Do you rate Chaplin up there?

Feldman: No. Well, I admire Chaplin, but I never loved Chaplin. I loved Laurel and Hardy. If I could have chosen a couple of uncles, I would have liked Laurel and Hardy. If I could have willed genius, I would have been Keaton. But you can't. And you can't aspire to that any more than the average organist can aspire to be Bach. They are so pure and so much above anything you understand. You can't aspire to it. That's the hardest thing to swallow. You say, "Well, all I have is me, and I have to do the best I can with that."

Penthouse: Do you keep a stockpile of ideas or stories for your films?

Feldman: When an idea occurs to me, I jot it down—on a napkin in a bar or on the back of a menu. When I worked at home, I would give these napkins and things to my secretary, who would type them out and file them for me. But I'm terribly disorganized. My mind is like an attic full of junk. When I'm writing, I rumble around through my head to see what's up there and I don't know where anything is. I'll stumble across something, and I'll think, "Oh, that might be interesting," and take it down into the daylight and polish it up and look at it and get some of the slop and mildew off it and say, "Oh, that's quite a good idea." Other things I'll leave up there—they're best left in the dark, you know?

That's exactly what it's like when I write. It's a sort of stumbling around in the dark, in the attic of my head, knowing that the stuff is up there because everything I've seen and done and have been told about and have experienced has been assimilated. It's there somewhere, so I just wander around. It's very aimless and rather dangerous. You can bruise your shins and get some very bad ideas.

Penthouse: Are you ever afraid that all your ideas will dry up?

Feldman: Yeah, but I fear it so often that I've gotten used to it. It's like living in the slide area in California. People who live there don't worry about it. They know it's dangerous and that their house may not be there tomorrow. It's like the house in Chaplin's *Gold Rush*—the one that's tipping backwards and forwards. I feel like I live in that house. Eventually I hope to get out, before the house goes over the cliff. But really I'm used to panicking early to avoid the rush.

Every time I write I know I'm going to go through all kinds of insecurities about it, and that I shall lose faith in it about 20 times in the process of writing one draft. And all I do then is hang on to my instincts—whatever it was that made me think it was funny in the first place.

Penthouse: Are you developing any new films now?

Feldman: I haven't had an idea for a

"Charles, I wish you wouldn't give free medical advice at parties."

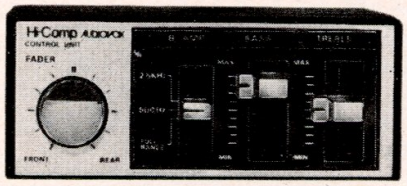
Is true "high fidelity" sound really feasible in a small car? Yes, says Audiovox Hi-Comp. But be careful.

By Robert Harris, Technical Director

It has always been a tricky business to create crisp, clear perfect sound in the confined space of a small car. The results have often been painfully amateur.

Audiovox takes it for granted that you understand the importance of matched, compatible components. What it dreads seeing is overpowered units combined with underpowered speakers, and incorrectly placed.

Here, from the Hi-Comp division of Audiovox, is an advanced system that will deliver that true high fidelity sound you want for your domestic or imported compact car. To extract the

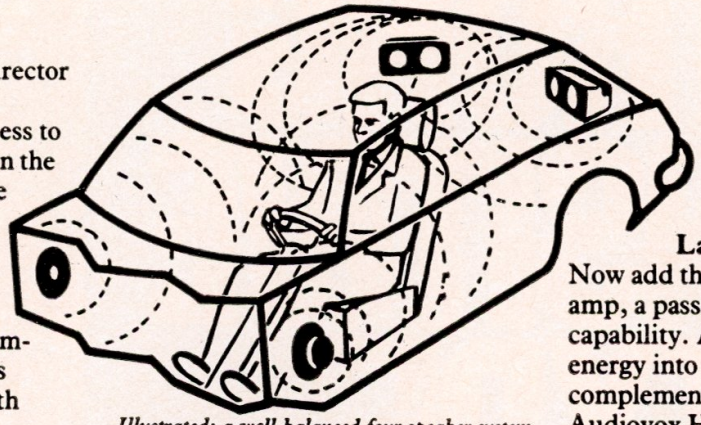


HCE-720 Hi-Comp passive equalizer.

best possible sound from it – clean, directed sound – write for a free copy of "The Dynamics of Speaker Placement in an Automobile."

The cornerstone

This Hi-Comp system begins with the HCC-550 AM/FM multiplex radio with auto-reverse stereo cassette player.

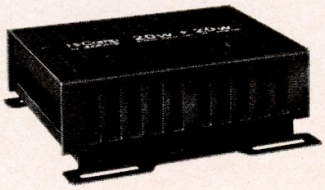


Illustrated: a well-balanced four speaker system, you're surrounded with sound.

Examine the illustration below and you'll discover the major features that are built into this unit.

The heart of the matter

Additional power for the system is supplied by a 36-watt stereo amplifier – the HCB-820. A few impressive specs: 15-30,000 hz frequency response range +1 db...18 watts RMS per channel from 20-20,000 hz at less than .1% THD into 4 ohms...powerful direct-coupled complimentary bridge audio output.



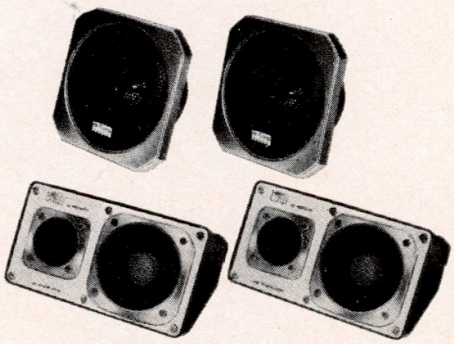
HCB-820 Hi-Comp 36-watt 2-channel amplifier.

Couple a pair of these amplifiers together and you've got power to spare.

Last. But not least.

Now add the HCE-720 dual slide preamp, a passive equalizer with bi-amp capability. And, to convert all that energy into pure sound, a full complement of Hi-performance Audiovox Hi-Comp speakers.

You'll want a pair of HCS-10 4" round speakers with 7 oz. strontium magnets, capable of handling 20 watts with 120-15,000 hz frequency



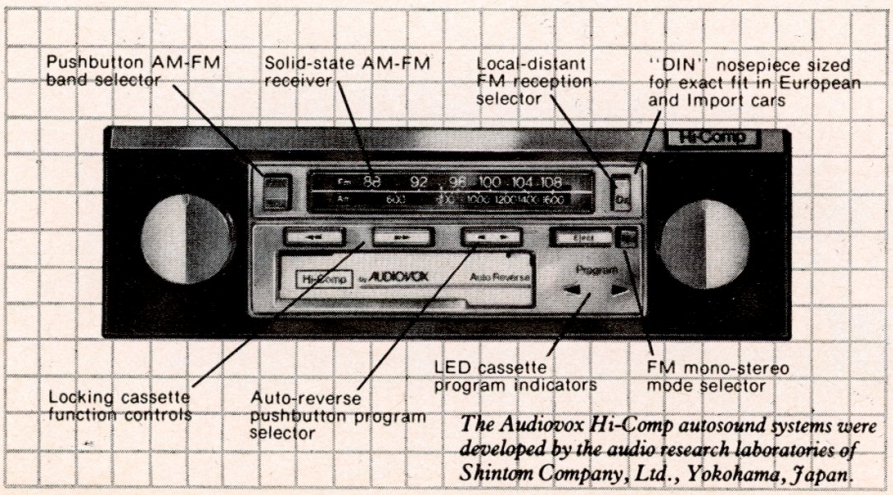
HCS-10 & HCS-90 Hi-Comp high-performance speakers.

response; to put in the door or kick panel, plus a pair of 2-way surface-mount HCS-90 speakers with 4" woofer and 2½" tweeter and a capability of 60 watts with 110-23,000 hz frequency response. They're perfect where space doesn't permit a flush mount installation.

The sound you want

The Audiovox Hi-Comp system recommended here isn't cheap, about $500.00; you're paying for high technology. But it will produce optimal super sound in a small car...provided you don't goof when it comes to the placement of the speakers.

For further information, write to: R. Harris, Technical Director, Dept. 7N, Hi-Comp Division, Audiovox Corp., 150 Marcus Blvd., Hauppauge, NY 11787 © *Copyright 1980, Audiovox Corp.*



The Audiovox Hi-Comp autosound systems were developed by the audio research laboratories of Shintom Company, Ltd., Yokohama, Japan.

THE STRONG SENSITIVE TYPE.

Sheik® gives you the two most important things you look for in a condom: strength and sensitivity.

Sheik's strength is actually tested up to seven different times by the most advanced scientific techniques—including electronic testing.

Yet, with all this proven strength, the material used in a Sheik condom is only three one-thousandths of an inch thin! It feels so natural, you'd swear you weren't wearing a condom at all. And as far as your partner is concerned, the feeling is mutual.

So depend on the strong, sensitive type—Sheik condoms. They've got everything you want in a condom, any way you want them: Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, and Plain End.

According to a national consumer journal report, when condoms are used properly the chances of an accidental pregnancy are 10,000 to 1! No other method of birth control can give you better odds without the risk of side-effects.

SHEIK

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, N.J.

movie in months. I'm still so involved in *In God We Trust.* Yesterday I suddenly had a clutch of ideas that all came to me from different directions, three of which I like very much. They started to nag at me. And the one that nags "Write me! Write me!" the loudest and longest is the one that gets itself written.

Penthouse: So you don't panic when you go through periods without ideas?

Feldman: No. I know that there are thousands, millions, an indefinite number of possibilities. And they just sort of arrive. I suppose it's the same if you're a photographer with a trained eye. A photographer does not consciously go around framing compositions. But he has a trained eye for a good shot without even knowing it. Cartier-Bresson will just pick up his camera and snap, whereas I would spend hours with the viewfinder. He has a trained eye. And I suppose, in a similar way, I have a trained sense of what will work in the written form.

Penthouse: Is the idea the most important part?

Feldman: Absolutely not. Everything is in the execution. The idea is worth nothing, really. The idea is timpani. Suppose you were a producer, and I came and told you the plot of *Hamlet*, and I said, "It's a story about this prince. And his father's ghost comes to him and tells him that his uncle murdered him by pouring poison in his ear. And then the uncle married the mother, as a result of which Hamlet does nothing for two hours." Okay? Call it the tragedy of indecision or whatever. But that's a helluva bad story. You'd throw me out of your office, right? And you'd be right!

But then I'm not Shakespeare. It was a lousy plot, but the story doesn't matter at all; the idea doesn't matter. *King Lear* is an awful idea; it's a situation comedy idea, isn't it? Norman Lear could have done that. It's all in the execution.

Penthouse: What are your ambitions now?

Feldman: I've never thought beyond the present. I've never thought in terms of either routes or destinations. The only time you concern yourself with a destination is when you have arrived, retired, and stopped doing things. Then you say, "Where I am was my destination," and you look back and say, "That was an interesting route I came by." Thinking about destinations gets in the way. I may come to a fork in the road, and if I'm worried about destinations, I may miss that pretty road down there because I'm on the freeway.

But I pretty much enjoy doing what I'm compelled to do by whatever inner demons I have. I present it to an audience in the hope that they will like it, too. That's all I can do. As long as they like it, I'm in business. If they don't, then I have to get out of it and do something else for a living. So far I'm doing well enough to be allowed to continue doing what I want to do.

Sexxon. Sexaco. McCuckold's. The new biological-compatibility companies were outperforming every other stock—and man—on Wall Street.

COMPUTER SEX

HUMOR BY JAMIE MARDIS
PAINTING BY FRANCISCO MELO

The television ads were getting to me. The radio spots were driving me bonkers. Then, sure enough, when I walked out to buy my literary Valium—the Sunday *New York Times*—there were the same haunting advertisements for the very same companies staring me in the face all over again. Sexxon. Sexaco. Pussy King. Snatch in the Box. McCuckold's. And IT&A, which stood for International Tits & Ass.

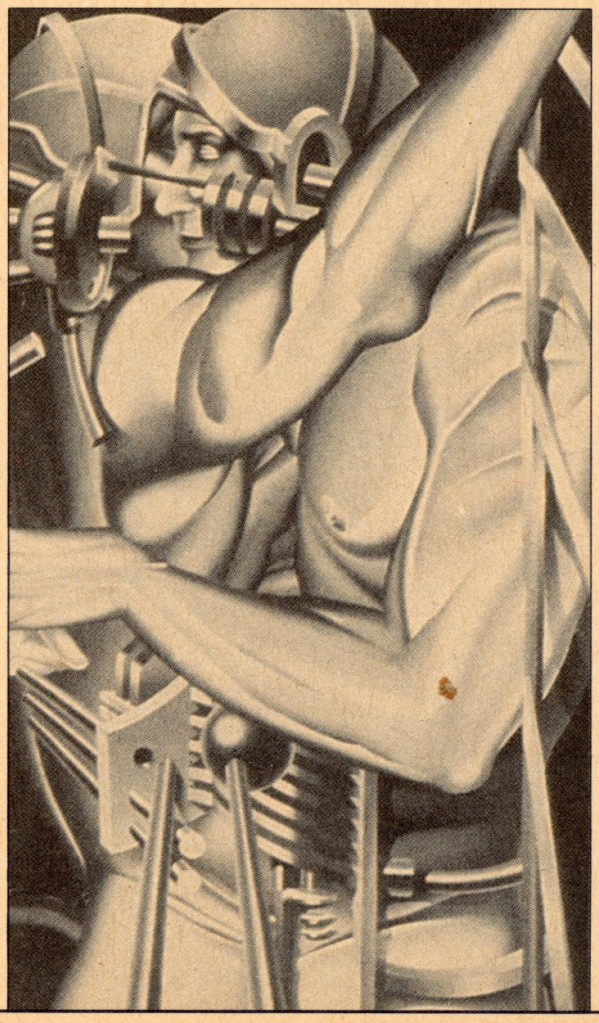
I shook my head and slipped over to the stocks. Just as I had thought. A couple of the Big Six biological-compatibility houses had gone public and were already on the charts. Imagine, sex by computer. It made dating by computer seem so beside the point.

I could hardly believe it. Six months ago nobody had ever heard of Sexxon or Sexaco or, for that matter, the bio-comp business as a whole. But now . . . Well, it *was* tempting.

The 0937 express to Hartford was very fast but, most important, nonstop. There's no doubt in my mind that if I'd had even one chance to get off, I would've taken it. Not from *moral* cowardice. I've always been adventurous. Why, even on the train I winked at one lady and then changed seats and played footsies with another one. What gnawed at my nerves, however, was that this new adventure might turn out like all the others: in a put-down, turndown, or the old heave-ho. Rejections from sex I was used to. But a rejection from Sexxon? Nor did I want to admit, deep inside, that maybe Sexxon *could* find me the ultimate slice of female lusciousness where lesser mortals—namely me—had failed.

What's more, with these sexual-compatibility houses being so competitive, I still couldn't absorb the fact that they could produce their miracle woman for a mere $25, which today was hardly ample cash for a movie, let alone enough to pay the spiraling prices of wining and dining a fashionable lady for a single evening of courtship. This boggled me. It was sort of like the Pilgrims flying over on Laker Airlines. Some things, I kept telling myself, actually *do* get cheaper through technology.

I grabbed a cab and directed the driver to Sexxon's national headquarters, located somewhere in Hartford's suburbs. Choosing Sexxon had been clever if you thought in terms of scientific infallibility, that is, if you believed the junk you read in bio-comp ads. Sexxon, you see, had a top-of-the-line Sperry Rand XK 3411, and I reasoned that if I were going to make love to a computer, I might as well start at the top. Going to the home office extended this logic further.



All of the Big Six, naturally, had franchises in New York. But to undergo your sexodynamic testing at a franchise meant the results would be put into modulator-demodulators by *human hands* and transferred by data link onto central clearing for triangulation, cross-correlation, and flagging. I didn't like the idea of an old-fashioned foul-up, be it by human error or simply crossed wires. Not at this stage of the game, anyhow. So I had decided to check out the home corporation. This way if it ended up that Sexxon couldn't find me my fantasy woman, at least I'd be assured that it wasn't because some dummy technician had spilled his beer on a relay terminal.

The cab driver pulled to a halt and turned around with a very sarcastic smirk. "Sexxon, huh?" he laughed. I felt myself reddening as he went on. "What's the matter now? You couldn't find the right girl? Ain't that a shame." I quickly got out and handed him ten dollars and told him not to keep

the change. He kept on grinning at me. "Hey, man, if you meet Miss Right, mind asking if she has a sister?"

The cabbie laughed and roared off before I was able to explain to him how they'd called Edison a fool. Bio-comp houses were not, after all, a two-bit mating or dating service. And Sexxon and its scientists didn't rely on penny-ante measures of common interest like art hobbies or home equities to fit the stitches in their compatibility process. On the contrary—Sexxon relied on pure, uncut, hot-blooded sex to do its matchmaking. Not to mention the multimillion-dollar computer they put to use as your personal pimp.

"Take off your clothes," instructed the bureaucratic man in the white cloak, "and proceed for processing at Station One."

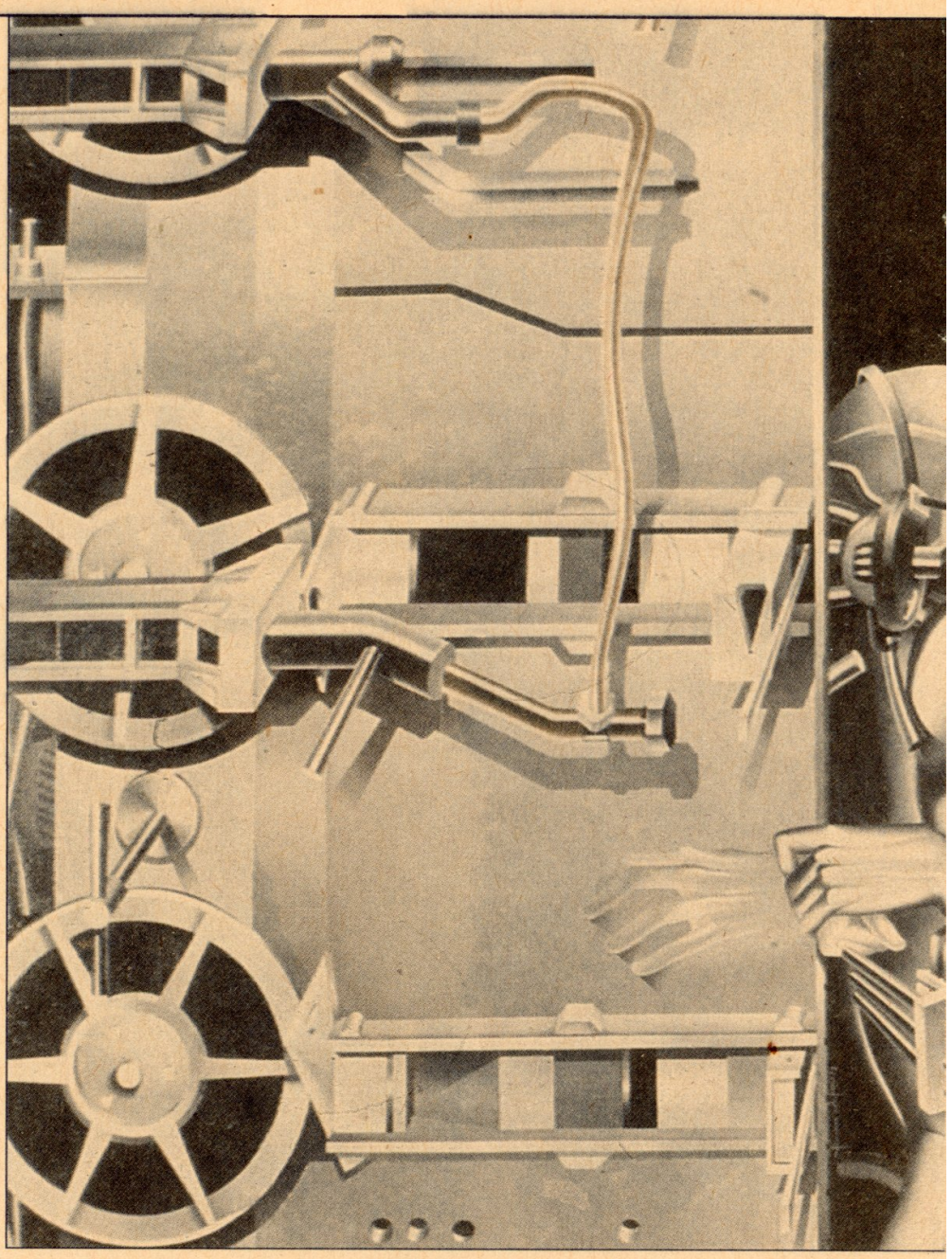
Gladly, I thought. Just don't ask me to bend over and touch my toes. I'd already spent three solid hours poring over various forms and answering the usual weird questions about inkspots. My *psycho*sexual profile, they called it. Then, on to the main event. I was escorted along Sexxon's new office corridors to a room roughly the size of a gymnasium. At center stage sat a colossal, steel-gray computer—the XK—flanked on all sides by a pulsating and blinking assemblage of cathode-ray tubes, oscilloscopes, disc drives, and other Dr. Frankenstein–type auxiliary mechanisms. A labyrinth of clinical partitions led to and around the electronic equipment, not unlike the classic rat passage leading to the cheese.

For the moment, however, I was much more interested in another piece of cheese. An utterly sumptuous blonde, her perfect hips swaying in a loose-fitting robe, materialized out of the maze of partitions and strutted right toward us. Toward *me!* At last I'd get the chance to meet—a lady Sexxon customer. The closer she came, the more I could see her Brigitte Bardot–look-alike features, and, make no mistake, her cheeks were flushed with the warm, rosy sensuality of a woman longingly and lovingly loved. But by *whom?* I asked myself.

Just then she ducked off into the partitions. I hesitated and tapped the bureaucrat on the arm. "Excuse me," I stammered. "But if you could, uh, perhaps simply introduce me to that attractive blonde woman who passed by . . . why, I'd just as soon forget the twenty-five dollars. I mean, *I'd* be happy with her if it's okay."

"No. Sorry," he said, frowning, "that is not company policy."

"Can't we sway the rules a little?" I mumbled. "Gee, what's the harm in making things nice and simple?"



"The computer will make *that* decision," he cut in coldly and pointed. "Now please proceed to Station One for your PP."

"Pee pee?" I repeated, amazed. "I don't understand."

All my anxieties and fears came back to me as the Sexxon technocrat paused icily. "A *PP*, sir, is a penis print."

What a day to take a penis print. I pattered through the mazelike computer room minutes later, sporting a baggy robe and an unimpressively downcast angle of the dangle. "It's not always like this," I tried to joke to the neuter personnel at Station One. No response. These nurses were real professionals, I concluded, all the way down to their cold rubber gloves. I attempted to envision that luscious-looking blonde while they adjusted the equipment to take an X-ray and then a heat photograph of my penis . . . But with no luck whatsoever.

So when the nurses began wrapping up my deflated member for the blood-pressure reading, I *had* to speak out. I just couldn't accept myself going down in history as, well, a Vienna sausage. I bashfully caught one nurse's eye.

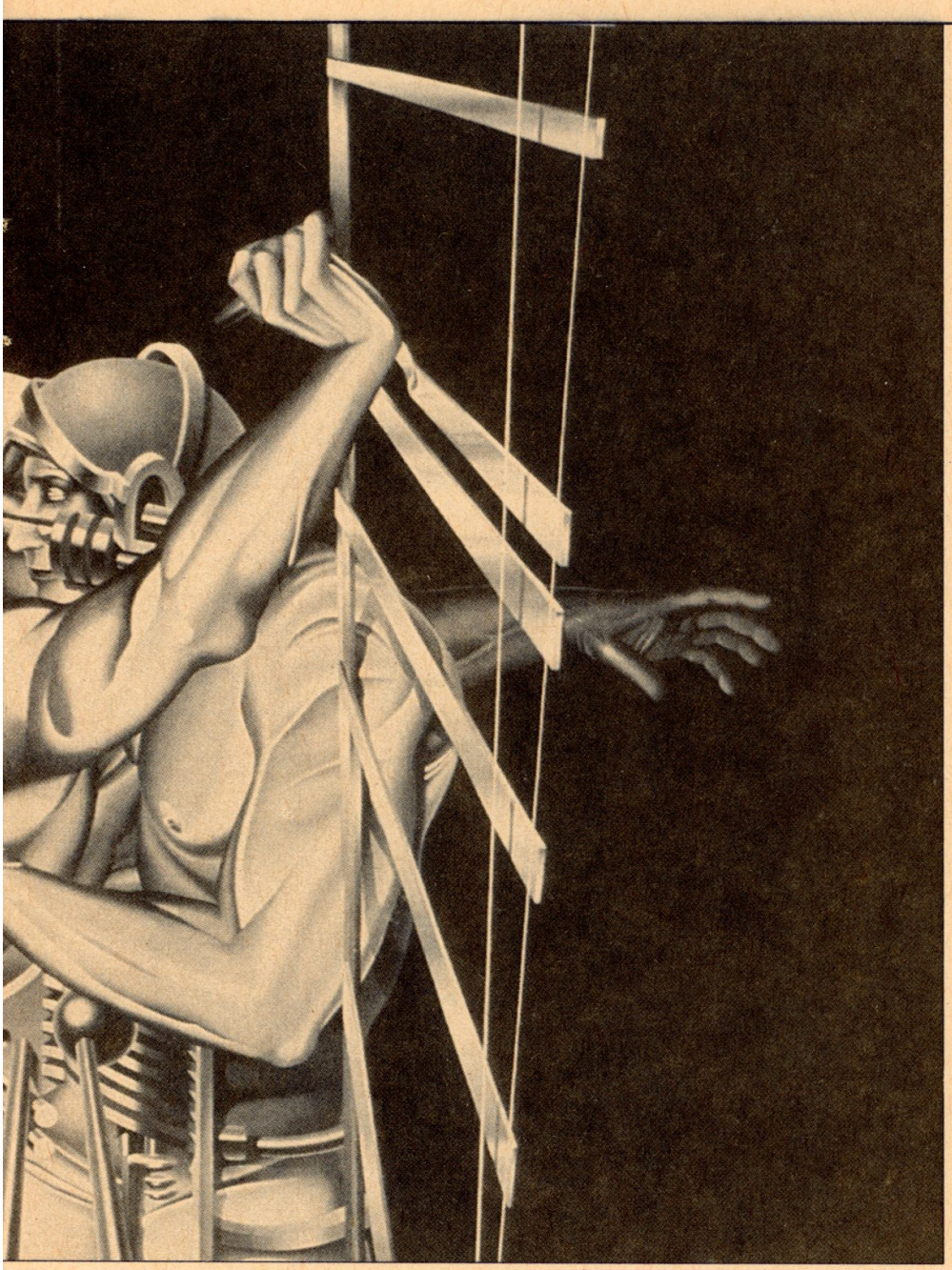
"Excuse me, ma'am. You know, uh, it's *usually* bigger."

They didn't even comment.

"Couldn't you perhaps add just an inch or two?" I squeaked. "To make it normal? Or at least take off your gloves maybe?"

Both nurses glared at me. "Report to Station Two, please."

I hoped I hadn't ruined my chances already. But as it turned out, I was mak-



ing it harder on myself than need be. Station Two, you see, was the ER, and the ER stood for Excitement Room. Which deserves some detail.

First of all, the name was a little misleading, since it was up to the customer himself to provide the excitement. Don't get the wrong idea—this wasn't any monk's cell. If anything, Sexxon's Excitement Room reminded me of the cockpit of the U.S.S. *Enterprise*. Flashy, in other words. Push a button and a pregreased imitation pussy hops out. Push another button and here lies some evil-eyed dildo; hit a switch and you're watching Swedish skin flicks, Lesbian porn, or even weirdo aborigines dancing around with *National Geographic* –style titties. Every conceivable sexual fantasy—from middle-class to superkinky and back—was electronically represented in the Excitement Room.

"Welcome to Sexxon, friend," began a voice straight out of Berlitz. A recording had suddenly snapped on in the quiet chamber. "You will now find a host of audiovisual and digital stimuli to assist you in your arousal. Do *not* be inhibited in selecting what genuinely stimulates you. A guide and kit should be located to your left. Upon full arousal, activate the yellow button and insert male member in Orifice A or impose female part on Phallus B. Retract, repeat, *retract* prior to orgasm and report to our following station. All right, open your kit."

I opened my kit, labeled "Male." Their idea of a home entertainment center: Vaseline, beaver pics, more inflatable poontang, just about everything except an old nylon sock. No thanks. I found the guide and looked over the list of Sexxon stimulation titles. There were video selections like "Persian Position" and "Prick Power" in the P column, for instance, along with fantasies like "Pillow Talk," "Puppy Love," ad nauseam.

For the fun of it, I walked over and keyed in the tape called "Persian Position." My gracious alive! It looked more like pineapple upside-down pie. Next I decided to key in good old *Pillow Talk*, but Doris Day was too boring for me to watch it for long. I goofed around a few more minutes and, my curiosity satisfied, hit the code for some hot and heavy, hard-action Swedish cunt, got excited by her orgasm moans, punched the yellow button, and slid my erect joystick into Orifice A, as instructed.

I might as well have been making love to a shortwave radio. Or an Eskimo. Because a few beepers and buzzers went off, and then, all at once—phoosh!—a jet of cold water scored a direct hit on my sensitive testicles. So much for the Excitement Room.

At Station 3 I had to lift weights. Station 4, musical stimulation. Station 5, confer with a nice Sexxon dietitian on erotic foods. Station 6 was cosmetic photography of all parts of your body including your tongue! Station 7, a VD minilecture. Stations 8 through 12, a skin temperature exam, reflex reaction check, muscle tone, you name it.

Station 13. This was the final phase of sexodynamic testing. Once this station was over, I could understand why Sexxon made its clients sign a release. And I also understand beyond a shadow of a doubt where my friend Blondie had gotten her weak knees, rosy cheeks, bedroom glow . . . Did the computer make love to her? No, not exactly. The malicious XK 3411 had *gangbanged* the poor girl!

I never liked the idea of being tied down to one woman. So you can imagine what it was like being strapped to *half a dozen* of the world's cuddliest sexpots. I wish Station 13 was the P&E, performance and endurance test. You entered a controlled micro-environment that appeared to be the backroom of a Shanghai pleasure house. In reality you had stepped inside the guts of the XK 3411 itself, and everything you saw—or touched—was heat-radiated holograms. Three-dimensional mirages created by monochromatic lasers. The Berlitz fellow came on again by remote and told you, in so many words, to lie back and relax.

Then the audition. One by one, a juicy array of high-class bodies paraded by in the raw. Talk about a hard-on! First off, a hot little Oriental box strutted by, dark-skinned nipples flouncing near my

face. But before I could grab for her foxy backside, she'd been replaced by a dead ringer for Donna Summer! Following her was this long-legged, mean-looking Viking with the smooth, white thighs of an Amazonian Aphrodite. Next on line, a virginal schoolgirl just asking for a naughty spanking. And then a saucy-lipped Italian harlot built like Sophia Loren. She winked—and when I tried to pinch her curvy buns I realized that I couldn't move a muscle. Some complicated gravitational force held me down to Sexxon's illusionary bed as surely as if I'd been bolted to the sheets and welded there.

Let me make a correction. There was *one* muscle that moved. In fact, it was up and throbbing when the last woman in Sexxon's P&E beauty contest crystallized out of thin air, and—talk about a dream come true—the girl actually went down on me! Amazing. This all-American freckle-faced girl *looked* real, her warm mouth *felt* real, and *I* felt real (real good, I mean). But it was all illusion. Puppetlike laser holograms mathematically programmed into a field of sensory impulse beams. Like the blowjob. It felt wet and warm and breathy . . . and yet . . .

"We have monitored your preferences throughout the coital images," the recording announced quickly thereafter, "by means of point contact with thermal voltaic cells. The performance and endurance aspect of our Sexxon sexodynamic profile examination will commence in thirty seconds. Let us remind you that in signing our application, you have absolved Sexxon of legal liability as concerns aftereffects, which may result from any or all areas of this testing. Thank you." Then 15 seconds, 10 seconds, 5, 4, 3 elephants, 2 elephants . . .

"EEEEEAAAAAWOOOOOFUKFUKFUKOOOOOAAAAA!"

The Oriental girl! She was up and on me, landing on my cock in a spread-eagled body karate blow and fucking like a silk jackhammer. How did *they* know I liked her best? I could smell her perfume, feel her long, black hair rake my stomach as she raped me from above, even feel her tight slit contracting as I came inside her, and believe it or not, she was groaning so bad for her own orgasm that I got off yet *again* so we could come together.

But as soon as she had come, she was gone. Presto-magic vanished. Replaced by the Viking bitch. She had an evil smile on her face. I'd hardly just started, and there I was, three orgasms down and bathed in sweat. But that didn't put her off; I'm telling you. She grabbed my nuts and started to tongue the head of my cock and then pushed me over on my side for a "lazy dog"—you know, sidesaddle and backassward. The wild Amazon suddenly started jacking me off when I couldn't come and then jammed it back in her cunt. Then I came. She laughed and pulled me right on top of her, squirming for more. We stayed this way until I got finally hard again. And all I could think about was a cigarette.

The electronic orgy went on for what seemed a lifetime. But you know how time wears on when you wear out. My harem of holographic pussy took turns with me all afternoon, mercilessly sucking, humping, and pumping me for more climaxes than a gopher has holes. When I finally did stagger out of Sexxon headquarters, I was so tired that I took a cab all the way to New York, slept 36 hours, woke up, and limped to the nearest supermarket for a large T-bone steak and ate the whole darn thing before I even got back home. Those Sexxon girls had practically fucked me to death.

A few days went by before the letter from Hartford arrived. I tore it open and read:

"We at Sexxon are happy to announce that three candidates have been selected from our national register as biologically compatible. Whenever possible, careful consideration has been given to psychosexually related object factors (i.e., physical appearance) while triangulating your SDP into our computer residence core. Multiple candidates are supplied if thrust margins are noncontiguous. Upon receipt of your check or money order for $125 per candidate, we will be pleased to forward pertinent *vitae*."

Meaning phone numbers. But two things struck me. First, I'd been screwed for the last time on hidden costs. Second, what would've happened if they'd found 50 candidates with a noncontiguous whatever? I'd be bankrupt; that's what.

But Sexxon had me, as they say, by the balls. I fired off the checks, got the tels, and had my computer-selected ladies lined up for the following Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. They would be coming in from Albany, Pittsburgh, and L.A. I figured Sexxon couldn't be all that bad because not one of 'em hesitated to fly in. This meant, in my estimation, that these biocomp cunts were even hornier than I. If that was possible.

It was. Promptly at 8:00 on the first night, the Albany doll showed up on my doorstep. Doll, I say. Oh, sure, she had an even 38 inches, but ever so unfortunately that figure referred to her *height*. She leered. "Good evening, lover. My name is—"

"The man you're looking for," I broke in. "Left town."

No way. The sawed-off sexpot walked right under my arm, saying something about how I was the perfect man for *her*. Please don't misunderstand me—she was a cute little munchkin. Curly red hair, bee-stung lips, and curvy as a jello dish. Still.

But she'd already lit up a marijuana stick and was hastily peeling off her blouse. Twin strawberries describe her mammary gifts. The rest was like watching a woman undress through the wrong end of a telescope. Then it hit me. At Sexxon's psychological examination, I kept calling the inkspots elephant pussies with the hope that they could take a hint and send me a nice, fresh, young piece of merchandise with tight twat to match. But this girl? Why, she'd have a tough time making it with a Q-Tip!

Tight was right. Fifteen minutes later, when the girl from Albany left, I honestly felt as if she had taken a part of me with her.

End round one. All day Saturday I paced. Since it was the weekend, I couldn't exactly phone Sexxon and threaten them with the Better Business Bureau. No matter. At 8:00 P.M. the bell rang, and there stood a spitting image of Doris Day. Complete with pillbox hat. Oh noooo . . . I *knew* I shouldn't have pushed that button in the ER. Doris high-heeled in and said she didn't drink, smoke, or fool around, and she wished to know if I'd relocate to Pittsburgh. *I* wished to know if she'd ever had group sex with a pack of Johnson & Johnson safety swabs. She slapped me. End round two.

The following night I was ready to guillotine whoever came through that door. But when I saw her—slinky raven hair, deep-set mysterious eyes, succulent mouth, and plush bottom—I quickly visualized a different type of headjob. "Enter," I said.

She answered in thickly accented English, "I only go back door."

At which my submissive beast disrobed and flipped over, upending her vagina in a classic Persian spread. A shepherd boy's fantasy. But not mine. Especially when she started yapping about her visa problems. I gave her her walking papers and grabbed my Beefeater. Fuck Sexxon! Fuck reality! And fuck electronics, too!

Which is what I did. I figured out there isn't perfect sex in the *real* world. So now I'm a steady customer at Sexaco, Pussy King, IT&A, and every other biocomp lab or outlet where I can find an Excitement Room. Sure, it's computerized laser pussy. But like they say—just gimme that old-time illusion.

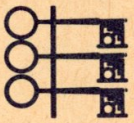
PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

CAN YOU HANDLE THE NEW WOMAN?

HOW LIBERATED ARE YOU?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Has your consciousness been raised or razed?



PSYCHOGRAPH

There may still be women out there who want to stay at home, making babies and apple crumb cake. But if there are, they're getting harder and harder to find.

The female of the species has liberated herself. This psychograph will tell you whether you've liberated *yourself* enough to deal with her successfully.

The women's movement, of course, begat enough scholarly research to sink the *Queen Mary*. But sociologists have been less curious about how women's changing roles are affecting men. Nevertheless, a small body of astute research in this area has appeared in the past decade. Some of the best work has been done by Barnard College sociologist Mirra Komarovsky, who has examined the psychological attitudes and social experiences of college men who deal on a daily basis with their liberated female contemporaries. (Her book on the subject, *Dilemmas of Masculinity*, was hailed as a classic in the sociological press. It's worth reading if you want to go into this subject a bit more deeply. Two other books that were useful in preparing this questionnaire may also interest you: *The Male Dilemma*, by psychologist Anne Steinmann and City University of New York dean David Fox; and *The Liberated Man*, by Warren Farrell, who has taught on the sociology of sex roles at Brooklyn College and served on the board of the National Organization of Women.)

The questions in this psychograph go to the heart of male-female relationships. They are not easy to answer honestly; you'll probably have to make an effort not to lie to yourself. Questions that touch on one's masculinity can hit some tender nerves. But remember this: if you can't answer these questions honestly, it's prima facie evidence that you're not ready to deal with the new woman.

1. Have you ever received flowers from a woman?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Would it *bother* you to receive flowers from a woman, particularly if they were delivered to you in the presence of your coworkers?
   (a) yes, a lot
   (b) perhaps a little
   (c) no, not at all

3. Could you respect a woman who had sex with you primarily to fulfill her own needs and not because she was fond of you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. How do you feel about this statement: "I expect women to take the steps necessary to prevent pregnancy. Basically, contraception is the woman's responsibility"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

5. Have you ever lied to a woman about the amount of previous sexual experience you've had?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Do you think professions like engineering, physics, and math are basically unfeminine?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. If you had a son, would you give him dolls to play with?
   (a) sure
   (b) perhaps
   (c) not unless he asked for them
   (d) not under any circumstances

8. If you were assured that vasectomies could be reversed, would you have one?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) I'm not sure

9. You are highly attracted to a woman. You hope that the attraction evolves into a deep, lasting relationship. The first time you go to bed with her, you find out that she's more experienced in exotic lovemaking techniques than you had suspected. How do you feel about the discovery?
   (a) I think it's great; the more she knows about making love, the more fun we'll have
   (b) I might be disappointed that she isn't as "virginal" as I had thought, but I wouldn't let that sabotage the relationship
   (c) I'd forget the girl; I wouldn't want to continue a serious relationship with a woman who had obviously slept around; I might continue to go to bed with her, but love would be out of the question

10. If you had kids, would you consider taking time off from work (i.e., a paternity leave) to take care of them?
    (a) yes, men should be more involved in raising children
    (b) probably not—it's a nice idea but not very practical; you just can't afford to take time out from your career
    (c) no, it's a dumb idea

11. Have you ever regularly dated a woman who worked or was studying in the same field as you and was more skilled than you in that field?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. How do you feel about this statement: "I could never love a truly brilliant woman, because I'd feel like a jerk by comparison"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

13. How do you feel about this statement: "A woman who pursues her career can never be a really good mother. She may be adequate, but she should stay home and take care of her kids"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

14. Would you say that this statement comes close to describing you: "I want to make something of myself; I don't like staying in one place or one job too long"?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. Would you say this statement comes close to describing you: "I'm impatient and can't stand people who don't make decisions quickly"?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

16. Have you ever lived with, or dated seriously, a woman who earned more than you?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. Have you ever lived with or dated seriously *for more than three years* a woman who earned more than you?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Women, by their nature, are not so aggressive as men"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

19. With which of these statements would you be most likely to agree:
    (a) in general, women are more petty than men
    (b) men and women can both be rather petty
    (c) in general, men are more petty than women

20. Are women more sensitive than men?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

21. Are women more emotional than men?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

22. Do you think that women take offense and feel insulted more easily than men?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

23. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "For a relationship to succeed, it's important that the woman should be able to lean on the man and look up to him"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

24. When you meet a woman, do you make pretentious, pompous statements about life, politics, philosophy, and the state of the world . . . things you wouldn't say to men because they'd consider you full of hot air?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

25. Would you be able to love a woman if you found out that she had had a lesbian relationship before meeting you?
    (a) yes, what's past is past
    (b) I think I could, but it wouldn't be easy
    (c) no, the idea of screwing a dyke might excite me, but I couldn't love her

26. If you were going to be married and your fiancée asked you to adopt her last name instead of her adopting yours, what would you do?
    (a) I'd tell her to shove it
    (b) I'd tell her I wouldn't do it, but I wouldn't ask her to adopt my family name
    (c) I'd try for a compromise: I'd add her last name to mine
    (d) I'd do it if she said she wanted me to very badly
    (e) sure I'd do it—why not?—women have been doing the same for centuries

27. How do you feel about this statement: "A man and woman can never really be 'just' friends. Sex is always in the background"?
    (a) I agree
    (b) I don't think it's easy for a man and a woman to be just friends, but it's possible
    (c) I disagree

28. Are men more rational than women?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

29. Does it bother you if a woman you're sleeping with tells you about her former lovers?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

30. Are women more devious and scheming than men?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

31. Would it bother you if your friends saw you riding in a car with a woman driving?
    (a) sure, when a man and a woman get in a car, the man should drive
    (b) no, I don't think it makes any difference who drives

32. Do you think that men stand to gain just as much from the women's movement as women do?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

SCORING

Each answer on this questionnaire has been assigned a point value. To find your score, add up the points of the answers you chose.

1.	a. 4	b. 0			
2.	a. 1	b. 2	c. 3		
3.	a. 3	b. 1			
4.	a. 0	b. 3			
5.	a. 1	b. 4			
6.	a. 0	b. 3			
7.	a. 3	b. 1	c. 1	d. 0	
8.	a. 3	b. 0	c. 1		
9.	a. 3	b. 2	c. 0		
10.	a. 3	b. 1	c. 0		
11.	a. 4	b. 1			
12.	a. 1	b. 3			
13.	a. 1	b. 3			
14.	a. 1	b. 2			
15.	a. 1	b. 2			
16.	a. 2	b. 0			
17.	a. 5	b. 1			
18.	a. 1	b. 3			
19.	a. 0	b. 3	c. 0		
20.	a. 1	b. 3			
21.	a. 1	b. 3			
22.	a. 1	b. 3			
23.	a. 1	b. 3			
24.	a. 1	b. 5			
25.	a. 4	b. 2	c. 0		
26.	a. 0	b. 2	c. 2	d. 3	e. 3
27.	a. 1	b. 2	c. 3		
28.	a. 1	b. 3			
29.	a. 1	b. 2			
30.	a. 1	b. 3			
31.	a. 0	b. 3			
32.	a. 3	b. 1			

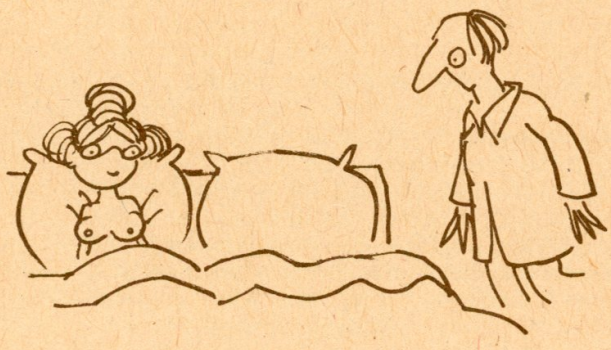
If you scored 88–100 points:
Are you sure you answered all the questions honestly? It's highly unusual for any male born into our society more than 15 years ago to be that free of sexual stereotypes. Today's kids may be reared in nonsexist environments, but if you're old enough to take this test, chances are that you weren't. It would be a rare man indeed who could overcome his upbringing so completely. If you are that rare man, congratulations; you must be the dream man of every liberated woman.

70–87 points:
You've done a good job freeing yourself from sexual stereotypes. You're the type of guy that most sophisticated, high-achieving women are looking for. You treat women as equals and are not threatened by their successes. You have a strong sense of your own worth and don't need to dominate women to prove your masculinity. You're attractive to women because they don't feel they have to play coy boy-girl games with you.

50–69 points:
Like most men today, you're caught in the middle. You were brought up to believe that women should wear white gloves and be secretaries, and now you discover that they're after your job. You've made an effort to adapt to the changing times, and you've been relatively successful. You try to treat women differently than you used to, but you're not certain you know what they want. (It may be a consolation to you to know that many women are in the same boat. They are excited by the new opportunities open to them, but they are uneasy about abandoning the security of traditional sex roles. So don't be intimidated by today's new woman. She's likely to feel the same uncertainties you do.)

33–49 points:
You're a traditionalist. Today's new woman wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole. Of course, that doesn't bother you, since you figure she's full of feminist crap. You may end up a very lonely man, however, since the pool of traditionalist women seems to be shrinking rapidly. There aren't that many ladies around these days whose chief goal in life is winning the Pillsbury Bake-Off. Your antagonism toward liberated women may stem from insecurity about your own masculinity. Why do you have such a need to be the Dominant Male? If you can loosen up a bit in your dealings with women, you may find that your life will become considerably more pleasant.

20–32 points:
You are an unreconstructed caveman. They may put you in a museum soon. In this day and age it would be unusual for any man to be so thoroughly imbued with the old sexual double standard. Do you really believe all the answers you gave? Or are you just projecting a supermacho facade to disguise a more general fear of women?



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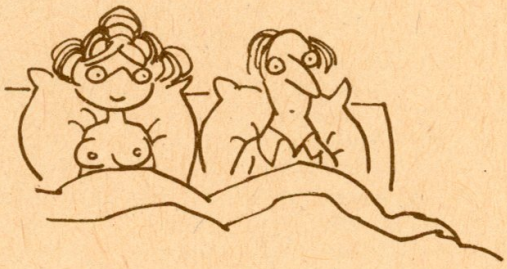

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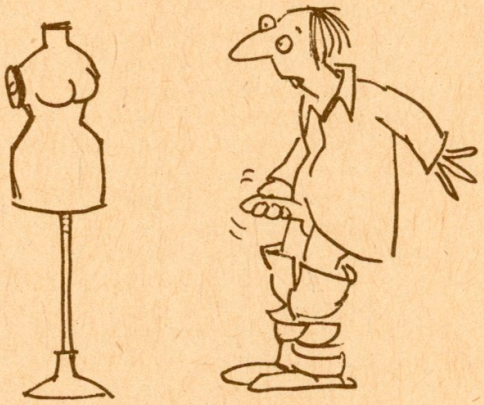

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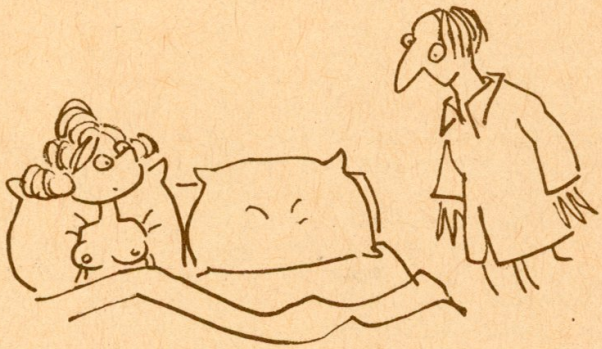

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ROCKEFELLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

lets and a few wretched hovels of the poor; these were soon disposed of, over the usual loud but ineffective protests. David Rockefeller had learned a valuable lesson from his experiences on Morningside Heights, and his chosen instrument for the development of the site was the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. It was an inspired choice. Like all such authorities, the port body was set up in a way to make it all but impervious to the meddling of shortsighted politicians and their constituencies of rabble. Though it operates as a private corporation, it possesses certain public powers, such as the right to condemn land and issue tax-exempt bonds. It is answerable only to the governors of the states of New York and New Jersey. By a happy chance, the governor of New York was Nelson Rockefeller.

The Port Authority cleared the site, and began construction with an initial loan of $210 million, 19 percent of which was put up by the Chase and another 19 percent by James Stillman Rockefeller's First National City. It looked like an absolutely sure thing and profitable in the bargain. Actually, it was a disaster.

For one thing, the completed towers resembled gigantic radiator covers. For another thing, the Port Authority had floated $850 million worth of those wonderful tax-exempt bonds to build the damn thing, and now it couldn't find enough tenants. The Manhattan real-estate market was glutted with office space; there had been no compelling reason to build the Trade Center in the first place, except that David Rockefeller wanted to, and he turned to his brother Nelson for a bailout. During his first term Nelson had materially advanced the Chase's fortunes by pressing a series of laws that liberalized the rules on bank mergers and branch expansion and had paved the way for the creation of bank holding companies. Now he ordered the state to take a 40-year lease on 60 full floors of his brother's white elephant, saving the day with $18.4 million a year in taxpayer's money. The state's comptroller was not amused when he discovered that the rental bill was $4 million a year more than private tenants were paying for comparable space elsewhere, but there wasn't much he could do about it.

"I wouldn't want to do anything in the political field that seems inappropriate," said David in 1965. "I could get a lot more done in Albany when Averell Harriman was governor."

Not everything went his way, however. He lobbied industriously for a lower-Manhattan expressway that would have cut across the island like the Berlin Wall, obliterating Chinatown and Little Italy, insulating his enclave from the slums to the north, and, incidentally, carrying cars, but

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there were simply too many voters in the way. Even so, the bank pressed ahead with the funding for such projects as Manhattan Landing, a $1.2 billion luxury housing complex, and other similar developments that, with tax abatements, would in effect offer low-cost subsidized housing to high-paid executives and other congenial folk. Nor were the poor neglected, at least in the Chase's advertising. Following the riots in 1968, David loudly announced that the Chase was contributing $5 million to a $100 million mortgage pool designed to rehabilitate the decaying brownstones of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant. Not only was this good public relations, but it could hardly have escaped the notice of the men on the seventeenth floor that northwest Brooklyn was one of the very few places in the country where middle-class whites were returning to the city in substantial numbers. They were already pressing on Bedford-Stuyvesant's western border and would soon spill across it, whereupon those low-cost mortgages would come in very handy indeed. Nor did it escape the attention of the black people living there, who soon realized that the program was tailored for middle-income occupancy and that the Chase simply wasn't writing very many mortgages as long as black people hung around. This point was raised at the 1970 meeting of the Urban League, from which the Chase might have been expelled but for the strenuous efforts of Whitney Young, who just happened to be another of the Rockefeller family's protégés.

It wasn't merely the Chase's mortgage policies that exercised the members of the League. They had something else on their minds. Until the Iranian crisis blew up in the country's face, black people were the only substantial body of citizens to understand that David Rockefeller was conducting his own foreign policy. It was somewhat different from the foreign policy of the United States, and one of the places he was conducting it was South Africa.

On March 21, 1960, South African police fired on unarmed demonstrators in the Transvaal town of Sharpeville, killing 69 of them. The storm of worldwide protest was less alarming to the white regime, however, than the immediate liquidity crisis that erupted as money began to leave the country. Fortunately, the white South Africans had a friend at the Chase Manhattan—who had a relative at First National City. Chase and City were important members of a consortium that had previously extended a $40 million revolving credit to the regime. Now, with the whole structure of apartheid in danger, the consortium increased the credit to $150 million. South Africa didn't go broke. It didn't moderate its racial policies. It boomed. And the more it boomed, the more the Chase became involved.

There is nothing wrong with a bank having a foreign policy. If it commits vast sums abroad, it had better have one; it would be stupid not to. But David Rockefeller's version of a foreign policy was more than a function of mere fiduciary prudence, and it was more than a mere, pleasurable (and profitable) hobnobbing with pliable heads of state. David's foreign policy is the foreign policy of the Rockefeller family, and the Rockefeller family has always had an unusually hard time when it comes to telling itself apart from the United States of America.

There is a small problem of interpenetration here; the Rockefellers, with more reason, have also tended to confuse the Chase with themselves, and the Chase has always prided itself on being the first tank into a liberated town. It established an important correspondent relationship with the Bank of Yugoslavia immediately after Tito's break with Stalin in 1948. It extended postwar credits to Franco's Spain, helping to break that country's international pariahdom, and it opened the first branches in Moscow and Peking following Nixon's détente, although it had long maintained a quiet—and crucial—correspondent relationship with the Narodny Bank. It was also quick with credits to Egypt following the cutoff of Saudi funds at the time of the Camp David peace treaty between Israel and Egypt.

> A rich man who happens to be a banker faces the unique temptation to treat the money in his bank as if it belonged to him. . . . This happens to be illegal.

David Rockefeller's involvement with statecraft goes farther than this, however. His activities on The Trilateral Commission are well known to readers of this magazine. He has also enjoyed a membership on the Council of Foreign Relations since 1947, and it was there that he first met a young Harvard professor named Henry Kissinger. The family's interest in foreign policy dates back at least to the second decade of the century, when Raymond Fosdick (the brother of Mr. Junior's favorite preacher, Harry Emerson Fosdick of Riverside Church) obtained Rockefeller money for the Institute of Government Research, which later became the Brookings Institution. It was the same Raymond Fosdick who, after the First World War, drew his benefactor into the new Council on Foreign Relations. By the time David joined the organization in 1947, the family's influence had become predominant. Not only were his brothers John D. III and Nelson members of the council, but so also were McCloy, the reliable Doug Dillon, and a half-dozen other close family associates; David's cousin and intimate George S. Franklin was executive director, and it was the family money and the family name that made the wheels go around. While his brothers' participation on the council was somewhat perfunctory, David threw himself into its affairs with typical thoroughness, "articulating the informed consensus," as one observer put it, "of the kind of people who gather at council meetings." "He was," write Peter Collier and David Horowitz in their excellent book *The Rockefellers: an American Dynasty,* "a guardian of the establishment center, a fixed point of its moral order, not so much an architect or executor as a trustee of its informed and concentrated will." In 1972 he became the council's president.

Much has been written, to very little purpose, about an alleged Rockefeller conspiracy to control the nation's foreign affairs, with the council as the family's cat's-paw. The truth of the matter is less sinister but no less alarming, and at its heart resides the family's notorious confusion of its purposes and aspirations with the best and noblest urges of the Republic. The family—and, specifically, David—controls the council. It is only natural, then, for the council to patronize and employ academics and specialists whose views are compatible with those of the Rockefellers, just as a president's cabinet is presumably composed of men and women whose views reflect those of the president. And because of the excellent connections and incomparable influence of the Rockefellers, it is equally natural that these congenial academics and specialists will find their way into positions of power if they are ambitious enough—as Dulles did, as Herter did, as Rusk and Kissinger and Vance and Brzezinsky did, Council and Trilateral beneficiaries all. It is no small thing to be an intellectual associate of David Rockefeller's.

But in order to understand just exactly what the Rockefellers consider to be the best and noblest impulses of the Republic, "the establishment center," it is necessary to look at some of the activities of the man who exerted the most profound influence on the international thinking of David Rockefeller—his dyslexic, womanizing brother, Nelson. How Nelson Rockefeller ever came to be thought of as a foreign-policy liberal (or any other kind of one) is a mystery whose only answer can be found in a miracle of cynical public relations. Although an intellectual lightweight whose affliction prevented him from reading the simplest briefing paper without enormous difficulty, Nelson nevertheless deemed himself competent to guide the nation's international destiny and, more surprising, was so deemed by others. As the very young head of the

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State Department's Office of Inter-American Affairs during World War II, he became profoundly convinced that the postwar world would be dominated by a global struggle between the Western Hemisphere and the Soviet Union, with China holding the balance of power. He was not alone in this opinion; many other people believed so, too. But Nelson's mind was not a subtle one, and once he had formed a conviction, neither shades of meaning nor economic realities had much effect on it, and he resolved to seize the initiative, thus turning a prediction into a self-fulfilling prophecy. In early 1945, now an assistant secretary of state under the bewildered Edward Stettinius, Jr., Nelson began a series of moves that resulted in a hemispheric security alliance called the Act of Chapultepec (on which NATO and SEATO were later modeled) and engineered the participation of ostracized, fascist-sympathizing Argentina. That such a regional security arrangement was in flat violation of the proposed U.N. Charter and that the inclusion of Argentina was sure to alarm the suspicious Russian ally did not trouble Nelson in the least; he didn't much care what the Russian ally thought, since he was convinced that it was bound to be our enemy anyway. Though President Roosevelt had clearly promised Stalin at Yalta that the United States would never sponsor Argentina's membership in the proposed world body so long as Perón remained in power, Nelson was able to take advantage of the dying president's enfeeblement and get his signature on a memo inviting Argentina to San Francisco. Nelson did more; once in San Francisco, he single-handedly sabotaged the U.N. Charter and alienated the Russians by insisting on Argentine membership and a special exception for the Act of Chapultepec, lobbying with boyish charm until he had the votes to accomplish both of these things. It is impossible to say whether the history of the postwar era would have been any better if it hadn't been for Nelson Rockefeller, but it would have been vastly different.

Later, as special assistant for cold war strategy to President Eisenhower in 1955, he—again single-handedly—destroyed the Russian peace offensive at the Geneva Summit with the so-called Open Skies proposal, a public-relations ploy that he knew the Russians couldn't possibly accept, and they didn't. In 1956, out of office and marking time as head of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, he warmed up for his gubernatorial race by sponsoring something called the Rockefeller Panel Studies, with Rockefeller Foundation president Dean Rusk chairing the panel on foreign policy, John Gardner chairing the education panel, and Henry Kissinger in charge of the international security group. Kissinger, then an outspoken advocate of small-scale nuclear war, was a man much after Nelson's heart: ponderous, charming, and aggressively anti-Communist. He could talk and talk well—a vital point in dealing with Nelson, who could barely read—and the report produced by his panel reflected their mutual thinking. It advocated massive new military expenditures, a total reversal of Eisenhower's doctrine of nuclear restraint, and the development of a capacity to fight little wars, especially in places like Vietnam, where the supposed Russian thrust was disguised as civil conflict. The report of the Kissinger panel didn't have much effect on the thinking of Richard Nixon and none at all on the thinking of President Eisenhower, who knew a good deal more about warfare than the young Harvard professor did, but there was at least one place where Kissinger's recommendations had a major impact. John F. Kennedy thought that they were wonderful. He used to pass them out to the press on his campaign plane, and when he became president, he and Rusk set out implementing them with typical vigor. The rest of the story you know.

It is now that David enters the picture, although at first he did so indirectly. While it used to be a truism of the conservative wing of the GOP that every Republican presidential candidate from Warren G. Harding on had been nominated by the Chase, the Republicans had just about had a bellyful of the Rockefellers, thanks largely to Nelson, with his tireless end runs around the professionals in the State Department and his repudiation of Ike in the panel studies reports. Kennedy, as yet innocent of Nelson's efforts on behalf of the cold war and nuclear holocaust, had no such compunctions. Indeed, he filled his administration with Rockefeller men—specifically, with David Rockefeller's men. At the fateful meeting of the National Security Council when the decision for the Bay of Pigs invasion was made, five of the seven members present were David's intimates. These were C. Douglas Dillon, Rusk, Allen Dulles, McGeorge Bundy, and A. A. Berle, Jr. By an amazing coincidence, David's bank was prominent among the very small number of financial institutions that had controlled the credit lines of the Batista government and had therefore lost millions of dollars, which could be recovered only by Castro's disappearance. Moreover, David had been a director of the powerful Punta Allegre Sugar Corporation, which also dropped a bundle in Cuba. In addition to serving as one of David's most important advisers, Berle was chairman of the SuCrest Corporation, an important Chase customer. The SuCrest Corporation was the largest sugar refiner on the East Coast.

“At the fateful meeting when the decision for the Bay of Pigs invasion was made, five of seven members present were David Rockefeller's intimates.”

Nelson Rockefeller had wanted his little wars. David's associates got one for him. Undaunted by the resulting fiasco, probably because he didn't understand what had happened, David then proceeded to meddle with the Alliance for Progress. Both he and his bank were outspoken in their disappointment that the president's initiative in Latin America stressed social betterment through government-to-government aid; David and the Chase thought that private aid given by the U.S. multinationals (such as Nelson's International Basic Economy Corporation) was a much better idea, despite the fact that investment by U.S. multinationals had done much to sour the Latin Americans on the United States in the first place. A kind of chicken-and-egg situation followed. David Rockefeller is an influential man, and his bank is an influential institution. At the same time, David Rockefeller is also the man who articulates the establishment's “informed consensus,” and it becomes a little fuzzy as to how much of the country's foreign policy he had taken from the president's hands and to what degree he was speaking for his peers, but the upshot was that U.S. investment in Latin America began to dry up. By 1965 the State Department declared that the goal of U.S. policy was to protect U.S. investment in the Southern Hemisphere, not to promote the growth of democracy. Shortly after this announcement was made, the government of Brazil was ousted in a military coup. David's former associate, Secretary Rusk, described it as a “move to insure the continuity of constitutional government,” which will doubtless come as heartening news to the thousands of Brazilians who had been imprisoned, tortured, and killed in the 15 years since.

David thought that the Vietnam War was another swell idea—understandably enough, since it was Nelson's idea to begin with. In a moment of singular Orwellian beauty, he got together with Dillon, McCloy, and Chase board member and chairman of the World Bank Eugene Black to form something called the Committee for an Effective and Durable Peace in Asia, which, through newspaper ads and lobbying in the financial community, helped see to it that peace raged on in Vietnam for the next decade. To facilitate matters, the Chase opened a huge, fortified branch in downtown Saigon.

David was perfectly willing, even eager, for Kennedy and later Johnson to spend countless billions of this nation's irreplaceable treasure on a doomed ex-

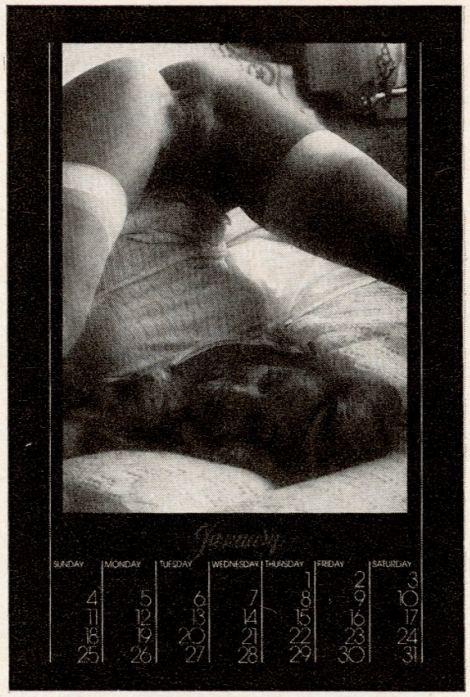
ercise in national ego in Southeast Asia, but spending a few million bucks on his less-fortunate brethren at home was quite another matter. Under the influence of the liberal John Kenneth Galbraith, Kennedy proposed to spend some money on housing, schools, and the economic betterment of the poor—noble goals, surely, and ones that David could hardly have quibbled at if he were as nice a billionaire as he likes to think he is. Unfortunately, David Rockefeller doesn't understand poor people very well; their plight is utterly alien to him, and a judicious winnowing of his speeches reveals that he doesn't believe that most black people are quite human. What David wanted instead was a tax cut to stimulate the economy. Stimulative tax cuts are funny things, however. They have unforeseeable consequences, and they mainly benefit the rich. As Galbraith pointed out, the country has solved the problem of producing consumer goods; the difficulty now is in getting them fairly distributed throughout society, especially those sectors of society that pay no taxes because their members have neither jobs nor the faintest idea of how to get them or how the work is to be performed once employment is obtained; for these people, of whose existence David seems only dimly aware, a tax cut is about as meaningful as a bonfire on the moon.

He lobbied for his tax cut for two years, carrying the fight to the White House itself, and in 1962 *Life* magazine published his 3,000-word letter to the president on the subject, together with Kennedy's reply, as if David Rockefeller were a head of state. Like a regenerate younger son in the heyday of the British raj, Galbraith was packed off to India, and Kennedy (assisted by Dillon) gave David what he wanted: a 23 percent slash in corporate taxes, an accelerated depreciation allowance, and an additional $32,000 in pocket change for families in the $200,000 bracket. A similar family earning $3,000 received $60. Profits immediately rose by 57 percent. ". . . Public services," said Galbraith, "though extremely important for people of moderate incomes, are not nearly so essential for the rich." David Rockefeller receives an income in the vicinity of a million dollars a year from the Chase alone.

Largely thanks to David Rockefeller, the stage was now set for the go-go years of the late sixties. The go-go years of the late sixties, in turn, set the stage for the hardscrabble seventies, the collapse of the world monetary system, the progressive decay of the American economy, the destruction of the nation's savings, and the erosion of its currency. But all that lay in the future. All David Rockefeller knew was that he had finally gotten his way. And, at long last, he was about to lend some money.

(This article will be concluded in a future issue).

1980
THE START OF A NEW DECADE



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20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

under three yards per play. If freshman halfback Larry Holmes doesn't turn out to be a heavyweight, O.S.U.'s rushing stats will remain in the toilet. The team's passing attack will again be directed by improved quarterback Scott Richardson, but both his leading receivers have graduated. Since one of them—Steve Coury—was the school's all-time leading receiver, the overland auguries are grim.

Still, that's nothing compared with O.S.U.'s defense—which is nothing compared with almost *any* school's defense. Last autumn, opponents ran up 36 points a game against the Beavers, and they certainly won't fare worse in 1980. Only two O.S.U. defenders have returned to Corvallis this fall; the rest either have graduated or are in hiding. Coach Azzevano notes, "We'll be going with execution on offense, emotion on defense." The emotion he refers to is terror.

(6) AIR FORCE

In 1979 Air Force was 2-9, and the only reason it got off the ground at all was due to the passing of Dave Ziebart, who, in four years as a starter, threw for 4,844 yards. Ziebart's apparent successors, Ed Antoine and Don Kasperski, last fall accounted for only 55 passing yards between them, and as we went to press coach Ken Hatfield was grooming senior wide receiver Scott Schaefer to take over at quarterback. That kind of experiment almost never works. The Falcons' offense has been further diluted by the graduation of running backs Shelby Ball and Mike Fortson, the team's leading ground gainers in '79. On defense, the Falcons are fairly formidable against air attacks, but they can be pushed back—*way* back—on the ground. Last season, Air Force gave up almost five yards per running play, and with the graduation of Ryan Williams, the team's top tackler, the defensive outlook for '80 is distressing indeed.

The Falcons haven't had a winning season since 1973, and rather than continue their tradition as gridiron patsies, the big brass has decided to deemphasize football. Thus the Air Force will lower itself this fall into the Western Athletic Conference, which plays some of the nation's sorriest college football. The Falcons will still get their tails shot off, but at least they'll manage to look respectable. Maybe.

(7) TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

In the last two decades, Texas Christian University's football team has had just two winning seasons. T.C.U. football has grown increasingly tragic in recent years, but in '79 the Horned Frogs showed marked improvement: last fall the Horned Frogs were 2-8-1, their best record in six years. Matters won't be nearly so rosy this time around. T.C.U.'s offense produced just 127 points in '79, and graduation of the team's two top running backs presages an even punier output in '80. Junior quarterbacks Steve Stamp and Kevin Haney will split time at quarterback, but neither is the kind of accurate passer T.C.U. needs to compensate for its flawed ground game.

The Froggies' biggest warts will show on defense. Last season the boys from Fort Worth gave up better than 22.5 points a game, T.C.U.'s best defensive mark in 10 years. Unfortunately, six defensive starters have taken their sheepskins and fled the state, leaving the secondary without a single seasoned performer. Opposing passers are already salivating at the thought of facing the pathetic Purple and White. "Some of our own coaches are worried about our young secondary," says T.C.U. head coach F. A. Dry, "but I'm optimistic, because I know we've got some good young sophomores back there who can run." That helps, but against the likes of Auburn, Arkansas, Georgia, Texas, and S.M.U., it won't help much.

Oregon State's Coach Azzevano notes, "We'll be going with execution on offense, emotion on defense." The emotion he refers to is terror.

(8) IDAHO STATE

Sometimes, just when a college football team appears to have hit bottom, a new season comes around and offers undeniable proof that matters can indeed get worse. Such may well be the case at Idaho State, 0-11 in '79 and probably on its way to another big zero this fall. But don't expect the Beavers to totally roll over, for they have several decent defenders, especially linebackers Gregg Feightner, Marvin Lewis, and Kevin Ryan. The Beavers' best defense, however, resides in the foot of kicker Casey de Brujin, who averaged 44.7 yards per punt in '79. The fact that he punted 73 times indicates just how hapless Idaho State is on offense. They'll be even more hopeless this time around, for graduation has deprived the team of its leading receiver and of two top ballcarriers. Given the fact that Idaho State's offense is directed by a 37 percent passer, don't look for the Beavers to put many points on the board. New head coach Dave Kragthorpe is in for a long season.

(9) CINCINNATI

Like Temple University, Cincinnati is a perennial basketball power that's now trying to become prominent in football. Unlike Temple—which usually clobbers the Bearcats each autumn—Cincinnati's experiment has thus far met mostly with failure. In '79 the Bearcats were 2-9, and there's no reason to expect them to improve this fall. Although Cincinnati this season will present a strengthened air defense, opposing teams will continue to run right at—and over—the Red and Black. The Bearcats' own ground game, meanwhile, will continue to be mostly nonexistent unless halfback Allen Harvin (who gained 1,263 yards in '78) can come back from knee surgery; odds are that he can't. Coach Ralph Staub will also have to replace departed flanker Aaron Hagens, the team's leading receiver in '79. Since it is faced with an ambitious schedule and a number of obvious shortcomings, the only place Cincinnati's going this year is straight down the tubes.

(10) VANDERBILT

Vanderbilt often reminds observers of an elite cadre of Confederate troops on its way to do battle with the Union army. The Commodores are intelligent, valiant, well-born, and well-dressed—and sure to get their asses kicked. Vanderbilt won only once in '79 and has since lost Frank Mordica, its all-time leading ground-gainer, and Preston Brown, the Southeast Conference's leading receiver of 1979. The Commodores will find it impossible to replace their graduated superstars, but still, coach George MacIntyre has a lot of young talent waiting in the wings. Highly sought-after freshman James Williams may eventually make Nashville forget all about Mordica, and if he doesn't work out, Terry Potter and Lucious High will certainly give Vanderbilt an adequate running attack. The Commodores' passing stats won't abruptly drop off, either. Quarterbacks Van Heflin and Whit Taylor both completed more than 50 percent of their passes last year, and this fall they'll be throwing in the direction of veterans Flavious Smith and Wamon Buggs.

If only the Commodores had a decent defense! In '79 Vanderbilt gave up more than 37 points a game, and although they'll be better this season, they still won't be nearly good enough to stop conference powerhouses like Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Auburn, Kentucky, L.S.U., and Mississippi. Once again, the Commodores will have to be content knowing they're the only team in the SEC whose members can spell Dixie as well as whistle it.

(11) COLUMBIA

Ever since World War II, people have wondered why Columbia bothers to field a football team. Lou Little, Buff Donelli,

Frank Navarro, and Bill Campbell all left Columbia as losers, with Campbell's exit coming this past year.

The new sacrificial lamb is Bob Naso, an assistant coach at Rutgers for 21 years. Naso says, "I'm confident about the future of Columbia football." He may be the only man in New York who feels that way. In 1979 the Lions won only one game, but it was against Penn, which doesn't really count. Columbia's biggest handicap is its offense: it doesn't have one. Last fall, the lads from Morningside Heights scored a total of just 68 points, and nothing indicates that they'll do better this time around. Returning quarterback Bob Conroy threw four touchdown passes in '79—and 18 interceptions. Returning also will be the Lions' leading rusher, Joe Cabrera, who last season averaged 5 yards per carry—but gained only 278 yards, an afternoon's output for someone like Billy Sims.

Hoping to juice up Columbia's attack, Coach Naso has introduced the I-formation, but the Ivy League's ban on spring practices guarantees that the Lions won't display more than a nodding acquaintance with it. Aside from some steady linebacking play, the only real bright spot for Columbia will be the debut of talented placekicker Miro Lovric. However, unless he can boot field goals from 60 yards out, Lion opponents won't have much to worry about.

(12) KANSAS

In the 1950s and 1960s, the University of Kansas often produced top teams and top players, like Gale Sayers and John Hadl, but by now the Jayhawks' football heritage seems ancient history. Kansas was 3-8 in '79 and will really hit bottom this year. Senior Kevin Clinton is slated to start at quarterback, but he found himself in the same spot last season and wound up being benched after hitting less than 38 percent of his passes. Clinton's replacement, Brian Bethke, has graduated, and his chief competition to call the signals this season will be freshman Frank Seurer.

Regardless of who starts, the Jayhawk passing attack figures to be shaky at best. The team's running game is also a question mark. Senior Harry Sidney is a quality halfback, but coach Don Fambrough will have to replace three graduated members of his offensive front wall. On defense, meanwhile, Kansas will again be the Big Eight's worst team. Last year the Jayhawks gave up 346 points, and they've lost five defensive starters since then. To make matters worse, Kansas is facing a brutal schedule. In addition to meeting Top Ten powerhouses like Oklahoma, Nebraska, Missouri, and Pittsburgh, Kansas will be on the road against such tough teams as Oregon, Syracuse, Colorado, and Oklahoma State. With just a little bad luck, the Jayhawks might not win a single game this year.

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(13) FLORIDA
When Charley Pell took over as head coach at Florida last year, he arrived fresh from a successful rebuilding job at Clemson. Pell proceeded to take the Gators from a 4-7 record in '78 to an 0-10-1 mark in '79, which isn't exactly what the folks in Gainesville had in mind. "Last year, our pro-style attack and our inexperienced quarterback situation created problems," he recently pointed out. To remedy that, Pell has brought in four excellent prep school quarterbacks to challenge incumbent starter Larry Ochab. Whoever wins the job will have excellent receivers in Chris Collingsworth and Chris Faulkner, but getting the ball to them won't be easy. Florida has a putrid running attack, and opposing teams will be watching for the pass. Defensively, Florida will be tough to move against if three front-line Gator defenders can come back from knee surgery, but that's an iffy proposition at best.

There's no question that Pell is beginning to assemble the materials he needs to rebuild Florida's football fortunes, but the Gators won't have it together for at least another year. In the meantime, Pell has to hope desire will make up for his team's lack of talent. "We'll only play the personnel who show us they're committed to winning," he notes. If he means what he says, Charley and his coaching staff will be the only Gators who show up for this year's games.

(14) WASHINGTON STATE
A lot of people think that playing football in the Pac 10 means never having to say you study. Judging from the news of fictitious courses for athletes at various Pac 10 campuses, a lot of people could be right. Then again, they could be wrong. At Washington State, for example, football is still the province of the student-athlete. In fact, after the Cougars finished 4-7 last season, head coach Jim Walden and his staff tracked down and induced 11 student-athletes to leave their junior colleges and transfer to Washington State. A number of red-shirted players will also pitch in to help. (Red-shirts are student-athletes who spend an extra year on campus so that the coaching staff can make maximum use of their four years of athletic eligibility.) Thus, red-shirted running back Mike Washington, a starter in '78, didn't play last fall but will be back to reclaim his spot now that last year's regulars have "used up" their eligibility.

But in spite of all the maneuvering, the Cougars still haven't come up with a quarterback who can adequately replace '79 starter Steve Grant; nor have they unearthed an overpowering fullback who can step in for the departed Tali Ena. And in spite of what seems like a cast of thousands, Coach Walden doesn't have a defense that can stand up to the mercenaries-in-residence at places like U.S.C., U.C.L.A., and Washington. Such a shame. Such a sham.

(15) MARSHALL
Sonny Randle used to be a great receiver for the St. Louis Cardinals, but last year he became head coach at Marshall, and since then all he's been catching is abuse. That's understandable, of course, for he's got a pretty miserable football team on his hands. The Thundering Herd was 1-10 last season, and this year no amount of prodding will enable them to escape last place in the Southern Conference. Randall's charges have shortcomings in only two areas: offense and defense. Opposing teams literally slaughtered the Thundering Herd in '79, scoring a total of 309 points. You can be certain that situation won't improve. Marshall's offensive outlook is even worse: Indeed, the Thundering Herd scored 95 points in '79, and Randle this year must replace his graduated starting quarterback, leading receiver, and even his entire offensive line. Needless to say, we're not at all bullish on Marshall's prospects this season.

Columbia's biggest handicap is its offense: it doesn't have one. Last fall the lads from Morningside Heights scored a total of just 68 points.

(16) DUKE
Duke is said to be the most heavily endowed university in the affluent Atlantic Coast Conference. That probably explains the school's penchant for feeble football: Duke doesn't need the bucks. The Blue Devils were 2-8-1 last season and will again finish in the ACC's cellar, but this year they'll be less boring.

In an effort to juice up his team's striking power, head coach Red Wilson recently hired former Heisman Trophy—winning quarterback Steve Spurrier as the Blue Devil's offensive coordinator. Trouble is, aside from agile receivers Ron Frederick and Cedric Jones, Spurrier won't find much to coordinate. Quarterbacks Craig Browning and Brent Clinksdale are fair passers at best, and except for incoming freshman Joel Blunk, there's no speed in Duke's backfield. Since Spurrer will also have to slot in a new center and both offensive guards, don't look for any fireworks. On defense, three down linemen plus three members of the secondary (including the team's top tackler of '79) have also gone the way of all seniors, thereby ensuring Duke of repeating as the ACC's worst defensive team. If the Blue Devils play to form, expect them to go nowhere.

(17) KENT STATE
The Mid-American Conference features some very solid football. Up until a few years ago Kent State was usually in the thick of the MAC title race. That's no longer true. In '79 Kent State was 1-10, and in '80 the Flashes are again odds-on favorites to upset only their fans.

Head coach Ron Blackledge must somehow come up with about 14 starters to fill in for this past year's horde of graduated seniors. On offense, he has only three regulars left from '79, but one of them is quarterback Jeff Morrow, who last year completed 111 passes for 1,284 yards. Sad to point out, Morrow's 1979 rushing performance—he ran backwards for minus 163 yards—indicates that he can't get out of the way of a wounded garbage truck. Surrounded as he'll be by fledgling blockers, Morrow will spend much of this season on his back. By a strange coincidence, that's also how Kent State's entire defensive unit ends every play. Seven members of last year's defensive crew return to try again, but try as they may, they won't succeed: they gave up 298 points in '79 and are favorites to repeat as the MAC's most inept defenders. Any way you look at it, this will be a "rebuilding year" for Kent State. In coaching circles, that's code for knowing your team is going to be humiliated all season long.

(18) RICHMOND
In 1979 Richmond achieved the distinction of being the nation's only major university to run up a perfect record: a perfectly horrible 0-11. The resulting fallout was exactly what can be anticipated when a major school's football program hits rock bottom: a new coach was brought in, and he's predicting immediate improvement. Dal Shealy, the Spiders' new boss, says, "We'll do everything we can to be sure that our future is now and in years ahead. I am sure we will improve." The Spiders can only get worse if they start losing by forfeit.

Actually, Shealy has a shot at winning a couple of games this season, for only five starters—three on offense, two on defense—have been lost from last year's team. Figure Richmond to show some improvement against the pass, for its entire defensive backfield returns intact. Against the run, however, the Spiders will still trot out their famous Oleo Defense—they're so spreadable, it's incredible. How well Shealy does in his first year ultimately will depend on whether or not the Spiders can generate an offense. Last season they didn't, scoring just 79 points behind a ground game that produced less than three yards per rushing play and a passing attack that completed less than 40 percent of its tosses. Shealy has installed a veer offense, and if one of his five quarterback candidates can

master it, Richmond will break into the win column this season. They'll still be awful, of course, but at least opponents will stop snickering when the Spiders crawl onto the field.

(19) GEORGIA TECH

Last season Georgia Tech finished 4-6-1, reason enough for alumni to scream for—and get—the scalp of thoroughly capable head coach Pepper Rodgers. For many years Tech's whining alumni have been a source of embarrassment to the school's athletic department. To put a lid on all the bitching, Tech this year joins the Atlantic Coast Conference, which plays good, but not great, football. That should get the alumni to button up, for it means Georgia Tech will again have winning football. But not just yet, for the 1980 schedule still reflects a severe case of athletic overreach: Alabama, Notre Dame, Tennessee, Georgia, Auburn, and North Carolina can all be expected to stomp the Yellow Jackets.

Georgia Tech's new head coach is former Green Bay center Bill Curry, and his Yellow Jackets will be fun to watch. Georgia Tech features a flashy passing attack, spearheaded by quarterback Mike Kelley. In '79 Kelley threw for 2,051 yards and ten touchdowns, and with all of his receivers back, he'll do even better this year. The Ramblin' Wreck would really be a powerhouse if it could move the ball on the ground, but it can't. Curry has patch-up jobs to do on both lines, and it looks as if the Yellow Jackets are a little thin in the trenches. So don't expect Georgia Tech to intimidate anyone. This year's Yellow Jackets will most probably turn out to be America's most entertaining losers.

(20) MICHIGAN STATE

Is it possible? Will Michigan State sink so low as to vie with Northwestern for last place in the Big Ten? Will the proud Spartans really lose to Illinois and thereby cause their fans to go on a season-long crying jag? The answer to both questions is a probable yes.

The Spartans, a mediocre 5-6 in '79, were especially hard hit by graduation, and only 10 of 22 starters return to East Lansing this fall. What's really scary is that every one of the '79 team's top players is gone. Michigan State's offense will desperately miss all-American tight end Mark Brammer and all–Big Ten wide receiver Gene Byrd, as well as both starting tackles and the center. M.S.U.'s defense suffered similar commencement defections, including all–Big Ten linebacker Dan Bass, all–Big Ten safety Mark Anderson, and three other starters. Even with those players, the Spartans last year gave up 253 points; without them, Michigan State's defense will be a real horror show. Anyway, it's always a real pleasure to welcome fresh blood into the Worst 20. Hi there, Spartan fans! Get out your handkerchiefs.

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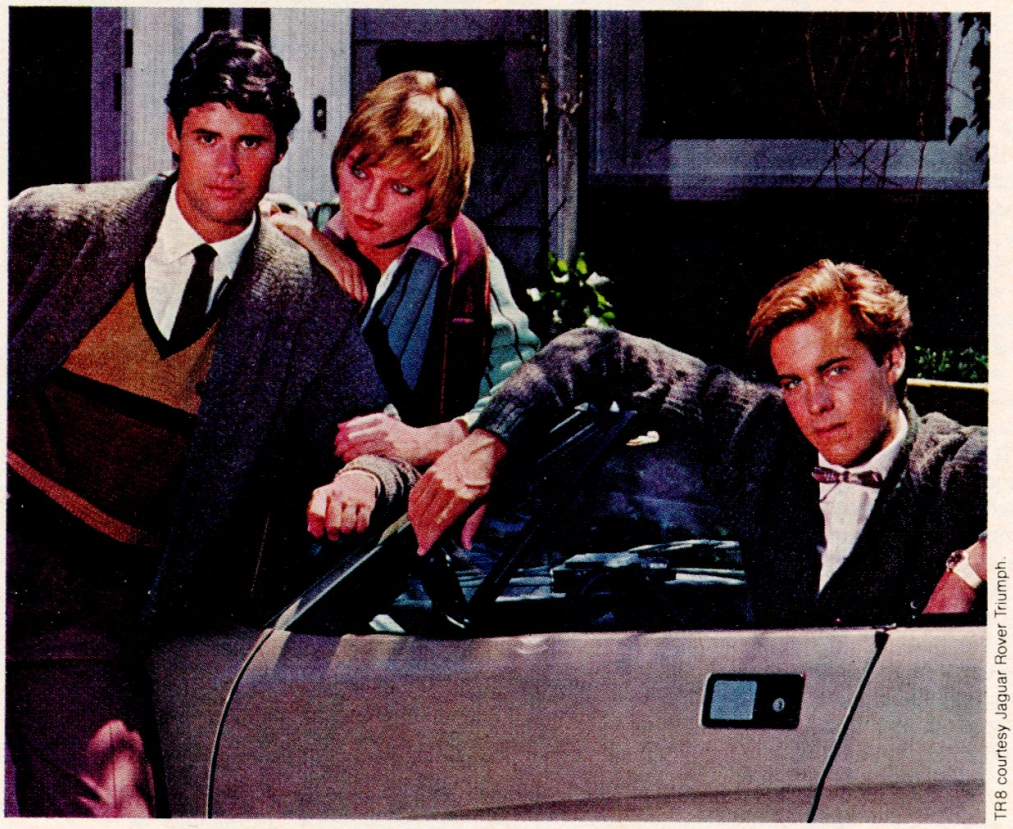

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FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER STRONGWATER

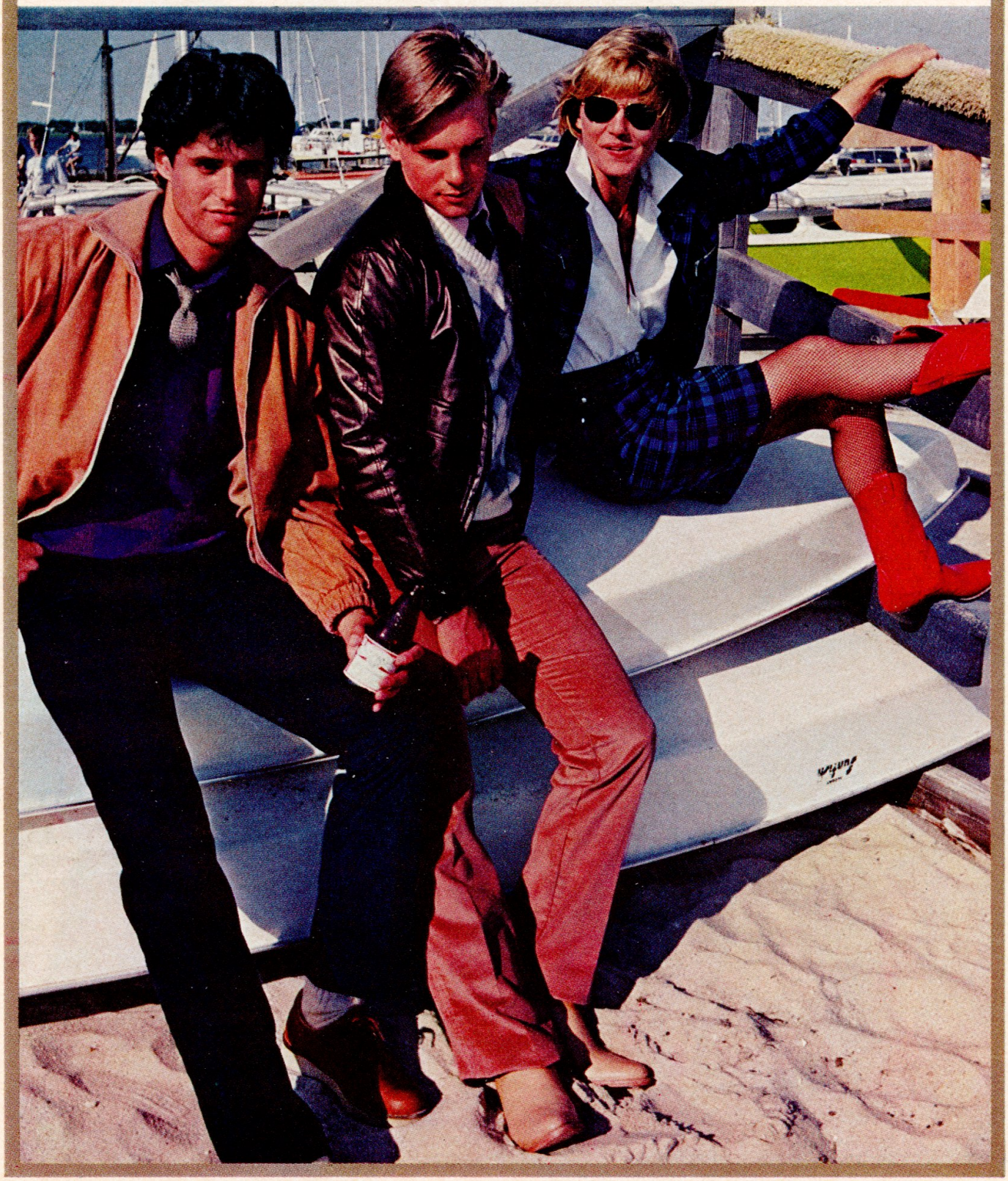
Semesters past, the young man going off to college had only to throw his jeans, lumberjack shirts, and down jacket into a duffel bag and he was set for the next four years. But with the new appeal of campus casuals, students today may find that they are diverting a large chunk of their book allowance into wardrobe.

The secret to a successful college style is to start with a tried-and-true classic and then add your own personal fillip. A V-neck sweater jazzed up in vibrant colors and geometrics is sparked with a contrasting shirt and tie. A turtleneck-and-corduroy-pants combination looks new when topped off with a reversible storm coat. The mix-and-match approach to dressing also allows the budget-minded student to stretch his fashion dollar farther.

None of these clothes is marked "For Students Only." Although the preppie and the outdoors look have traditionally been the mainstays of the collegiate wardrobe, the classic appeal of these two styles has inspired many designer collections of active sportswear. Students of fashion everywhere will give these fall and winter ensembles straight *A*'s for practicality and rugged, masculine good looks.

Sweaters play an important part in campus wardrobe. (left) The wool-and-alpaca shawl-collared cardigan sweater ($125) is Gary Miller for Nani Bon. Under his cardigan sweater is an acrylic sweater ($32.50) by Eagle Shirtmakers for Pierre Cardin. The cotton button-down shirt ($55) and brown knit tie ($23) are also Gary Miller. The all-wool plain-front trousers ($110) are Gary Miller for Contir. (right) The gray-and-burgundy wool-and-alpaca V-neck pullover sweater ($90) is Gary Miller for Nani Bon. The cotton button-down shirt is also Gary Miller; bow tie by John Karl, Ltd., quartz watch by Citizen Co. Girl's outfit by Goldie; wool scarf by Echo.

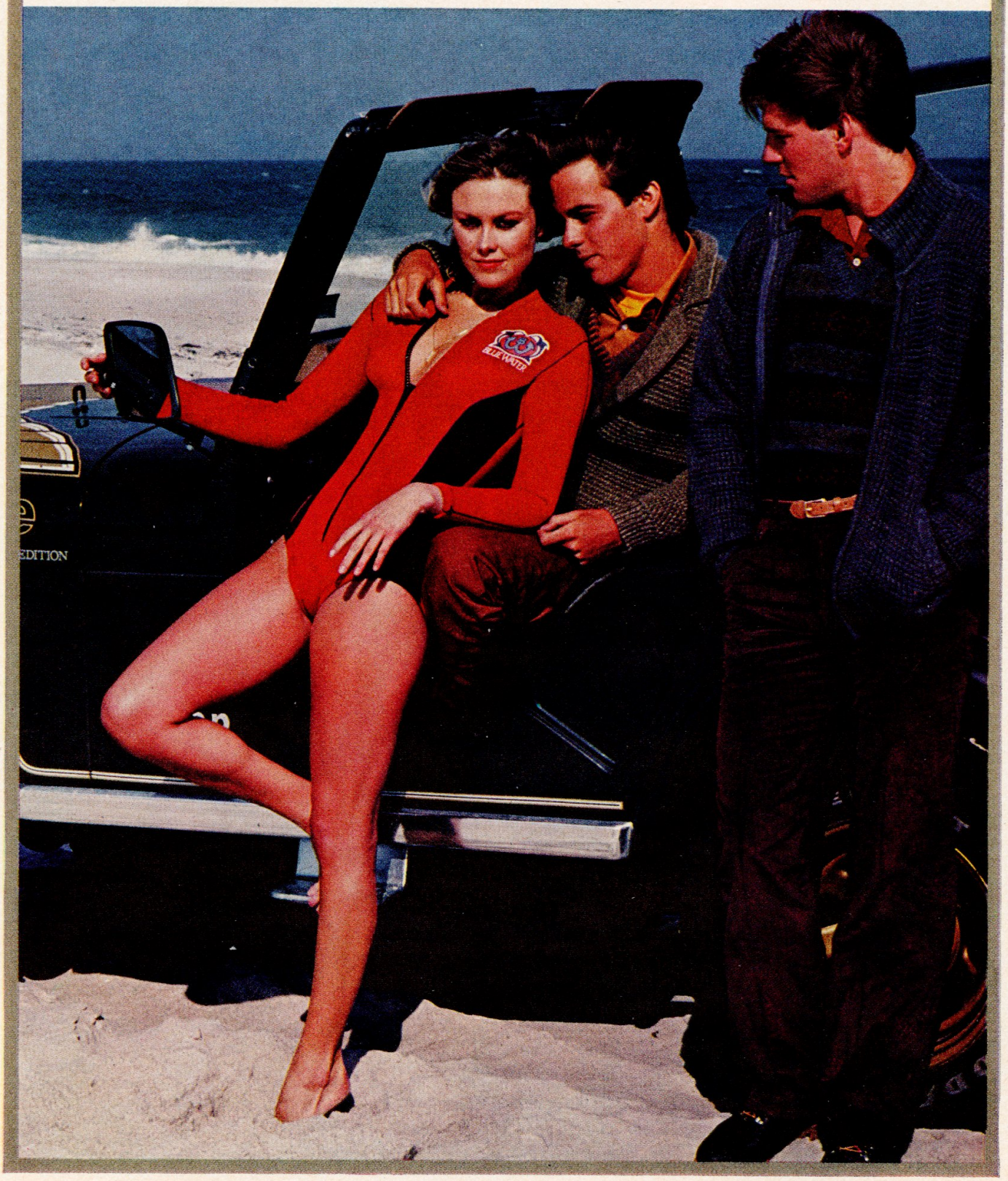
Investment sportswear dressing is practical and economical. (left) The suede jacket and wool-knit collar ($225) is by Nino Cerruti for Jaymar-Ruby. The purple cotton-and-nylon sweater ($75), cotton shirt ($50), and jean-cut navy corduroy pants ($65) are all by Lee Wright for Monti; sport shoes are Rockport for Rocsports. (center) The brown glove-leather jacket ($260) with shetland-wool diamond-argyle sweater ($50) and pink cotton-polyester shirt ($25) and silk tie ($15) are all by Henry Grethel for Equipment. The light-brown cotton-polyester corduroy jeans ($38) by Sasson Jeans. His leather cowboy boots by Justin. (right) Her outfit is by Fiorucci; belt by Canal Jeans; boots by Judy Buie at Texas-Serendipity, New York.



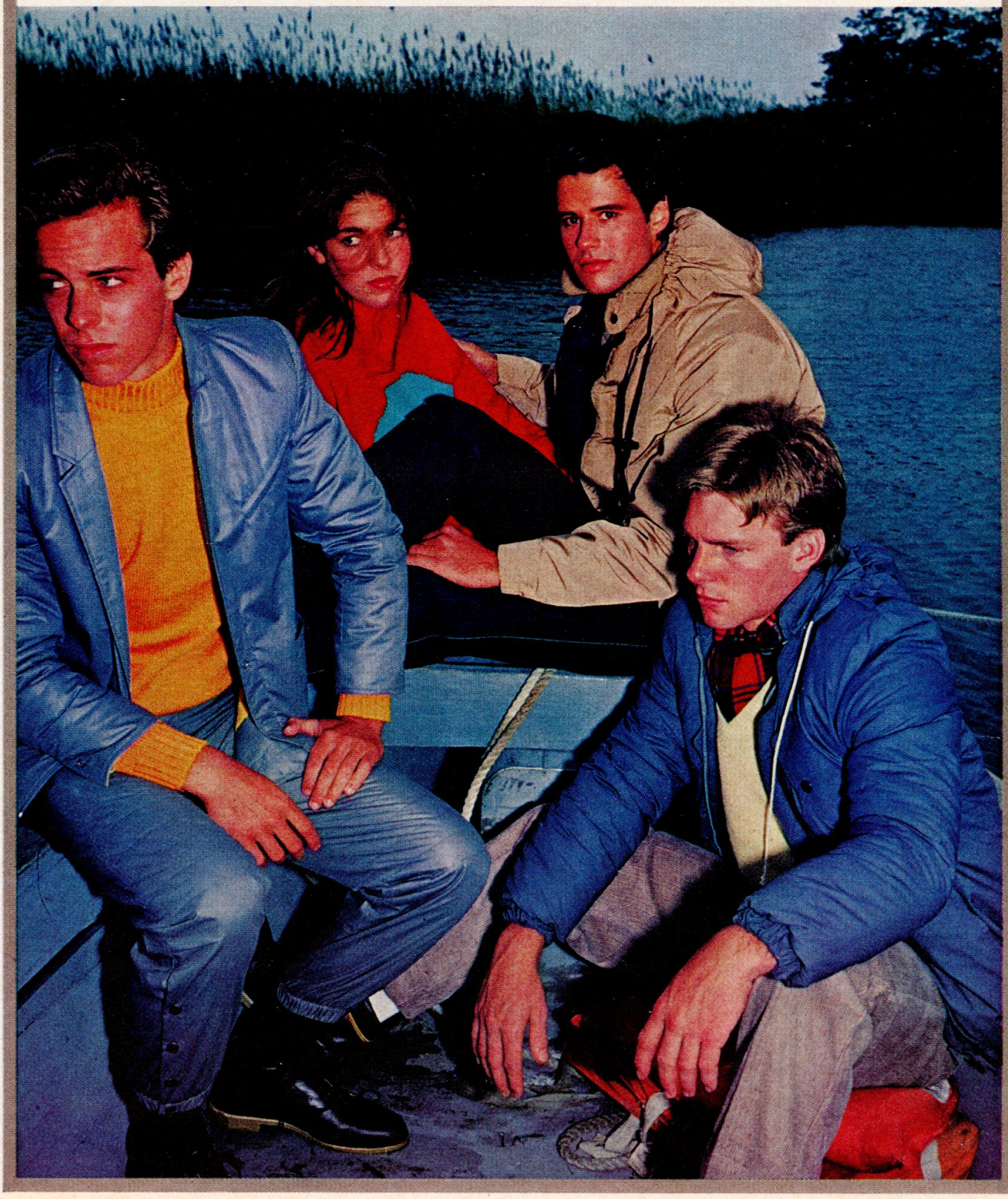
Ladies' fashions styled by Christine de Lassus, assisted by Catherine Taylor. Hair and makeup by Maria Macheda.

The reversible storm coats. (left) The water-repellent nylon-and-cotton coat ($180) is by Calvin Klein. The wool crew-neck sweater ($46.50) is by Pendleton; the green pleated baggy pants ($33) are by H. Cotler Co.; walking boots by Roots. (center) His brown down-filled storm coat ($185) is by William Barry. The rust-colored cotton-polyester baggy trousers ($26) by H. Cotler Co.; orange-and-navy-stripe all-cotton sweater ($47) is Forge by Munsingwear; shoes by Rockport. (right) The waterproof nylon coat reverses to green cotton ($135) and is by Daniel Hechter Menswear. The pullover-hooded sweatshirt ($32) is by David Leong; jeans ($39) are by Calvin Klein Jeans; moccasins by Frye Co. Her jumpsuit is by Beged-Or.

The rugged outdoor sweater-jackets. Action outerwear makes the statement of bulk without weight in multi-colored sweater styles this fall, as shown here. (left) His all-wool-knit sweater-blazer ($250) is by Alan Robert for Barney Sampson. The rust-colored brushed-cotton twill jeans ($39) are by Calvin Klein Jeans. (right) The all-wool zip-front basket-weave sweater-jacket ($75) and cotton-burgundy sports shirt ($29) are by Gianfranco Ruffini. Underneath his sweater-jacket is a wide-striped shetland wool pullover sweater ($50) by Henry Grethel for Equipment; burgundy corduroy slacks with matching belt ($25) is Broomsticks by Glen Oaks; lace-up sports boots by Roots. Wet suit by Blue Water, available at Scuba Plus, New York.

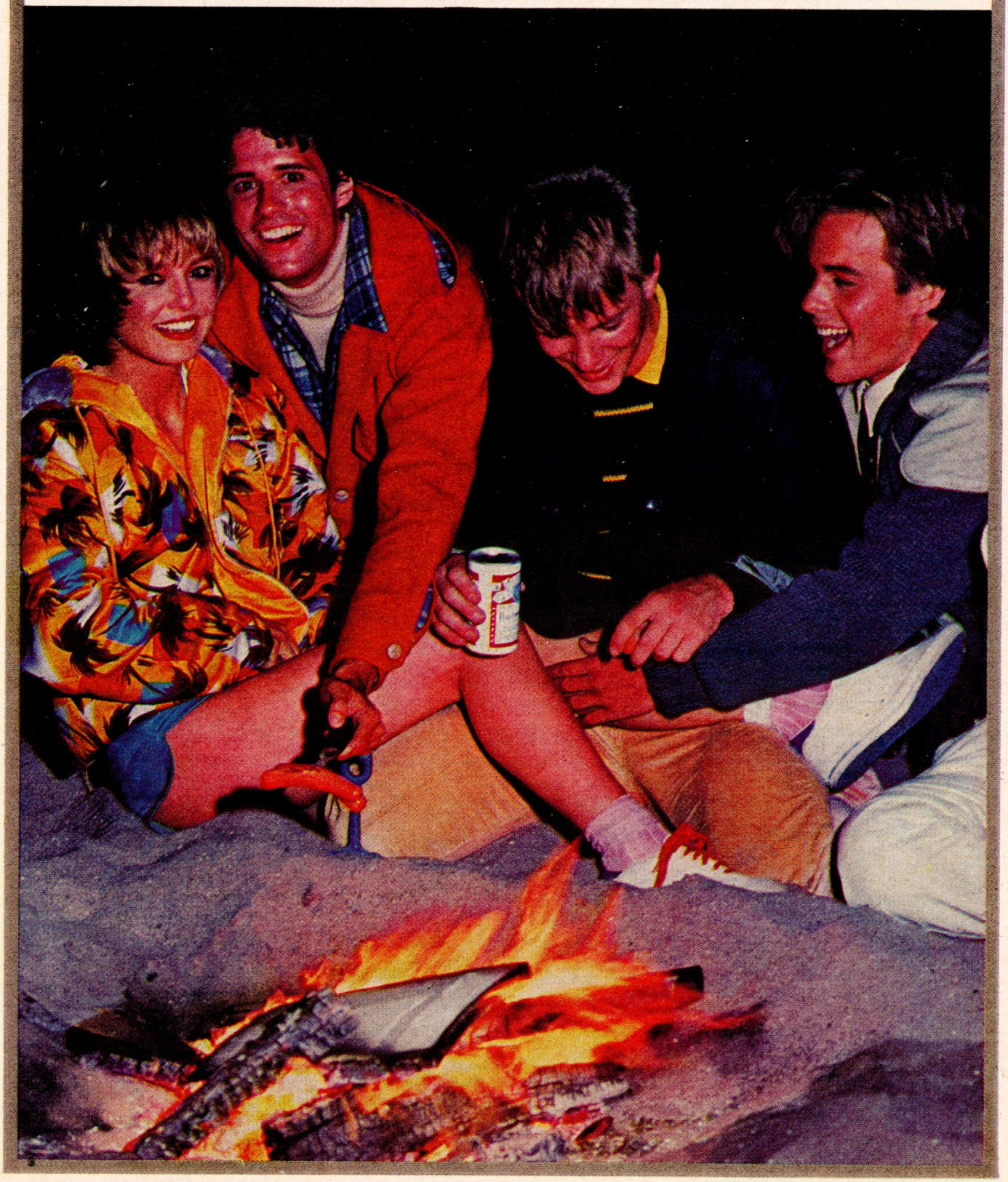


The rough-weather short storm jackets. Short, warm outerwear styles are not only valid for keeping out the cold but also practical for viewing winter spectator sports. (left) The silver cotton "slicker" combo of jacket ($105) and trousers with quilted knee and flannel lining ($70), shown with orange-wool mock turtleneck sweater ($65), is by Chiori. The boots are by Roots. (center) His nylon-cotton down-filled parka jacket and vest (set, $225) are by Bill Blass for William Barry. The jeans (about $38) are by Sergio Valente Jeans. (right) The blue-gray-cotton water-repellent zip-front storm jacket with detachable hood ($220) is by Alan Robert for Barney Sampson. The lambswool/angora-blend sweater ($47.50) is by Calvin Klein; the corduroy jean-cut pants ($48) are by Calvin Klein Men's Jeans; the red-wool plaid scarf by Echo. Her sweater by Fiorucci; pants by Goldie.



Warm-up gear for chilly evenings. (left) His red all-virgin-wool water-repellent jacket with zip-off hood ($90) is Lobo by Pendleton and is worn with plaid virgin-wool shirt (about $40), also by Pendleton. The wool-blend turtleneck sweater is by Lord Jeff. (center) The dark-green-wool double-breasted cadet jacket with shoulder epaulets and wool-knit collar ($145) is by Paul Boye for Azani. Underneath his jacket is an all-wool striped sweater ($55) by Chiori; the cream-colored corduroy jeans ($43) are by Cacharel. (right) The army-green wool-and-acrylic woven-link-stitch sweater, with beige poplin shoulder patches, that reverses to a beige poplin jacket ($130) is by Eagle Shirtmakers for Pierre Cardin. The white wide-wale corduroy jeans ($38) are by Sergio Valente Jeans. Her colorful jacket by Fiorucci, her shorts by Skin Clothes, New York.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 182.



PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 176–181, contact these manufacturers.

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CALVIN KLEIN JEANS
1290 Avenue of the Americas
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JACK-IN-BOX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

hours ahead of him. And after that the whole summer, riding around, hanging out, playing it cool. He was a member of the graduating class. He could now get a job pumping gas. He was on the way *up*.

He looked into Gina's coal-black eyes, and she lowered her lashes and turned her head a little. Her gown sprung him back out again.

"You really look sharp tonight," she said.

"Thanks," he said. "So do you."

Mature, intelligent, casual conversation. He realized he'd taken a tremendous step forward. From here on in, he'd be able to go to the dances at the Ukrainian Social Club and indulge in some banter.

Eddie Chanooga's band let out a drum roll, some teeth-shattering feedback, and the tune ended with the bass player kicking viciously at the tubes in his speaker.

Couples applauded around the dance floor, and Twiller led Gina off to the side.

"Lotta different types of corsages here tonight."

"I really like this one," she said, sniffing the little bunch of roses and then passing them under his nose. The scent of the flowers was all mixed up with Gina's perfume, and he swam in the warm smell for a moment, feeling how really close a prom date brought two people, like these flowers were their special secret nobody else could share.

"Somebody's comin' over," said Gina nervously, her arm dropping to her side.

Twiller saw George Huffnak, the class president, bearing down on them, hand outstretched, a pasted-on smile on his face. "Jack," said Huffnak, "I just wanted to say good luck."

"Thanks," said Twiller, taking Huffnak's hand. "Hey, whyn't you meet Gina here . . ."

"Nice to meet you, Gina," said Huffnak, his gaze taking her in very slowly, lingering along her bare shoulders for a moment.

"I'm sure," said Gina, and Twiller saw her face going stony, even though Huffnak was looking at her like she was the Queen of the Prom.

"Hey," said Twiller, "we're gonna spin around the floor one more time . . ."

"Right," said Huffnak, "I'm just circulating."

They watched him move along to the next couple. "Next time," said Gina, "I'm duckin' into the ladies' room."

"It's just the class officers," said Twiller. "They've gotta do it. Y'know, come around."

"Are they friends of yours?"

"Hell, no." Twiller fluffed up the flower in his buttonhole.

"I think I'll go in now anyways," said Gina. She touched the back of his hand with her fingertips and stepped away, leaving electricity shooting up through his arm and down into his rented underwear.

He stretched out a cuff, straightened the twisted silver link, and then let the sleeve of his tux slip back down into place, over his palm. Hanging just a little long. But if he kept his elbows bent, it was totally unnoticeable.

He gazed at his classmates as they danced by. After four long years it was all coming to an end. The world was waiting for them and for him. He'd march out of the last assembly with his diploma in hand and go straight to the Carvel stand and get a job peeling bananas. Nothing could stop him now.

The highway wind blew over them, the night sky rushing past their heads. Alongside the highway the lights of the Colony Inn glowed, and he signaled left, turning into the gravel lot. The MGs and Thunderbirds were there, and he pulled the big red monster in alongside them, the engine coughing to a stop. "I don't wanna meet nobody," said Gina.

He climbed out and opened her door. She took his arm, and they went along the sidewalk into the inn. The lights were low and the tables crowded, a hum of voices filling the room. From the shadowy row of heads, Crutch and Floyd stood and waved.

He glanced at Gina.

"It's okay," she said. "I like your friends."

He escorted her to their table. Floyd stood, holding a chair for her. His tuxedo fit the way Twiller wished his own did.

"You're looking lovely tonight, Gina," said Floyd, sliding the chair in beneath her.

She half-looked at him shyly. "You guys don't have dates?"

Crutch bit into a cheeseburger. "I couldn't get my cocker spaniel to wear a dress."

Twiller felt the edge of Gina's gown touching his leg beneath the table. The secret was still theirs, the two of them enclosed together in an invisible bubble; they might seem to talk and be with classmates and friends, but they were sharing something else with each other. She shifted a little in her chair, and her gown moved again; it was almost alive and was maybe the thing that united them most—the big, spreading umbrella that kept them constantly touching. And the corsage—he could smell the roses again, her wrist on the table near his as she turned to the waiter and ordered a cheeseburger without onions.

That was significant. No onions. She was staying kissing-sweet for a reason.

He ordered a cheesburger and French fries and settled his elbows back on the table. His silver cuff links were catching the candlelight, and he felt unbelievably dubonnet.

The highway was empty, his big red

clunker trailing far behind the sports car set heading back toward town. He drove at his regular forty miles per, beyond which the red monster would emit wondrous steam clouds, its mighty insides bubbling at tremendously high temperatures.

"You don't have to be home or anything yet, do you?"

"No," said Gina. "Mom knows a prom date lasts all night."

He slowed, looking for a particular turnoff he knew, by the old reservoir. As he scanned the wooded roadside, he noticed his headlights suddenly growing dim. A second later he was driving in total darkness.

"Jesus Christ . . ." He brought the monster to a stop on the shoulder of the road.

"What's wrong?"

"The lights."

"I saw."

"Like that . . ." He snapped his fingers, as if making a swiftly penetrating diagnosis of the situation.

He opened the glove compartment and took out his flashlight. "Let me just check this." He stepped onto the roadway and walked around to the front of the car. Had he been graduating from Manual Trades High tonight, he would know exactly what to do; instead he was opening the hood on the eternal mystery.

He flashed the light around and spoke softly. "*What are you doing to me?*"

The big red monster remained silent and dark, eyes closed.

"*This is my big night, you fuck . . .*" He rapped on a wire with the end of his flashlight.

"*Screwed . . .*" He slammed the hood. The rusting teeth in the grillwork seemed to smile crookedly at him. He walked back to the door and crawled in behind the wheel, onto his dashing leopard skin cushion.

"Did you fix it?"

"No." He handed her the flashlight. "Shine it on the highway." He gunned the big V-8 motor, seven cylinders of which were actually firing, sand filling the eighth one; he limped the big red monster back onto the road.

Driving in total darkness, he leaned out the window, trying to see the faintly white line. He followed it closely, the warm, confident glow of the night of nights running down his rented pants leg.

He drove on past the reservoir, would never chance trying to handle the road in there now; the big red monster would sense water and head right into it, feeling like it was home again, down at Snake's Riverside Junkyard.

"Fifty bucks I paid for this car." He spoke into the wind, neck craned around the side mirror.

"Well," said Gina, "there's nobody but us on the road."

"Yeah, we should be able to make it back in about three hours." He crept along, tracking the line, lost it, and hit the brakes. Gina flew against the dashboard, flashlight falling on the floor.

"Sorry."

"'S okay." Gina picked up the flashlight.

He found the line again and hugged it, hands clenched on the wheel. If a truck came barreling out of nowhere from behind them, it would cut a new ass hole in the red monster. Somehow he had to avoid it with all the skills at his command; he'd been trained in a car that went only ten miles per, and now, traveling at that same speed, he felt a certain familiarity taking over his limbs again. He'd bring them through this, drawing on all his knowledge of extremely slow driving.

The solid white line turned to broken bars of white, his lane becoming a passing zone, through which he tracked from bar to bar.

Gina stood, pointing her flashlight over the windshield, and he saw them—two cars rounding the near bend and heading for the passing zone, one of them already pulling out, into his lane.

"He can't see us—" He edged to the right, toward the shoulder, totally disoriented, feeling an immense chasm must be there. Gina moved her light quickly, shining it onto the guard rail, and he tucked in on the narrow patch of gravel, as the cars sped by him.

Gina fell back down in her seat. "Christ, ain't this somethin'?"

"We'll make it." He inched slowly back out to the highway, all the old reflexes coming back, the important responses a driver had to have when he was competing at speeds like this—nine miles per hour or less.

"It's kinda nice drivin' with the lights out," said Gina. "You feel like you're hidin' or somethin'."

He glanced at the stars above the dark treetops, and it did seem like he and Gina were hiding. The moon slipped by and then fell out of sight as the highway dipped down and around the wooded hills.

"*Shoooooo-doooooooo-mmmmmm-mmm . . . shooooooo . . .*" Gina started singing softly. He was amazed, as always, at the way girls could get all the frills of a tough tune *down*, making all the little dips and rises just like the record. He himself liked to mouth the words while the record was playing. He had some powerful renditions of "Heartbreak Hotel" where he slid across the bedroom floor on his knees, nothing coming out of his mouth but a big silent ". . . ho . . . tel . . ."

Gina stood up again and shined the light over the windshield. The wind played with the top of her gown. "This is a real kick," she said, one hand braced on the windshield, the other holding the flashlight and working it slowly back and forth, the beam tracing the road ahead.

"Yeah," he said, but how incredible the night could have been if he'd had a decent car, instead of this blind red mon-

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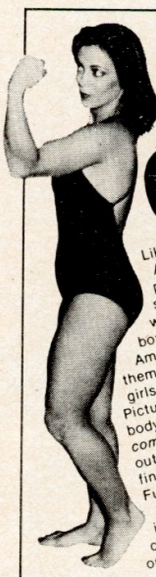

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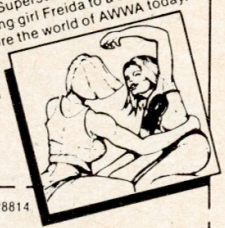

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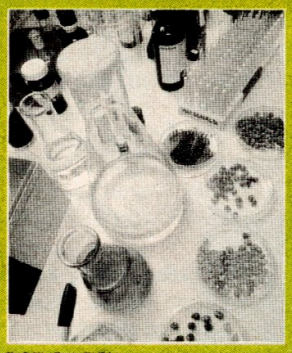
LANGUAGE



BIOEVOLUTION

TECHNOLOGY

CURVING TOWARD A NEW AGE—This month *Omni* is two years old. The future never looked better. A spectacular issue will mark the occasion of *Omni*'s second anniversary. Its central theme will be the evolution of the human race: not the history of the past, but the myriad ways in which future generations will evolve. One hundred twenty-one years after the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species,* that single word *evolution* takes on a crucial new meaning. Today, for the first time, humankind has the ability to take control of its own destiny through science.

In this month's *Omni* a stellar cast of distinguished thinkers and writers will chart the brave new world of tomorrow as it hurtles relentlessly toward the present.

- Famed science writer David Rorvik reveals how new recombinant DNA techniques will become the tools with which we can deliberately alter the forms and functions of our bodies. Genetic engineering will have profound effects on human evolution by providing longer lives through permanent immunity from disease.
- John Pfeiffer, author of *The Emergence of Man,* tracks the future path of human societies as an accelerating world population growth, burgeoning technology, and increasing shortages of food force the human race into new patterns of culture.
- Roboticist James Albus portrays a world in which no one will ever have to work again, an automated world in which robots will provide a cornucopia of abundance while allowing us to grow socially and explore the universe around us.
- Broadcaster Edwin Newman reveals how English will change in decades to come and explains why Newspeak and Computerspeak may be the languages with which we communicate tomorrow.

PLUS: *Omni* presents the future dreams and nightmares of an international galaxy of prominent personalities, from Lowell Thomas, Otto Preminger, and Dr. Joyce Brothers to Neil Simon and the Dalai Lama. These celebrities reveal the kinds of future they would and would not like to inhabit.

SCIENCE FICTION: *Omni* presents Cyril M. Kornbluth's "The Marching Morons," perhaps the most prophetic science-fiction story of all time. It was first published in 1951. Other tales—including Philip K. Dick's short story *Rautavaara's Case*—await readers of the second-anniversary *Omni.*

ster limping through the darkness.

"Yeah," she said, "I'm not nervous anymore."

He glanced over at her, and she looked back. "Y'know, the prom made me kind of nervous. Could'ja tell?"

"I was nervous, too," he said, feeling suddenly close to her again, like it had always been the two of them against the odds. She looked down and smiled, her face relaxed, all the tension from the dance gone now. The wind was blowing in her hair, and she was singing to herself and beating time with her ring finger on the edge of the windshield.

He mouthed the words of the tune, checking his mouth out in the side-view mirror to see that he had his lips shaped right.

Perfectly natural.

"Where'd you get this car anyway?" asked Gina.

"Snake's."

"It's a crazy set of wheels."

"When we get back to town, I'll switch over to my old man's car. It's a new Chev."

And then he would put the last piece of the night into place. The close feeling with Gina was developing into something so warm inside himself; he'd never felt anything quite like it, as if she were somehow already in his arms. The dark pocket of highway they moved in was part of their secret, the night hanging around them like a curtain. Her gown was the color of the moon, which shone behind her now, through the trees. It was like a movie almost, like something that might have happened to James Dean—a *situation.*

He held his foot lightly on the gas pedal, and the highway kept coming at him slowly, the broken white line going under the front wheel, stitch after stitch, up a long black pants leg.

"We made it." He limped the big vehicle around the corner and swung it sightlessly through the intersection. His knuckles were white on the wheel, and his neck was twisted like a flamingo down toward the dim street, but his house was just ahead, with his father's car sitting in the driveway. He pulled in at the curbstone, tearing a last little bit of whitewall off his tires, and parked.

"I'll get the keys," he said. "It'll just take a second."

He dashed across the lawn, toward the sleeping house, and went through the front door. Upstairs, he heard his father's heavy breathing. He tiptoed along the hallway and took his father's car keys from the night table.

He tiptoed back along the hallway and out again across the lawn.

"Come on," he said, holding the car door for Gina. "I've got a good set of wheels now."

"I was startin' to get used to these," said Gina, with a little laugh, and crawled out. Holding her gown up from the dewy

Researchers Uncover Secret For Stopping Hereditary Baldness.

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Noted pathologist and cancer researcher, Dr. Kai Setala and his assistant, Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, came upon this discovery by accident during his cancer research at the University of Helsinki Medical Department in Finland. The countless tests conducted by Dr. Setala proved to him that HIS DISCOVERY COULD INDEED RESTORE HAIR GROWTH AND COULD STOP EXCESSIVE HAIR FALL OUT!

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LAB STUDIES CONFIRM EFFECTIVENESS

To prove beyond a shadow of a doubt the effectiveness of his discovery, Dr. Setala conducted laboratory experiments. In fact, with Dr. Setala's permission, we have published photos of these biopsy specimens — Note the difference in the inactive, dormant, hair follicle in the pre-treatment biopsy and the healthy active hair follicle after the treatment. THE HAIR FOLLICLES RETURNED TO THEIR NORMAL SIZE!

HOW THIS DISCOVERY WORKS

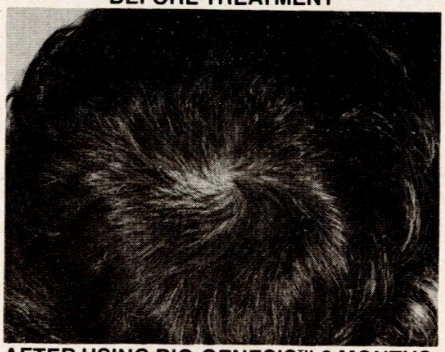
Scientists have long associated the causes of baldness with the presence of androgens (male hormones) in the scalp. It seems a by-product of testosterone, DHT, renders the hair follicle incapable of producing new hair. Thus, hair fall out occurs, leading ultimately to baldness.

Dr. Setala was years ahead of other physicians by suggesting that cholesterol is the key ingredient in the synthesis of male hormones. His discovery breaks down the cholesterol in the scalp before it can be converted into DHT and also clears the hair follicles of buildup, allowing hair to regrow to its normal state.

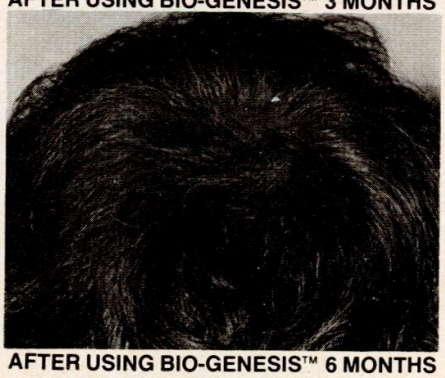
SEEING IS BELIEVING

The hair follicle is responsible for growing hair. Although the evidence is visible and convincing in the biopsy specimens, the difference most apparent is the new hair growth witnessed by those using this new discovery. Just look at the photos before treatment . . . after 3 months . . . and finally after 6 months. If you're losing your hair, can you afford NOT to try this new discovery?

BEFORE TREATMENT

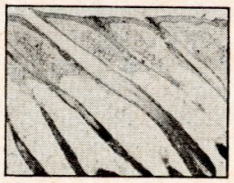


AFTER USING BIO-GENESIS™ 3 MONTHS



AFTER USING BIO-GENESIS™ 6 MONTHS

This biopsy sample from laboratory experiments shows atrophied and weak follicles, incapable of producing hair.



This biopsy sample from laboratory experiments shows rejuvenated, hair producing follicles.

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PHIA

grass, she walked with him over to his father's car.

He opened the door, to the brand-new smell inside, and they climbed in, onto the smooth, plastic seat covers. He adjusted the seat, having no need for a leopard skin cushion to place him securely behind the wheel.

"We're cool now," he said, though the car felt odd, with no frightening noises coming from under the hood, no sand clogging the brake drums, no scented pine tree hanging from the rearview mirror. But it would get them to the nearest make-out land, to which he had to hurry, as the night was almost gone already, lost on the blacked-out highway back to town.

"I'm gonna drive up through the college, okay?"

"Sure."

"Just see what's up there . . ."

He turned on through the main gates and cut left, toward a little road he knew at the very edge of the campus. He circled, approaching the make-out lane from behind, so he'd be facing downhill into the valley, an inspiring sight for the night of nights.

He coasted over the top of the hill, his headlights falling directly onto another car—a familiar rear end, constructed of body filler like his own.

Crutch's shadowy form came bolt upright in the car, shocked into fast action. His tailpipe blasted, Twiller's headlights still shining on him through the rear window, as he pulled away.

"He's alone," said Gina.

"Yeah." Twiller watched Crutch barrel off down the road. A wave of sadness hit him for having spoiled a prom-night jack-off session. A magical, once-in-a-lifetime moment had been interrupted.

"I coulda fixed him up with somebody," said Gina. "Lotsa girls would wanna go to Anthracite's prom; they wutn't care who with."

He gave her a pained look of inquiry. Had she herself been one of them?

He drew a long breath and turned back, looking down into the valley.

From the corner of his eye he could see Gina staring into the dark valley. Her hands were folded in her lap.

"It was quite the dance, huh?" He put his nose in his boutonniere.

"Really swell." Gina turned toward him for a moment and then back to the distant valley lights.

He looked toward Gina again, trying for a little sophisticated conversation. "Eddie Chanooga really played his wig off, didn't he?"

"Yeah," said Gina. "Eddie's cool."

"Place was decorated up, wasn't it?"

"Really neat."

"Yeah . . ." He stared down into the valley. His arms seemed paralyzed; he wanted to slip them up and across the seat, but they wouldn't go there.

Gina touched the dashboard. "Your father's car is really sharp."

He could feel the dawn only a little way away. The night of nights was on the edge of fading forever.

"So what are you gonna do for summer?"

"I'm workin' at Luna Pizza."

"A really good crust. Really crisp." He gestured, wanting to continue with his fingers along the bare slope of her shoulder, drawing her to him, but his hand dropped back down onto the new, gleaming seat, where he traced the pattern of shining vinyl.

He stared back out the window, into the valley, and saw the blackness turning ever so slightly to gray, just the faintest tint disturbing the magic darkness, but it couldn't be stopped; he raced against it, trying to make *his move*.

"A really, really good crust . . ."

"It's starting to get light," said Gina.

Her hands were folded, sunk in the sheen of her gown, the corsage blooming out of her lap. She shifted her hands, putting the corsage under, and then put it back on top again.

> Her huge gown kept him far away from her; it was like dancing with an opened umbrella, but her shoulders were bare and felt warm and soft.

Wheels spun inside him, through the spreading gray, going nine miles an hour nowhere.

The edges of the trees were coming into view all along the rim of the valley. On the slopes rooftops were emerging here and there as the curtain lifted. He leaned forward on the steering wheel to get a better look, as if he were a specialist in checking out sunrises.

Do it, do it.

He shifted his hands on the wheel, preparing for a Big Move, but there was no imitation leopard skin on the wheel to give him that sleazy feeling that was *himself*.

Gina opened her evening bag, looked into it, and closed it up again. Houses were coming into view in the valley, the gray light creeping in through everything. He steeled himself for a *maneuver*. He couldn't back down; he had to act.

He unscrewed the shifting knob, looked at it, and screwed it back on again.

"There go the streetlights," said Gina.

He looked, and they were gone, switched off like the headlights on his big red monster.

An hour more, and he wouldn't have needed headlights.

He put his foot on the brake pedal and pressed down. There was lots of new brake. On the good old monster you pressed down through the floorboards and held your breath. He flashed on going back for it but realized it was too late; he'd made the switch, derailing himself, and the night was over.

"That was something, huh, us driving all the way back in the dark?" He looked at her, trying to recapture the feeling of the two of them, together on the highway, struggling along.

"Yeah," she said, "it was a kick, wasn't it?"

He nodded, wanting to kick himself, as he saw—the big red monster had smiled and given them the gift of darkness, had wrapped them in a deep, black curtain and locked their souls together, Gina holding the flashlight over the windshield, her gown blowing in the wind, and himself, hanging over the other side, staring at the creeping white line, functioning brilliantly at his best speeds—five, six, and eight miles per.

"Yeah," he said, pulling the visor down, "a real kick."

He put the visor back up and closed his eyes, seeing the white line of the highway again, running inside his eyelids like a thread through a labyrinth. He'd followed it without a mistake but hadn't realized the big red monster was his ace, that his and Gina's shadows were still back there in it, coming closer and closer, leaning together for a kiss. He raised his eyes toward the far hills, where the treetops were starting to glow. The climbing sun shimmered through the branches and then came up over the treetops, shooting its rays across the valley.

"Pretty, ain't it?" said Gina.

The sunlight spread across the valley, and suddenly the chrome was glistening on the car; one of Gina's earrings glittered for a second as she turned her head toward him. "I'm glad we could see it. You know, to remember . . ."

"Yeah, to look back on, yeah, I know."

The campus was visible now, dormitory windows reflecting the sunrise. A door opened in one of the buildings, and a maintenance man stepped out.

Twiller touched the ignition and looked at Gina. This was her last chance to attack him, maddened by his after-shave.

She looked down at the clock on the dashboard, where the second hand was sweeping the minutes around with a faint little tick. "Mom'll be expectin' me."

Through the window of the Texas Weiner, he could see tuxedoed forms hunching at the counter, having an early-morning heartburn special. He walked through the door, into the sound of the clanging pinball machine. Crutch waved from alongside the machine while Floyd swayed at

the front of it, working the ball on down. Twiller joined the gathering.

"So," said Crutch, "tell me, did you score?"

"Hey, did I score . . ." He played it as nonchalantly as possible. "On a prom date? Hey, come on . . ."

It had been an Unforgettable Moment—sitting alone on the old mine road, the sunlight shining, the birds twittering, his right hand tenderly stroking into a Kleenex . . .

Spider stepped out from behind the pinball machine, looking toward the counter, where the owner was serving the other tuxedos. A long wire dangled from Spider's sleeve. He pulled it out and nodded to Floyd.

"Just keep playin'."

Floyd released another ball, and then Spider slipped behind the pinball machine again.

Twiller moved to the far side of it, where Spider was inserting the wire through a hole he'd made in the scoreboard.

Ten games racked up on the little counter in the upper-left corner.

Spider wiggled the wire again, and ten more racked up.

"We're in five bucks," said Crutch.

"Hit it again, Spider." Floyd faked some fancy body English, and Spider clicked twenty more games up. The owner looked across the counter, his expression growing still more weary as he saw he was going to have to pay off first thing in the morning.

Spider slipped out behind Crutch, wire up his tuxedo sleeve once more. Floyd walked over to the counter, and then he pointed to the game score. The owner nodded unhappily and noisily hit his cash register.

Twiller turned toward the window. The miniature golf course sparkled, empty greens covered with dew. Beside it Hamburg Heaven was doing business, tuxedoed figures sitting around the counter.

It was something to remember.

"All right, so tell me, what are we gonna do?"

"Whyn't we take a ride?"

"Yeah, somethin' might be shakin' somewhere."

They moved toward the door together, and on through into the sunlight. Twiller adjusted his bow tie and looked down the stretch of road—the other breakfast joints were opening their doors, and store lights were coming on.

"Take my car?" Crutch pointed to his Plymouth, which was sagging over broken shocks.

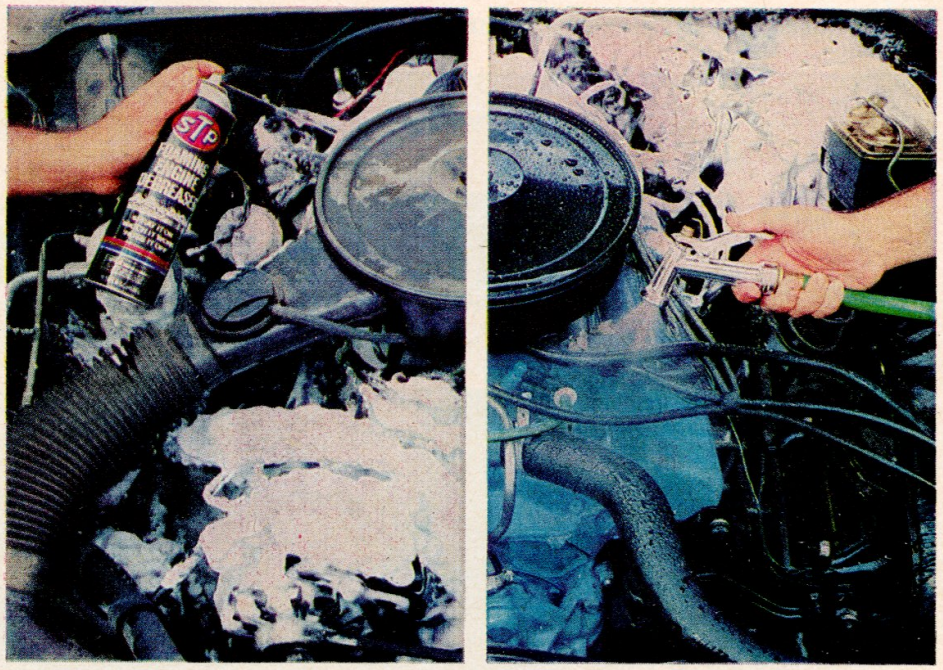
"You got gas?"

"We've got ten bucks—"

They climbed in, the car settling with a clunk. "Let's just *circle* . . ."

"Yeah, right."

They pulled away in a cloud of burning oil. The perfumed lady on the rearview mirror swung back and forth, winking at them.



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The new Laredo version of the AMC Jeep is at home on the South Forty or Forty-second Street.

URBAN COWBOY

BY WADE HOYT

There's a lot of silliness going around about how the urban car of the future will be some tiny, easy-to-park, economical, one- or two-seat plastic device with an electric motor. Nonsense! The city car of the future has been around for years, and it's a Jeep CJ7, which is stronger than a locomotive, able to leap gaping potholes in a single bound, and more than able to provide weekend fun far from the teeming city, whether on sand dune or ski slope. You can't ask for more from a set of wheels.

Few vehicles can inspire such a rush of machismo as a Jeep. Traffic parts deferentially when the CJ7's angle-iron bumpers loom up close. The engineering is as subtle (and reliable) as a sledgehammer. All in all, it's the perfect urban auto.

If it's frills you want, American Motors (Jeep's parent company) will sell you all you could ask for. Our test vehicle was duded out in the $2,400 Laredo package, which included immense, 9Rx15 Goodyear Wrangler Radial off-road tires, chrome spoke wheels, a fiberglass hardtop, chromed bumpers and grille, and interior decor that would seem more appropriate to a luxury sedan than to a four-wheel-drive utility vehicle. The Laredo gets you big waves from the drivers of passing Jeeps decked out in last season's Renegade and Golden Eagle decor packages, while owners of unadorned Jeeps no doubt think you're a twit. Adding automatic transmission, air conditioning, power steering, power disc brakes, and a few practical extras such as a draw bar and heavy-duty battery brought the basic CJ7's $6,445 list price up to $10,313.

A luxury Jeep exhibits certain incongruities. A tachometer, clock, and tilting, padded sports steering wheel do look a bit odd sprouting out of a plain sheet-metal dashboard. The imitation tooled-silver "Laredo" plaque on the glove box door is juxtaposed against a low-rent clip-on ashtray. But despite such posh touches as high-backed bucket seats, padded door trim, full carpeting, and roll-down windows, it is still obvious that the Laredo is a real Jeep. Over the decades the Jeep's ride has been fine-tuned for crashing over boulders and negotiating furrowed fields. There is the traditional right-side rearview mirror, hidden behind the windshield post, and the ride height puts you head and shoulders above lesser vehicles.

Jeep has made serious efforts in 1980 to overcome the dismal fuel consumption that is characteristic of the 4x4 field. The most obvious is a four-cylinder engine—the first available in a civilian Jeep in nearly a decade. This two-and-one-half liter power plant is the well-known Pontiac "Iron Duke," which also powers many of AMC's passenger cars and the majority of GM's new front-drive "X" cars.

An aluminum-case, four-speed manual transmission replaces the old iron three-speed rock crusher. A self-adjusting hydraulic clutch is part of this power team, as are manually operated free-wheeling front hubs. All these changes work together to give the standard Jeep an EPA fuel economy rating of 21 mpg, an improvement over traditional four-wheel drive norms.

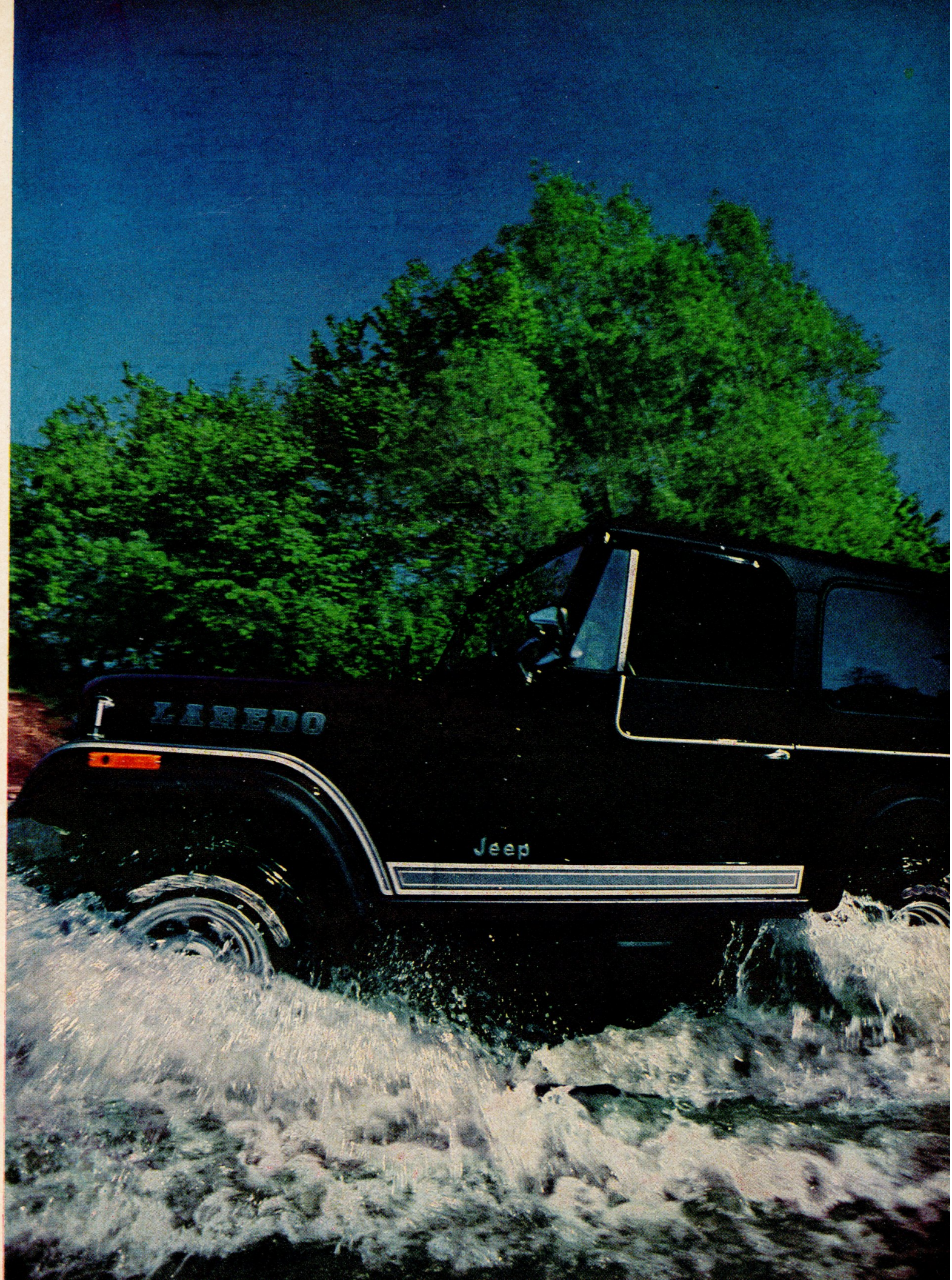
When you order automatic transmission on any 1980 Jeep, you get part-time four-wheel-drive instead of the fuel-wasting full-time system. The two-speed transfer case features a greater low-range reduction ratio this year (2.62:1 versus last year's 2.03:1) to compensate for the higher rear axle ratio of 3.07:1, which contributes to better gas mileage.

Most people who own 4x4 vehicles don't need four-wheel-drive more than a few times a year—to plow the driveway after a heavy snow, for a fishing trip in the mountains, or for a desert vacation.

Speaking with American Motors president Paul Tippet recently, Henry Austin Clark, owner of the Southampton Auto Museum, mentioned that he still got "good service" out of his 1946 Jeep. "I appreciate the testimonial," quipped Tippet, "but the present management cannot survive on purchases made in 1946."

During the height of the off-road boom, the Jeep Division kept AMC afloat. Now that four-wheel-drive sales are in the doldrums, the four-cylinder Jeep is the only domestic 4x4 with a waiting list. American Motors seems to have engineered itself into the 1980s—when bigger and better-financed car companies are teetering on the brink of disaster. There's no better formula for managerial survival. ○+

Photographs by Ted Kaufman


LAREDO
Jeep

IN THE OCTOBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

FORUM INTERVIEWS DEBBIE HARRY

Forum talks to Debbie Harry, the sexy blonde of Blondie, about her loves, fans, and life beyond rock 'n' roll.

SEX WITHOUT ERECTION

Dr. Shel Fellman, author of *The Virile Man*, reveals some surefire techniques for pleasing a woman (and yourself, too) *without* having an erection.

THE HIDDEN DANGERS OF JOGGING

What you don't know about jogging *can* hurt you, says Dr. Mort Walker in this exclusive *Forum* report. There's more at stake than a few aches and pains—jogging causes serious injuries every day.

HOW INFLATION THREATENS MARRIAGE

If you're caught in a personal "credit crunch," you know what we mean. The frustration and rage you feel over a shrinking paycheck can hurt your marriage as well. Gene Marine outlines the danger signals.

SEX AFTER A HEART ATTACK

It's safer than you think. In fact, a coronary need only cause a temporary interruption in the love life of most heart patients, says Dr. James Ramey in the October *Forum*.

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

ings concerning Nazi Germany's growing military power—chooses not to hear. In 1974, having just emerged from the war in Vietnam, the American public did not want to hear about the need for arms or soldiers. The facts were ignored. There was no secret, merely a totally nonreceptive public.

The second argument I have with the article concerns where the blame for this has been placed. To be sure, all the parties to whom Volkman affixed guilt deserve blame. There is one party, however, that was completely overlooked. That party is the media. For most of the last decade and a half, *Penthouse* and other major magazines have been portraying those who advocate military preparedness as fascists or warmongers. The idea that there is more need for a national defense has been pooh-poohed repeatedly, as have suggestions that defense budgets should be expanded to a point capable of offering the type of pay necessary to keep quality people in the armed services. The media must assume some of the responsibility for creating that condition.

I am a military reservist with 12 years of service, including four on full active duty and one in the Vietnam War. I am not a fascist or a right-wing fanatic. I am not blind to the shortcomings of the military or to its blunders and mistakes. I am just tired of being portrayed to the public as another mindless Neanderthal who loves war and destruction. We are intelligent and responsible citizens, who value democracy and individual rights as much as any other citizen. The difference is that we know the price that must be paid if we are to preserve these rights.—*Michael Burnett, Medford, Oreg.*

To begin with, Mr. Volkman did not pretend that military unpreparedness was a secret; rather, he reported that it was a scandal. As you say, most people do not realize the shocking state of the American military, and we hope that Mr. Volkman's article did something to rectify that situation. Second, Penthouse *has never portrayed military preparedness as the policy of warmongers, although we have often criticized waste in government and military spending, as we have criticized Defense Department policies when we considered them to be misguided.*—The Editors

Off with our heads!

I enjoyed your May 1980 special *Caligula* issue very much. However, in the pictorial section Tiberius is referred to as Caligula's grandfather. By the best historical accounts, this was technically untrue. The intermarriages and multiple marriages during this historical period were frequent, resulting in many step-relationships, many adoptions, and even several instances of the merger of the Julian and Claudian lines (as in Caligula's case), so it is understandable how this impression could be gained.

By the best historical accounts Tiberius was, biologically, Caligula's great-uncle, being the brother of Caligula's paternal grandfather, Drusus. Caligula's maternal grandfather was the statesman-soldier Agrippa, second husband of Julia (daughter of Augustus and Scribonia). Tiberius was the third husband of Julia and therefore would have been Caligula's *step*-grandfather had the marriage lasted until Caligula's birth. In addition, Tiberius adopted Caligula as his son later in life, and so he was, in fact, his adoptive father as well.

Tiberius's only living grandson at the time of Caligula's ascension to the throne was Gemellus, who was the son of Castor (Tiberius's son by Vipsonia) and Livilla (daughter of Drusus and Antonia). Of course, Caligula killed him within a year of coming to power.

I am sure the identification of Tiberius as the grandfather of Caligula was simply an oversight—otherwise a *perfect* piece!—*C. Bates, Chicago, Ill.*

This is my very first letter to *Penthouse*. I personally enjoyed your coverage of *Caligula* in the May issue, and especially the photo-essay on how this stupendous movie was created and filmed.

I am sure that the movie will be completely torn to shreds by the critics because of the intimately explicit portrait of that epoch, but I am sure that it is an accurate portrayal. I am looking forward to seeing this remarkable movie.—*D. S. A., Fort Devens, Mass.*

Now that I have seen the film *Caligula*, my only regret is that the picture, Malcolm McDowell, and Peter O'Toole will *not* be nominated for Academy Awards this year, because of the subject matter and the hard-core sex that is shown throughout the movie.

Caligula is on a par with *All That Jazz* in emotional impact on the viewer as we follow the rise and almost immediate decline of the mad emperor of Rome. Malcolm McDowell shows us that decline, or rather descent, into madness in carefully graduated steps, from the time he senses the absolute power of *imperium* to his death. Peter O'Toole, in a much different role, shows us different facets of Tiberius while never, not even at the death of Tiberius, letting us forget that Tiberius *is* the emperor.

As for the hard-core sections, they add to a sense of the decadence of Rome and the principal characters. From the cutting back and forth from the main action to the hard-core, we see this relationship and so escape the usual skin-flick axiom that "The hard-core is the main action."—*L. P. Smith, Torrance, Calif.*

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IT WAS TOO HORRIBLY GROTESQUE!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY SOMEWHERE UNTIL THIS NONSENSE IS ALL OVER!
NOT THE PAST, BOO'FUL! I'M SICK AN' TIRED OF THAT ROTTEN OL' TIME MACHINE — AN' ROTTEN OL' BORING HISTORY!
ME TOO! I'M FED UP TO THE BACK TEETH WITH THE PAST AND SICK OF THE PRESENT!
WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE, MOSTRESS? HAVE YOU GOT THE COURAGE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUTURE?
IF ANYTHING SMELLS LIKE TROUBLE THIS DOES!
HAVE YOU GOT THE COURAGE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUTURE? IT CAN'T BE MUCH WORSE THAN THE PRESENT — CAN IT? FIND OUT NEXT MONTH!

AMERICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

It's a finite resource. Why does it always come that 200 million people sacrifice and 50,000 at the top are never called upon to sacrifice? What kind of shit is that? The public doesn't know the details of the energy program. It's too complicated. But they can smell a rat.

Today, I don't think you can accomplish any more inside than you can out. The only victories you're allowed to win here are marginal ones. It doesn't mean a goddamn.

The 13-day filibuster Howard Metzenbaum and I conducted was, in a sense, a soldier's small mutiny, a takeover. We lost, as all such takeovers do, but the issue attracted the country's attention. That's the purpose of a filibuster. I know of the pressures on us from our peers, from the outside. The *Washington Post* denounced us. I did it because Pete Stavrianos, my administrative assistant, challenged me: "When I asked you to run again, you said it didn't matter much whether you were here or not. If you can stop those bastards from deregulating natural gas, you'll have done more than you've done in your entire eight years in Congress." So I said: "Why not?"

I had about a thousand letters, telegrams, phone calls, from around the country. It lost because we got no cooperation from the White House. The vice-president came down on the last day of the filibuster and conspired with the majority leader to break it.

One thing I watched very carefully during the natural-gas debate—the heavy concentration of advertising on television by Exxon. Do you know where it was concentrated? In Washington, D.C. Heavier than around the country. Senators are sitting there thinking: "My God, my constituents are watching this stuff." It started seeping into these guys voting on the floor here every day. And they didn't know it. They were taken by the commercials.

My father came from Lebanon. He landed in South Dakota in 1898. He was a pack peddler. My dad was very grateful to America. He was a very, very poor farmer in Lebanon. That's the reason he left. It's a beautiful country, except that they were dirt poor.

In 1910, after he'd saved enough money to buy a buggy and a horse, he bought a store. In 1920 he opened another one. He went bankrupt two or three times during the depression. He always gave credit to the people who lived there, Indians and non-Indians alike. The Indians were the only ones who paid him back. The whites didn't. (*Laughs*) He always said: "Make sure nobody goes hungry."

As a kid, who had dreams? I was eating. Three meals a day. I wanted to be a storekeeper like my dad had been. My parents were uneducated. They couldn't read or write English, but they could read and write Arabic. My father became reasonably successful for a small-town merchant. He wound up owning a couple of stores and a small ranch. It was on an Indian reservation, Rosebud. You're somewhat blinded, being so close to people. I suppose I was somewhat of a racist when I grew up. I patronized the Indians, spoke down to them. I grew up with Indian kids and went to school with them, but I always thought Indians are inferior to us with lighter skins. I only found out in later years, when I went to college, what I was like.

We were always told there was an American Dream, where people have a right to be treated equal. I know that just doesn't happen. According to the advertising campaign, as long as you let the people who are running this country run it, you can experience the American Dream. You're gonna stay out of jail, you're not gonna get in trouble with The Man, if you just let him do what he wants. I don't think the dream exists. The privileged can always manage to get a law passed to legalize whatever it is they want. They've found ways not to go to jail when they take property or rights away from somebody else. City or farm, it doesn't matter.

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I understand precisely what the oil companies wanted in deregulation of gas. They wanted to plunder the public purse. If I were an oil company president, I would probably be doing the same thing. What I didn't understand was that people who were here, ostensibly representing the public, my fellow senators, would go along with it. We have a government that is ostensibly run by the people, for the people. It's not true. We have a government run by the establishment, for the establishment. If there are some droppings left over for the people, well and good. No more than droppings.

One of these days those resources are gonna run out. There will no longer be an abundance. You will see the United States, 50 years from now, in the same condition as underdeveloped countries, fightin' over fewer and fewer scraps. You'll see the economic, social, and political system changing. The system we now have operates solely on the basis of greed. It works fairly well when there's enough, so that even the greedy are satiated. But when we run out, there's gonna be a catastrophe. There'll be a violent political upheaval. There'll be a change in our system, probably toward socialism. Those people who abhor the word, the idea, if their foresight were not foreclosed by greed, could change the system, could avoid socialism or whatever may come down the road, by some means where rights were balanced more evenly than they are today. It could be fascism, too.

I'm pessimistic as to my vision of the American Dream. It can't be fulfilled as long as the few have the power to overwhelm the many.

The ones who run this country are the multinationals, the banks, the Fortune Five Hundred. It also comes together at a point. There's a commonality of interest. They don't need a conspiracy. How many banks need to sit down and discuss how much they have to charge for interest rates? How many oil companies need to sit down and discuss how to distribute oil and how much to charge? No need.

If the American people really knew the facts, they could make a fair judgment. You gotta trust 'em. But newspapers and the radio present issues superficially at best. In television you hardly get a story longer than two or three minutes. How the hell can you present an issue in that time?

The buzzer sounds. He must go to the floor in 15 minutes. He sighs.

I'd like to see an America where so much power was not in the hands of the few. Where everybody'd get a fair shake. The establishment wants uneven odds. It's marking the cards. Even though you're a better poker player than somebody else, you mark the cards to make damn sure you don't lose.

Maybe the Indians knew it all along. They smelled it way back. Know what they say? Custer had it coming. (*Laughs*)

JILL ROBINSON

She is the daughter of a former Hollywood film producer.

Growing up in Hollywood was the only reality I knew. To me, a studio head was a man who controlled everyone's lives. It was like being the principal. It was someone you were scared of, someone who knew everything, knew what you were thinking, knew where you were going, knew when you were driving on the studio lot at 80 miles an hour, knew that you had not been on the set in time. The scoldings the stars got! There was a paternalism. It was feudal. It was an archaic system designed to keep us playing let's pretend, make believe.

They had doctors at the studios: "Oh, you're just fine, honey. Take this and you'll be just fine." These stars, who influenced our dreams, had no more to do with their own lives than fairies had or elves.

My mother was of upper-class Jewish immigrants. They lost everything in the depression. My father tried to do everything he could to revive my mother's idea

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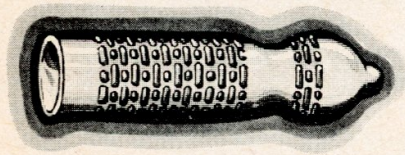

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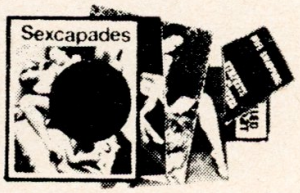

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of what life had been like for her father in the court of the czar. Whether her father was ever actually in the court is irrelevant. My father tried to make it classy for her. It never was good enough, never could be. She couldn't be a Boston Brahmin.

Russian-Jewish immigrants came from the shtetls and ghettos out to Hollywood: this combination jungle-tropical paradise crossed with a nomadic desert. In this magical place that had no relationship to any reality they had ever seen before in their lives, or that anyone else had ever seen, they decided to create their idea of an Eastern aristocracy. I'm talking about the kind of homes they would never be invited to. It was, of course, overdone. It was also the baronial mansions or the dukes' homes that their parents could never have gotten into. Goldwyn, Selznick, Zukor, Lasky, Warner. Hollywood—the American Dream—is a Jewish idea.

In a sense it's a Jewish revenge on America. It combines the Puritan ethic—there's no sex, no ultimate satisfaction—with baroque magnificence. The happy ending was the invention of Russian Jews designed to drive Americans crazy.

It was a marvelous idea. What could make them crazy but to throw back at them their small towns? Look how happy it is here. Compare the real small towns with the small town on the MGM back lot. There's no resemblance.

The street is Elm Street. It's so green, so bright, of lawns and trees. It's a town somewhere in the center of America. It's got the white fence and the big porch around the house. And it's got three and four generations. They're turn-of-the-century people before they learned how to yell at each other. It's everybody sitting down to dinner and looking at each other, and everyone looks just wonderful. No one is sick. No one's mad at anyone else. It's all so simple. It's all exactly what I say it is.

The daughter is Judy Garland when she believed in Aunt Em. The boy is Robert Walker before he realized he was gonna drink himself to death. And love and marriage would be innocence and tenderness. And no sex.

The dream to me was to be blonde, tall, and able to disappear. I loved movies about boys running away to sea. I wanted to be the laconic, cool, tall, Aryan male. Precisely the opposite of the angry, anxious, sort of mottle-haired Jewish girl.

I wanted to be this guy who could walk away from any situation that got a little rough. Who could walk away from responsibility. The American Dream, the idea of the happy ending, is an avoidance of responsibility and commitment. If something ends happily, you don't have to worry about it tomorrow.

The idea of the movie star, the perfect-looking woman or man, who has breakfast at a glass table on a terrace where there are no mosquitoes. No one ever went to the bathroom in movies. I grew up assuming that movie stars did not. I thought it was terrible to be a regular human being. Movie stars did not look awful ever. They never threw up. They never got really sick, except in a wonderful way where they'd get a little sweaty, get sort of a gloss on the face, and then die. They didn't shrivel or shrink away. They didn't have acne. The women didn't have menstrual cramps. Sex, when I ran across it, in no way resembled anything I had ever seen in the movies. I didn't know how to respond.

I think the reason we're so crazy sexually in America is that all our responses are acting. We don't know how to feel. We know how it looked in the movies.

I hated the idea that I was bright. There was a collision between bright and pretty and seductive. I wanted to be one of those girls the guys just wanted to do one thing to. I wanted to be one of those blonde jobs. That's what they used to call them—jobs. A tall job. A slim job. Somebody you could work on.

I wanted to be Rhonda Fleming or Lana Turner. I refused to see what the inside of their lives was like. They didn't see it either. It was carefully kept from them. My God, look at the life. Getting up at 5:30 in the morning before your

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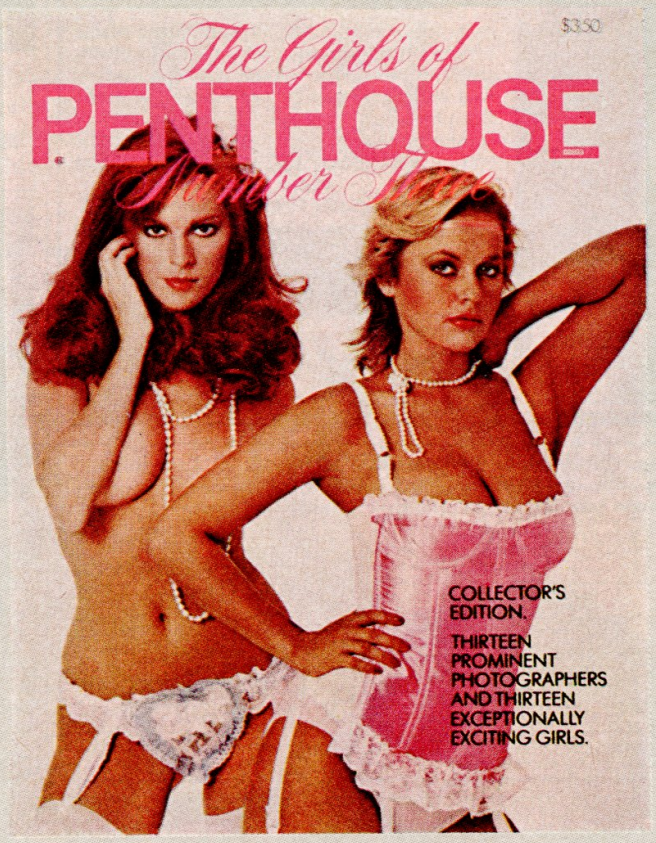

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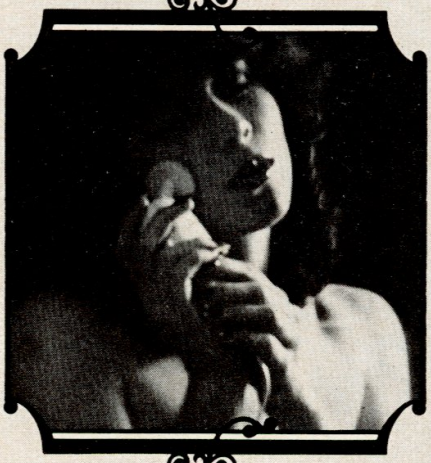

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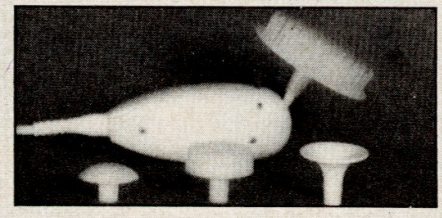

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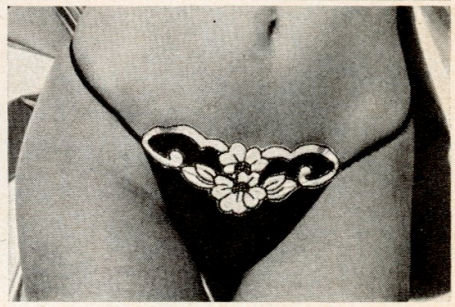

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brain has begun to function, getting rolled out in a limousine and having people work on your body and your face. Remember, they were very young people when they came out here. Imagine having all your waking life arranged all the time. They became machines. No wonder the sensitive ones went insane or killed themselves.

The studio had the power. The studio would hire the fan club. The head of the club was on the star's payroll. The star was usually not even aware of where the money was going, to whom, for what. The whole thing was manufactured. Fame is manufactured. Stardom is manufactured. After all these years, it always comes as a surprise to me.

The thing that affected me most doesn't exist any more. It's easy to forget how gorgeous and unreal that land was. Oz was not designed by art directors. Oz was just a copy of how it looked when you came from the East and first saw California. If you compare Dorothy's first vision of Oz, when she walks out that morning, it was exactly how I feel whenever I come home to California after I've been out East. There's nothing like the color. Can you imagine what it must have been for those people coming out there? Technicolor is a copy of what was actually California.

I remember lying in my bed in this beautiful castle house in the hills. All through the windows were these bowers of jacaranda trees with purple flowers, and the sun was shining. My husband called and said President Kennedy had been shot and killed. My image came from *A Tale of Two Cities*. I thought: "They're gonna tear the place apart."

They, the country, the people. The people I saw in newsreels, *March of Time* movies, where there'd be crowd scenes. I never thought of people as individuals, but just those crowd scenes. The extras. They're gonna get goddamn mad, the extras, and they're gonna tear the fucking place apart. It was all movies.

Out of the corner of my eye, I knew there were people watching who seemed smarter than we were. These would be the writers, who were cynical. They didn't believe it was all gonna work out all right. They didn't believe all movies were wonderful. I sensed this coming. I think the snake in the Garden of Eden was my growing awareness. The reality was always there. I chose not to see it. The thing that terrified me most was my own intelligence and power of observation. The more I saw, the more I tried not to see. So I drank too much and took as many drugs as I could so as not to see.

Couldn't bear it, the reality. Couldn't bear to feel my father was wrong. Couldn't bear the idea that it was not the best of all possible worlds. Couldn't bear the idea that there was a living to be made. That punishment does not always come to those that deserve it. That good people die in the end.

I think we're all skidding away; we're destroying. California is just a little bit of it. The more bleak I become, the more—I live in Connecticut, okay? I read somewhere Connecticut has the highest incidence of intestinal cancer in the world. I think that's because we eat ourselves alive there. We're filled with despair, and it just rots us away. Where I live looks exactly like the MGM back lot idea of a small New England town. There's no pressure in Connecticut; it's all okay. Nobody is working much, there aren't many jobs, a lot of businesses are failing. But it looks so sweet. It looks endearing. During the blizzard you would have thought that Currier and Ives came in there. That several people I know lost everything they own in that goddamn endearing blizzard, nobody really thinks about that. It looks like the American Dream.

COLEMAN YOUNG
The mayor of Detroit.

We came to Detroit from Alabama in December of '23. We lived on the Lower East Side, which was the major ghetto at the time.

I was a good student and arrogant. At St. Mary's I became scout troop leader. We went on an excursion, but I was

turned back from the island because I was black. This was the first conscious anger I felt. After that, I became more alert. That's probably part of my history in becoming a radical. I had so many rebuffs along the way.

When I finished St. Mary's, I was among the city's top ten and entitled to a scholarship. Some brother friar comes along, looks at me in puzzlement, and says: "What the hell are you, Japanese or somethin'?" I said: "No, brother, I'm colored." He took my paper and tore it up, right there in my face. I went back to public schools. That was the end of me and the Catholic church.

In '35 or '36 I got into Ford as an electrical apprentice. They didn't have any black electrician at Ford. I was assigned to the motor building, and there I heard talk about the labor union. I'd go around Williams's barber shop, where I got my hair cut, and it turned out to be a hangout for black UAW organizers. And all kinds of philosophy and arguments over who was the greater man, Booker T. Washington or Frederick Douglass or Du Bois.

I knew three aspects of black life. I knew the working-class part. I knew the slicker, the gambler. There was also a middle class that I became alienated from. My mother and father were both light skinned. Blacks in the early days in the South took their values from the whites. The admonition was: always marry someone lighter than you so you'll be whiter. That's a way of escape.

Before I went to Ford and started messin' around with all those labor guys and thought I was goin' to college, I was pledged to a black fraternity. It was a society, exclusive-type club, light-skinner. They were the social dictators of the college age group. I was invited to a dance, a signal honor. I took my friend to the dance with me, a dark guy. The black society people, the elites, we called 'em, took on the mannerisms of whites. They danced stiffly, not naturally. Everybody's dancin' naturally now. (*Laughs*) My friend was the best dancer there, havin' a regular ball. The guys resented Frank and were mad at me for bringin' him. He was too dark. We wound up in a fight, and that was the end of me and black society.

If these kind of people were going to college, fuck college. I didn't want to be a gambler and shoot dice all my life. So I got involved in the labor movement and for the first time hearin' a philosophy that made sense to me: unity between black and white.

By '37, I'm a member of the union, very subterranean. At that time Ford had a goon squad. They called 'em service men. They couldn't be distinguished from the workers. One of the first things we did when we organized the plant: made 'em put those in uniform so you could tell 'em.

They'd be in greasy old overalls, and they'd count how many minutes you sat in the goddamn can. The work was so

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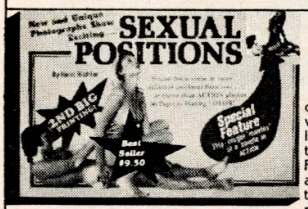

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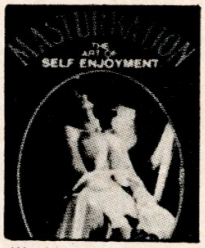

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rough, guys got old before their time. If you were workin' at 45, you were lucky, 'cause when you slowed down the production line, out you went. You'd go to the toilet, not to take a shit, but just to rest. There was no door, no privacy. I've seen guys go in the damn toilet and get five minutes' sleep. The way they did it: they'd take a newspaper and learned how to tap their feet while they were sleepin'. The service guy comes through and sees him with the paper and tappin' his feet and figures he's awake. It's funny what humans can do to survive.

They put a guy across from me, a big son of a bitch, musta been about 280, six foot three. He knew I was union and kept baiting me. There was a conveyer line that ran between my rollin' machine and his. I had a steel pipe that I used to clear the machine when it became jammed. This guy zeroes in on me. If he got his hands on me, there is no way in hell I could have survived. I could see he starts across the line at me. I picked up that damn steel pipe and laid it across his head. I stretched him out on that damn conveyer, and it carried him and dumped him into a freight car. (*Laughs*) It didn't hurt him that much. Five, six stitches and a few lacerations. They ran my ass outa there. (*Laughs*) Officially, I was fired for fighting. The real reason was my union activity.

I went to the post office and began to organize a union. There was a six months' probationary period. Son of a bitch let me work 5 months and 29 days and fired me. I was a volunteer organizer for UAW. Worked on the Sojourner Truth housing protest. In and out of several jobs, had to eat. I went in the army February 1942.

They set up this Jim Crow Air Forces OCS School in Tuskegee. They made the standards so damn high we actually became an elite group. We were screened and superscreened. We were unquestionably the brightest and most physically fit young blacks in the country. We were superbetter because of the irrational laws of Jim Crow. You can't bring that many intelligent young people together and train 'em as fighting men and expect them to supinely roll over when you try to fuck over 'em, right? How does that go? Sowing the seeds of their own destruction. (*Laughs*)

After the war, back in Detroit, I became an international rep for the United Public Workers Union, which was eventually run out of the CIO as subversive. It included the garbage men, the hospital workers, all city workers. The same guys I negotiate with today. (*Laughs*)

I came from the East Side; so I knew everybody in Detroit. Detroit was a pretty small place and then grew suddenly. Most of the guys who became leaders came from my neighborhood. Another thing made me better known. The red scare was on, the witch-hunt. The House Un-American Activities Committee came to town. These guys would come to a city, terrorize it, put a goddamn stool pigeon on the stand. He rattles off a list of names, and that person is fired, hung in effigy, blacklisted.

I was called before the committee. I told them if they want to talk about un-American activities, I'm prepared to do so. Lynchin', the poll tax. We just got it on. (*Laughs*) The damn thing was broadcast, and everybody in the city heard it. It was as big as the World Series. We had the National Negro Council down and local 600 of the UAW. We were the first group to go on the attack. The next stop was Chicago, where you guys kicked 'em in the ass a little bit more. They just went downhill from there. It was all over the front pages. They were sayin' I was a surly witness. But that single incident endeared me to the hearts of black people. Fightin' back, sayin' what they wanted to say all their lives to a southern white.

I'm 60 now, and I'd like to produce a cadre of young people, black and white, who can carry on this work. It's not guaranteed. It would be a big mistake for anyone to believe that the great American Dream is apple pie and a happy endin'. It ain't necessarily so. The whole goddamn thing could go up in smoke. Re-

construction teaches you that, right? It's a continuous struggle all the time. The minute you forget that, you wind up on your ass.

(*He laughs softly, a sudden remembrance*) Had I stayed in Catholic school, I would probably have become an altar boy. I would like to have been one. St. Mary's is a beautiful, old German church. It's truly an architectural gem. I was 14 when I was last there. You come back as mayor for the 175th anniversary of the Sisters of the Holy Name. The altar's much the same. The nuns prepared a chair for me on the altar, a big chair, like a throne. (*Laughs*) I'm sitting on it. That's the highlight of my life as mayor. It impressed me more, thinking back to my childhood, than sittin' down with Henry Ford or President Carter. (*Laughs*) My American Dream. (*Laughs*)

JESSIE DE LA CRUZ

A one-family dwelling in Fresno. A small, well-kept garden is out front. She has six grown children; the youngest is 21. She is active in National Land for People.

The American Dream for me is owning a piece of land. Something you can call home, where you can stay in one place all the time, raise a decent family, build a community. Where you have a job all the time, and nobody's gonna fire you. My mother's dream was having a house, but she got sick and died in 1930.

I musta been almost eight when I started following the crops. Every winter, up north. I was on the end of the row of prunes, taking care of my younger brother and sister. They would help me fill up the cans and put 'em in a box while the rest of the family was picking the whole row.

In labor camps the houses were just clapboard. There were just nails with two-by-fours around it. The houses had two little windows and a front door. One room, about 12 by 15, was a living room, dining room, everything. That was home to us.

Eight or nine of us. We had blankets that we rolled up during the day to give a little place to walk around doing the housework. There was only one bed, which was my grandmother's. The rest of us slept on the floor. Before that we used to live in tents, patched tents. Before we had a tent, we used to live under a tree. That was very hard. This is one thing I hope nobody has to live through. During the winter the water was just seeping under the ground. Your clothes were never dry.

My husband was born in Mexico. He came with his parents when he was two and a half years old. He was irrigating when he was 12 years old, doing a man's work. Twelve hours for $1.20. Ten cents an hour. I met him in 1933. Our first year we stayed in the labor camps.

We followed the crops till around 1966. We went up north around the Sacramento area to pick prunes. We had a big truck, and we were able to take our refrigerator, my washing machine, and beds and kitchen pots and pans and our clothing. It wasn't a hardship any more. We wanted our children to pick in the shade, under a tree, instead of picking out in the vines, where it's very hot. When I picked grapes, I could hardly stand it. I felt sorry for 12- , 13-year-old kids. My husband said: "Let's go up north and pick prunes."

We stopped migrating when Cesar Chavez formed a union. We became members, and I was the first woman organizer. I organized people everywhere I went. When my husband and I started working under a signed contract, there was no need to migrate after that.

We made plans of how we'd set up our own little school for preschool children and the older children could be taken into town to attend public school. I came up with the idea of having our own rest home for the elderly. The Chicano people who couldn't work any more and needed

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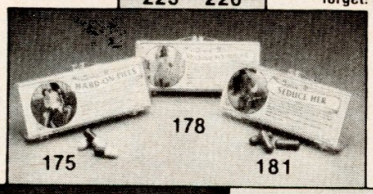

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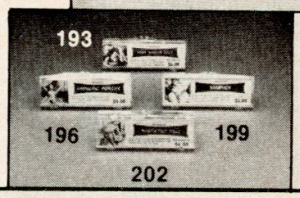

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to be taken care of. A clinic was discussed, too.

A friend of ours said: "I'll rent you six acres." We started farming those six acres. We were out there from morning till late, on our hands and knees, planting tomatoes. There was the risk of a cold wave coming and killing our plants. So we had to use hot caps.

One day we had finished planting and said: "Tomorrow we'll put the hot caps on." They're cap-shaped papers, with wire. Around two or three o'clock I heard on the radio—I always carry a little portable—I heard the weather was gonna be 23 degrees. It was gonna kill our plants. I was scared. I ran back to the group and said: "Hey, it's gonna freeze tonight; we're gonna lose our plants." Right away we started putting the hot caps on.

We put dirt around it to hold it down. We had them by the thousands. It was very windy and very cold. We started out there on our hands and knees. I was crying. It was beautiful. I'm not calling it beautiful, my crying. But to have little children five, six years old helping us, because they knew how important it was to save those plants. The wind was very strong; it was just ripping those paper caps off of our hands, and you could see them rolling. (*Laughs*) We ran out of caps. Okay, each of us got a hoe and started pulling dirt over our plants, very gently. We covered all of them. We came home; it was dark, cold, and wet.

The next morning we were all anxious to find out what had happened during the night. Oh, it was great to go out there and remove the dirt from those plants and watch 'em shoot straight up like anything. We saved every one of 'em. It took hard work to do it.

If it had been one of the big growers, what would have happened? The farmer would just go out there and look and see all the dead plants, and he'd say: "Oh, what the heck." He'd go home and forget about everything. He would get on his pickup, push a button, lift up a telephone, and call the nursery: "Bring over this certain amount of thousands of plants and call the workers; okay, plant them over again." That's his way of farming.

We're in very marginal land. We survive by hard work and sacrifices. We're out of the Westland district, where the government supplies the water. There's acres and acres of land that if you got out there you can see green from one end to the other, like a green ocean. No houses, nothing. Trees or just cotton and alfalfa. It's land that is irrigated with taxpayers' money.

These growers that have been using this water signed a contract that they would sell, within ten years, in small parcels. It's not happening. If the law has been enforced, we would be out there right now.

It's the very, very best land. I worked it there. You could grow anything: tomatoes, corn, cantaloupes, vegetables, bell peppers. But they just grow one or two crops, because they just don't want to hire any people. They have big machines that do the picking. Instead of planting a few acres of one crop and a few acres of another, they just go to one crop. What they're looking at, when they see the land and the water, all they can see is dollar signs. They don't see human beings out there.

These farmers aren't thinking about putting food on your table. They're thinking how much money they're gonna make per acre. They're putting a lot of chemicals and pesticides into the soil in order to have a bigger yield of crop. They call it—what?—progress? With their progress, they're gonna kill the whole planet. Even themselves. In the not too long.

They're thinking: "Well, I'm alive. I'm gonna enjoy life. I'm gonna have millions of dollars." We're thinking about our future generations. My children, my grandchildren, my great-grandchildren. We want a place for them. We don't want them to end up with land that won't grow things.

There are some big companies, individuals, who own land not only in California but in Arizona, Mexico, all over. They don't even know anything about the

land. They know nothing about farming. They don't even live on the farm.

A big meeting here in Fresno, that was my first public appearance. I was nervous. I looked around, and there were all these big growers. And these big businessmen that had stores out in the vacation areas up in the mountains. They were there because they were against raising wages for women. I heard my name, and I got up there. My knees were shaking. (*Laughs*) I got up before these microphones, and I looked around and saw my notes. The only thing I said out of my notes was "Ladies and Gentlemen." I said, "My name is Jessie de la Cruz, and I'm here as a farm worker." And then I started.

I said: "We are forced to go out and work in the fields alongside our husbands, not through choice, and not because I love to be out in the sun working so hard ten hours, but because of the need. Us women have to go out there and help support our families." And I said: "I have six children my husband and I raised, and we never had to go on welfare." Oh, they applauded. Good for you. Oh, it was great that I never had to go on welfare. And I said: "These men here who are growers and businessmen and restaurant owners, if they pay higher wages, they could just close down the welfare doors." Oh, I felt in the pit of my stomach, right there in the pit of my stomach, pain. It was a hard ball right there. I forgot what I was saying, and my hands were behind me. And I hear somebody in our group say: "Go on, Jessie, tell 'em, tell 'em." And I said: "What I'm gonna tell you is not something I read. It's something that's engraved in my heart and in my brain because it's something that I've lived and many other farm workers' families have done the same." So I went on and on and on. (*Laughs*) I was congratulated, but for about three or four days, there was a pain right here, a sore spot in my stomach. But I managed to tell 'em off. (*Laughs*)

How can I write down how I felt when I was a little child and my grandmother used to cry with us 'cause she didn't have enough food to give us? Because my brother was going barefooted, and he was cryin' because he wasn't used to going without shoes. How can I describe that? I can't describe when my little girl died because I didn't have money for a doctor. And never had any teaching on caring for sick babies. Living out in labor camps. How can I describe that? How can I put into writing when I'm testifying about things that are very deep inside? About seeing all these many people that have their little children killed in the fields through accidents? It's things that are a feeling you can't put into words.

I'm making. It's hard work. But I'm not satisfied, not until I see a lot of farm workers settle on their own farms. Then I'll say it's happening.

Is America progressing toward the better? No, the country will never do anything for us. We're the ones that are gonna do it. We have to keep on struggling. I feel there's going to be a change. With us, there's a saying: *La esperanza muere al ultimo.* Hope dies last. You can't lose hope. If you lose hope, that's losing everything.

The only thing that makes me sad is that this change didn't come about until I was old. I wish I was 30, 35 right now, where I knew I'd have many more years. I'm the sort of person that will not sit back in a rocking chair when I get older and just feel sorry for myself. There always has to be something to do. There always is if you want to do it.

DORA ROSENZWEIG, 94

It's a bungalow in Los Angeles, neat and tidy, in a green and pleasant section of the city. Though she has occasional difficulty moving about, she lives by herself and likes it. Her daughter, who is the older of two married children, frequently visits her.

I was one of 14 children, the only child among adults. I was born in 1885, in Russia, a small Jewish ghetto near Pinsk, a shtetl. Talk of America was in the air. My father had gone there. My two older sis-

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ters were growing up and needed a dowry; so he went there to save money. In the meantime, our house burnt down; so my mother decided we should all go to America.

In Chicago, 1891, the sidewalks were wooden except for fancy streets. It was the greatest pleasure to look under the sidewalk because once in a while you found a penny. Streets paved with wooden blocks was a blessing for the poor people. When you couldn't buy coal, you went at night and dug up the blocks.

I became very interested in reading. Before Jane Addams, whom I came to know and love, a group of young women started a settlement in the ghetto. My father thought they were going to make Gentiles out of us. I had to cross the street to avoid them. My girl friends didn't have such pious fathers and went in there. I liked the candy, but what I liked best, they'd come out with books.

One day I defied my father, was welcomed, and got a book. By stealth I'd go there, and that was really the beginning of my Americanization.

When I was 11, my father began to talk about me going to work as a seamstress. My mother was interested in my education. She was proud of my learning English and wanted me to be a schoolteacher. That was the heights. In Russia a woman didn't amount to much. So there was trouble in the house. By the time I was 12, I got so tired of the arguments that I got a job as a cigar maker. Rather than be a seamstress, which I hated, I'd make cigars, like my brother.

I got into a group of older immigrants, interested in social questions, and began to go to lectures. I met my husband that way. I met people who were interested in the labor movement. Working conditions were terrible, even at the American Tobacco Company where I worked, tops. The toilets were on the same floor where 400 people worked. Open. That's the beginning of my interest in the union, the Progressive Cigar Makers.

When I was 16, my mother died and I left home. I lived with strangers. No Jewish girl lived with strangers, no matter how miserable the house was. It was my key to freedom. They called me anarchist, they called me Bolshevik, but I never joined anything. I was always very curious and went through all the lessons I could get in order to learn what it's all about.

I heard about free love. It scared me. This was when I was about 19. It was in the air, this search for freedom. Two girls furnished a two-bedroom rear apartment and asked me to live with them. Whoever heard of three girls living together? This was 1905. You know what it is? Prostitution. The sister I moved away from prophesied that I'd have four bastards. Why she took four, I don't know. If ever there was a naive, innocent set of three girls, you can't imagine.

I always felt I was the equal of any man. I could think like a man. I could step on the sidewalk without help. I didn't have to have a man to hold my arm or open the door. We'd go to the theater. I'd pay my own way. I like the young feminists today. (*Laughs*)

There was a terrible depression in 1903, 1904. There were many strikes. The Haymarket riot—of when? 10, 15 years before?—had a profound effect on us. In one strike we saw the police bring out the fire hoses and knock down peaceful marchers who were just protesting.

I met my husband at a friend's house. He worked as a tailor and was very interested in literature. He's also of a large family, 13.

Jewish girls didn't go to work after they were married. My mother-in-law was scandalized. What will the neighbors say? I said: "To hell with the neighbors." I rebelled against religion, too. I was the hippie of my age. (*Laughs*)

My husband hated his work, and I hated mine. We wanted to get out of the shops, and I wanted a family. We liked the country life and decided to become farmers. We wanted to homestead. In the early 1900s the railroads wanted settlers in the West, for freight. For $32, you could go from Chicago to the coast. By

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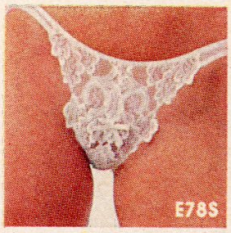

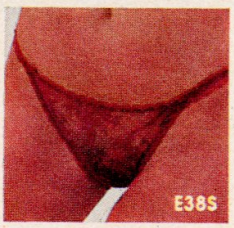

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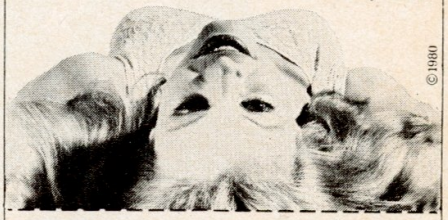

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1909, it was all: "Go west, young man, go west."

The Rosebud Indian Reservation in South Dakota was thrown open for settlers. They took it away from the Indians. They had a lottery. My husband won a ticket, but he doesn't want to be separated from his friend, Charlie. So they came back to Chicago. On the train they heard about oceans of land in Montana. Whoever comes gets the land. So they came to Scobey, Mont.

I remained in Chicago to augment our income. He built a 12-by-20 shack. I joined him in August 1910. I got off the train, and there was my brown-complected husband, sunburned, with overalls and a red kerchief. Nobody told me there was only nine inches of rainfall a year, and that the country was subject to prairie fires. (*Laughs*) In August there was no grass; it was just yellow. It was blazing hot. I thought: "My God, I'm in the Sahara Desert."

The air was so clear. I thought I could reach up and take a star. It was beautiful. Everything was new. The neighbors were simply wonderful. The first morning a horseman stops near the door, Mr. Larson from three miles away. "Simon, I want you to come for threshing." I said: "Can I come along?" He says: "Come, be our cook." I could make gefilte fish, challa, but cooking for 25 Montana farmers . . . (*Laughs*)

He tells me the menu: potatoes and ham. I had never cooked it. I asked my husband: "Where are the potatoes?" He said: "You have to dig 'em up." (*Laughs*) And bake biscuits, too. I had never baked biscuits. Mr. Larson said it was a wonderful meal.

Our salvation was the neighbors who lived two miles away. Pious Methodists. If not for them, I don't think we could have survived. Mrs. Watts was my mother, my counselor, my everything. When my husband had accidents, they'd come help us. She knew folk medicine. At threshing time everybody helped.

Whenever the crop was in, my husband had to freight it 75 miles. He'd be gone about a week, and I'd remain alone. We were talking about going west, farther west. Why? I was hungry for people. I was hungry for the family. I wanted my daughter to go to school. By that time I had another child. The school was six miles away, and I was terrified that my daughters would grow up illiterate. How do you send a little girl in Montana winters to school so far away?

We came back to Chicago. For years we ran a summer resort in Michigan, where I was a square peg in a round hole.

I span almost a century. When I look back upon it, the worst thing was sanitation. Babies died the second year of their lives, usually from poisoned milk. They called it summer complaint. There was smallpox, there was diphtheria, there was typhoid. These diseases have been wiped out. Although we eat poisoned food, we breathe bad air, we live longer than we did. Children don't die as frequently.

Life at that time was hard, hard, hard. Now it's much easier. When my mother found a washboard, she didn't know what to do with it. Now I have a washing machine.

We are enjoying creature comforts. Don't forget: I remember candlelight. When we first got gas, it was for special occasions. I lived from that to TV, to the man on the moon.

I have a childish theory about the lifelessness of the moon. Don't laugh. I think there were people on the moon who became so sophisticated that they began to do what we're doing. First, it was the gun. Then it was the bomb. Instead of killing piecemeal, it kills thousands. Hiroshima. Now they have the H-bomb, and they're talking about a neutron bomb. I believe the people on the moon found the ultra-ultra weapon to destroy life, and it became a burnt-out planet. A childish thought, maybe, but if we keep going like this . . . I don't worry about it. I won't be here. (*Laughs*)

Painting on page 78: *Joplin at the Turn of the Century, 1896—1906.* © 1972, The Joplin Council for the Arts.

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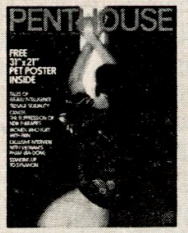
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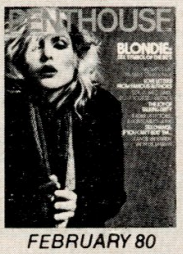
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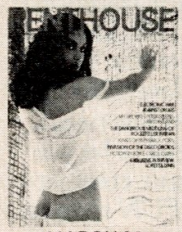
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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

of activities in the bedroom and maybe consider themselves too old to read books such as *The Happy Hooker* and *The Sensuous Woman*. I suggest that you give her my book *The Best Part of a Man* as a gift, from which she can get all the information regarding what a man would like done to his organ. If she is a new pupil, you can teach her the fine technique of what turns you on.

To get her started, you might try this trick. The next time you start licking and sucking her pussy, get yourself into an "around the world position," that is, stick your crotch in her face as you continue sucking on her. She should take the hint. If not, you can always say, "Why sit down to dinner if you're not going to eat?" Or something along those lines. Make sure you're clean, as that might be the reason for your woman's reluctance.

If all fails, then it's time to discuss this problem with her. After all, oral sex begins with your mouth.

FATAL FANTASIES

I am a 21-year-old male university student. I have enjoyed sexual relationships with different women and found them to be perfectly normal. Currently, I am going through what I would call a very unusual situation with a young lady 18 years of age.

This particular woman has a "penis complex," if that is the right term. She loves to fondle, cuddle, and suck my cock. Her blowjobs are fantastic, and she swallows my come and really seems to love every drop of warm, salty semen that I can supply her with. I have no complaints whatsoever except for the fact that I must remove every stitch of clothing from my body, while she insists on keeping all her clothes on. I have never had a look at her nude, not even in bra and panties. She doesn't even like me to fondle her breasts, although her blouse is on. She seems intent on just giving me pleasure and doesn't seem to care that she doesn't receive any.

A strange incident occurred just the other day, and it has me very confused. My girl friend and I got together for one of our sessions, and she announced that she had a new idea that would add pleasure to my climax. Naturally, I was interested. As per our usual procedure, I got completely undressed and lay down on the bed. She began fondling my cock and massaging my balls. After several minutes she stopped and opened her purse, pulling out a small rubber syringe. I asked her what it was for. She just told me to relax and let her do the work, guaranteeing that I would love it. She grasped my rigid cock firmly and pulled it straight up, then carefully inserted the nozzle of the syringe into the head of my cock. I was fascinated by this maneuver and was wondering what she would do next. Suddenly, she squeezed the ball of the syringe and forced a surge of air right into my cock! A blast of air ran down the length of my shaft and gave me the most fantastic tingling sensation. She pumped several more shots into me and then smoothly began to jack me off. She explained that the air pressure in my cock was going to make my come load literally explode rather than just shoot out. I could feel the sensation of climax nearing and wondered how right she would be. My whole groin area felt as if it were going to pop. Suddenly, a huge white jet shot from the head of my cock and flew through the air and landed on the opposite wall about eight feet away. Several more thick gobs flew out and streamed across the room. Seconds later my climax subsided to a bubbling ooze. I couldn't believe what I had just witnessed.

I am wondering if this method of receiving pleasure is new or if it's been around for a while. Please print my letter so that others can take advantage of this fabulous procedure. It is really a true "blow job"!—S.A.P.

You two are really playing a dangerous game. Shooting air into any orifice of your body can be very harmful. You can commit suicide by putting a needle filled with air into your arm—shown in one TV prison movie. Well . . . I'm sorry, but your little sex game surely does not turn me on, and I strongly discourage anyone having similar fantasies. Maybe, as a substitute, your girl friend could give you an enema once in a while. At least enemas are less dangerous than air up someone's penis.

SHAVING SWEETHEARTS

Last month my lover slid into bed next to me. I turned to kiss her, and we began to enjoy one another. As I passed my hand over her body, I realized that there was something different. She'd shaved her pubic hair! I can't express the excitement I felt at that moment. She has remained clean-shaven ever since.

Last night, the thought occurred to me that the excitement I feel should be shared by my lover, and I began to think about shaving myself. Do you think this would turn her on? I would want to shave myself everywhere but am worried that using a razor could get a little rough in certain sensitive areas. Are there other ways to remove the pubic hair, such as depilatories or waxing?—R.R.

How to shave a pubic patch . . . *carefully!*

It can be great fun for both lovers to shave each other mutually. You can do it in the bathtub, with one partner standing up and the other sitting in the warm water. The one who is sitting spreads shaving cream over the pubic area of the standing partner and carefully begins to landscape the area. Spreading the legs

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By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

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It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

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GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely – to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

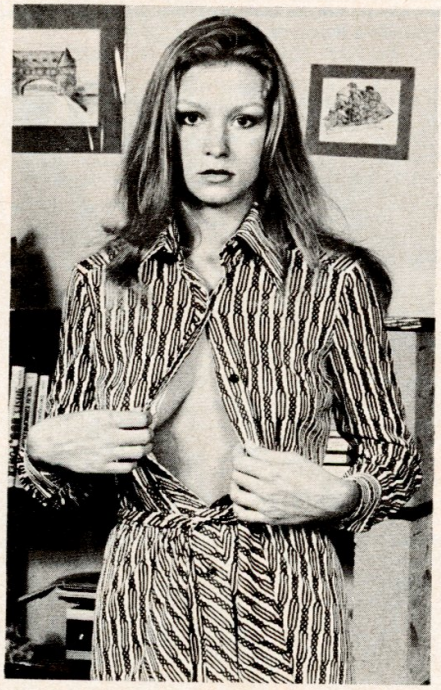
Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"



And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

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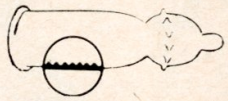

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a bit will help make finding the way between the thighs easier. Especially when shaving a woman, one must take great care not to cut into her vaginal lips. Shaving men is a lot easier and a lot less dangerous. I have seen about half a dozen men who had shaved their pubic hair. Those men who had small-to-average penises seemed large in size once they were shaved, because of the absence of all that bushy hair. Another nice thing to do is shave all the way to the anus, where men in particular tend to have a fair growth of hair.

Both partners will experience a totally new feeling of excitement, especially right after being shaved, since the pubic area becomes almost twice as sensitive and even the slightest rubbing of underpants or jeans can arouse you.

I would not recommend depilatory creams. It is so much more fun to do it with a razor blade and a lot of foamy shaving cream. For those of you who have the patience and are into a somewhat more sadistic mood, try epilating the hairs one by one with a tweezer!

ROCK COCK

I'm sure many women must share this fantasy. I enjoy going to bars and listening to the hot new groups. Lately we've been getting into hard-rock sounds. Very recently, a new band played at one of the local bars. Talk about delicious music men! Their lead guitarist is a groupie's dream come true. He put on a show for us in those tight, black, slinky, cunt-teasing pants of his. If he only knew how he turns us all on! I felt like grabbing his ass and pushing him into me. I came home that night and had the most delicious fantasy. . .

He's on stage playing his music with his black, curly hair shining in the spotlight. The group takes a break, and he comes over to my table and invites me up to his room to smoke some of that horny medicine. We get to his room, and he sits on the bed. After a couple of joints we're flying high. He stands in front of me, teasing me with his tight pants. I can see his cock awaiting my precious tongue. As I unzip his pants, I pull his stone prick into my throat, sucking it until he jets his loving juices down my deep, slippery throat. He quickly tears my clothes off and begins licking me all over. He arrives at my sweet-smelling cunt. It is ready and waiting for the touch of his tongue. He slides it deep inside me and wriggles it in and out until I reach a shattering orgasm. He then lies down on the bed, and I position myself facing towards his feet, so that he can watch my ass slide up and down as my pussy engulfs his throbbing cock and gives it the workout of its life.

Do you think this is just a foolish dream?—B.I.

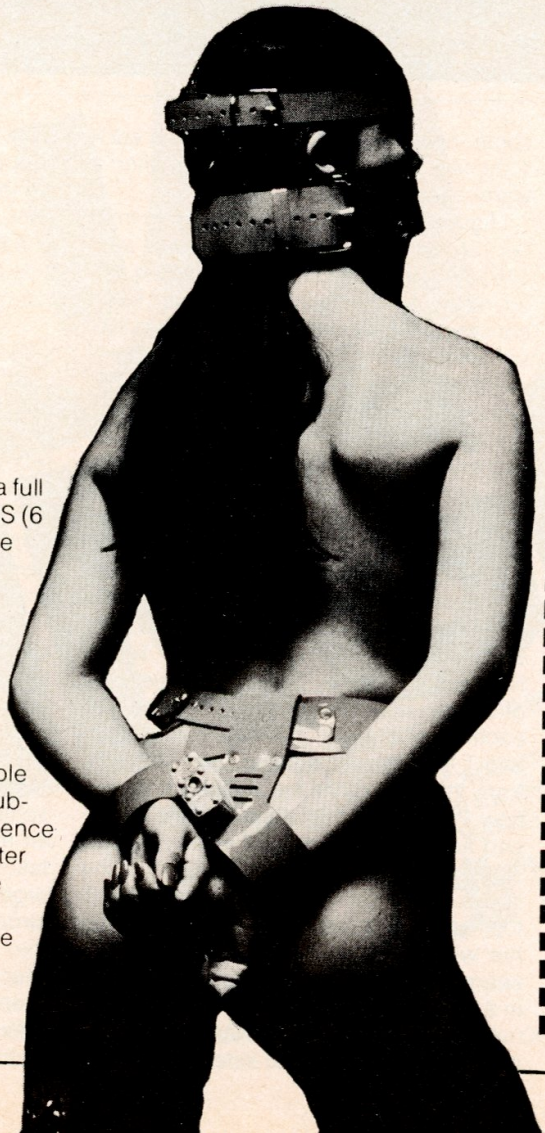
You would be surprised how many rock-'n'-roll musicians do get laid by fans like you. It is just a matter of taking the right approach to get them to notice you. Try getting back to the dressing room before anyone else gets there, or hide in his closet, or find out what hotel he is staying in and dress up as a chambermaid. Or why not have yourself delivered in one of those huge cakes that pop open? That would surely surprise him.

But seriously. . .take for instance a particular world-famous French singer. He once had a very persistent fan following him all over Europe from one concert to the next. Finally he recognized her face, and they got acquainted. Shortly after that they got married, and now they have a couple of kids.

Then of course, there existed once upon a time the so-called Plastercasters—the fanatic, sex-starved groupies who followed the big rock bands wherever they went. Once they got them in bed, they would pull out some hot wax from their pocketbooks and put the substance around the stiff pricks of their idols in order to make look-alike cocks for their collection of famous plaster cocks.

If you are not too desperate, you can just go on dreaming and fantasizing about your idol. Your fantasy just might be better than reality, after all. You ought to read my book *Xaviera's Fantastic Sex*, which is all about fantasies.

AT YOUR COMMAND



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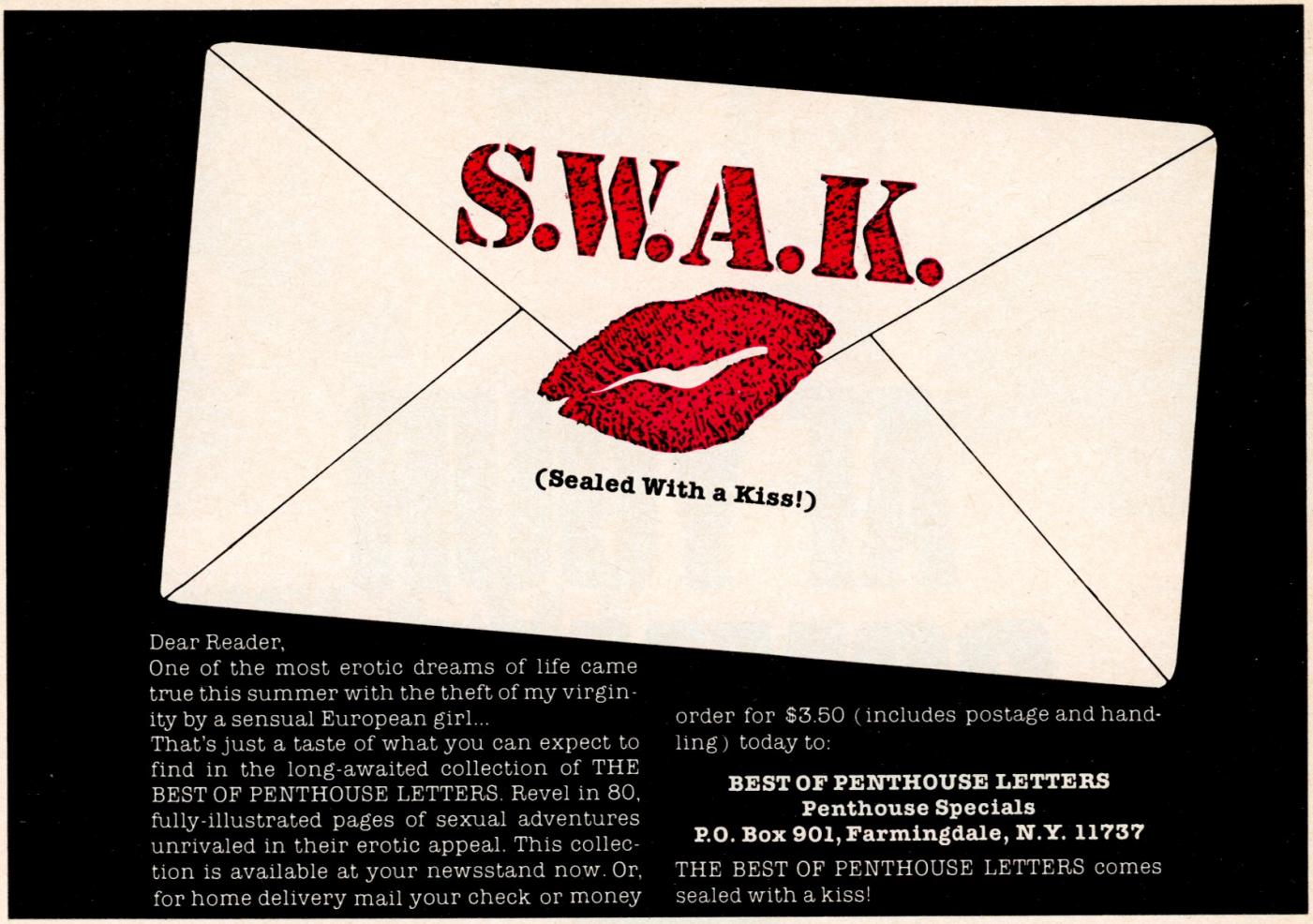

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

move her clothes. Blouse. Bra. Pants. Nylons. Panties! By the light of a Budweiser sign hanging in the window I could dimly see her lying next to me. Her skin was pale yet warm and vibrant to the touch. I tried to pull her toward me, but she withdrew slightly.

"Wait," she said, and to be polite, I let her lead—for the moment. She moved closer, her face near enough to mine for her tongue to touch me. Her tongue slid over my lips, across my cheek, and attacked my left earlobe. Her games were only a preliminary, and I was getting anxious for the main event.

Her tongue was now down to my chest, playfully lashing and nipping at the skin. Her downward movements continued until she came to my weak point (or should I say my hard point). She didn't seem to be in any hurry, but her lips and tongue were about to push me to the limit. Her tongue would slide up the shaft of my cock, around the crown, and then slip back down. She was taking all of me into her mouth and letting her teeth grind up and down my rod. I was so hot that I was thrusting at her in time to a beat that only I could hear. When I finally came, it was like the sudden unkinking of a garden hose. As quickly as I could come, however, she would lick and suck it up like a hungry kitten going after a warm saucer of cream.

I figured that it was now my turn to treat her, so, as she lay back, my mouth was already going to work. Her nipples reacted nicely to the touch of tongue. But I considered it my duty to repay her in full, so unwillingly I left those architectural wonders and meandered down to her beautiful blonde bush.

I lightly nipped at her labia before letting my tongue pass the outer threshold. The salty tang of her wetness drove me to a more fevered pitch. My tongue slashed at her till she was wiggling and squirming, unable to get away from her tormentor and not really wanting to. With one final lurch her back arched, and her cunt was overflowing with tangy liquid. Not to be outdone, I licked up every bit of her passion. We once again came into each other's arms. Her body was limp, and I let her rest against me. The light from the sign gave me a chance to see how Pete was doing. Pete had the single bed across the room, and when I caught sight of him, I was glad to see that he had a smile on his face. Debra was on top, straddling him while he drove into her with long, full strokes. Debra's eyes seemed glazed, and her mouth was open in a silent scream.

My thoughts were interrupted by a pair of legs hanging over the side of the upper bunk. The legs were followed by a very shapely ass, and then all of Kathy was standing before me. She suggested to Joanne that we switch partners, and since I had no arguments, Kathy lay down beside me and Joanne disappeared into the top bed.

"A match made in heaven," Kathy said.

She let her full weight lie on top of me, and for a few minutes we just lay there and kissed. It was taking me longer to recover from the last three ejaculations than I had anticipated. But with a bit of female encouragement, I got it up. My cock hardened and extended until it became lodged between the cheeks of her grippable ass.

I could tell that Kathy was aware of my erection because she was murmuring into my ear. "I want it from behind." This was definitely a night that I was going to remember for a long time. All of my sexual fantasies were being fulfilled.

We both got to our knees, and she presented to me that beautiful ass, and I just let my body slide over it. It was a temptation to stop and taste of its fruit, but the urge to sample her other treats was a bit stronger. I entered her slowly, savoring the sensations of her tight pussy. I reached around and gently grabbed a breast with each hand, rubbing the nipples between the thumb and forefinger. Kathy was beginning to move against

me, her sweat mingling with mine. Her hips were slapping me against my thighs. I let one hand slide down her body to fondle other parts of her lovely anatomy. My fingers found their way into her already occupied box. With some difficulty I worked them into a position where they could dandle her clitoris.

She was matching me stroke for stroke, and as her excitement grew, so did mine. I lost control, and with a final gasp I let go my wad at the same time that Kathy reached her own orgasmic conclusion. We both lay back exhausted. Again I searched the room, but I found that we were the only ones left. The others had silently slipped away. And now, after all I had been through, I felt as if I were going to fall asleep before Kathy could. The last thing that I remember of that more than memorable night was looking into Kathy's brown eyes as she got out of bed, a light kiss on the lips, and watching her splendid form disappear under her clothes and then out the door.

At 7:00 the next morning my alarm went off, and I, along with my returned roommates, got stiffly out of bed and headed for the chemistry building, where our test was to be held. We all felt the test was a breeze, and three days later when we got our grades, we found that we had all gotten *A*'s.

Now we are doing further tests to find out if our subsequent hypothesis was correct: sex, as a study aid, cannot be beat; sex stimulates the mind as well as the body. So far, our tests have shown that sex is in fact stimulating, but it might be many years before we make any breakthroughs.—*Name and address withheld*

The call of duty

I have been a police officer for six years. I have had many opportunities to engage in sexual activity while working, but I have abstained from doing so for professional reasons. As you know, for every rule there is an exception, and it is this exception that I would like to share with your readers.

I am an average male: six feet tall, 170 pounds, with average looks. I work what is normally called the graveyard shift, or midnight to eight. I am married to a wonderful woman, and we have two beautiful children. We were both virgins when we married each other and have been happy together, and I never considered cheating on my wife.

One evening, a hot summer night in July, I was dispatched to answer a suspicious-noises call at about 1:00 A.M. Upon arriving, I was told by a pretty woman about 28 that she heard strange noises in the basement and was afraid because her husband was out of town on a business trip. I checked the basement and found nothing. I went upstairs to speak to the complainant. I realized how beautiful she was. She was wearing a

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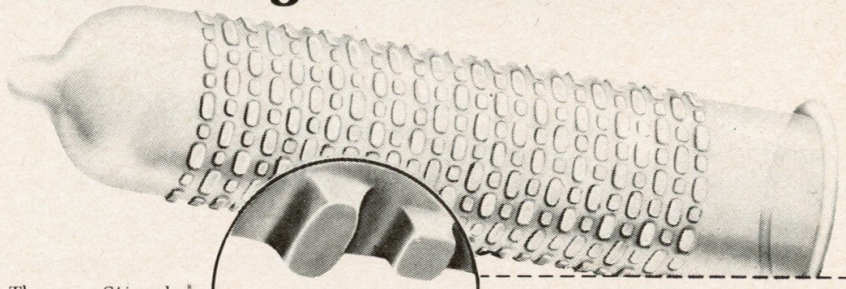

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COMING IN THE NOVEMBER PENTHOUSE

UPI UPI

CARTER VS REAGAN

Carter vs. Reagan—Once again it's presidential election time, and once again voters are being subjected to an elaborate media and political circus that manages to ignore and distort the reality of what the election means for the United States and for the world. In an important article, which every voter should read before making a choice, Craig S. Karpel examines the candidates, what they say they will do as opposed to what they really will do, what their records show about them, who their advisers are, and, most important, what kind of country we will be living in for the next four years.

The World According to Koko—At nine years of age, a gorilla named Koko is believed by some researchers to be the world's smartest living animal—in terms of her ability to think and understand and also because she is the first gorilla to have learned how to "talk." Writer Gary Hanauer visited Koko in her California home and, with the help of Koko's trainer, Penny Patterson, conducted a series of interviews with this extraordinary animal. Koko's thoughts on love, life, and death are more than just amusing curiosities—they have caused many observers to reconsider the idea that man is "special," that he somehow has privileges that other animals don't. As one expert said, "We're exploring new territory. Koko is at the cutting edge of science."

The Libertarian Difference—Once again the presidential election is dominated by the same establishment powers that have controlled this country for years. But this time an increasing number of angry citizens have been turning to a new, third force called the Libertarian party, which has been in existence only since 1972. As columnist Nicholas von Hoffman wrote: "For the overtaxed, overburdened, and underpowered millions of the American middle class, Libertarians are the only people worth voting for." November's *Penthouse* features an interview with Ed Clark, the Libertarian candidate for president, explaining how the Libertarians are different and why "the Libertarian party carries on the principles of the American Revolution—a civil-rights revolution."

George Jones—"Someday my day will come," sang George Jones in his husky whiskey voice in August 1978. But it seemed then as if his day had passed. One of the great country-western singers was playing roadside honky-tonks where his name shared equal billing with "Wednesday, beer 25¢" and was reportedly sleeping in his car. Nashville writer Dolly Carlisle records the rise, the fall, and the recovery of a singer who discovered that stardom isn't necessarily permanent.

Smokestack Lightning—The rock group Cakewalk was destined for oblivion until a slick promoter appeared willing to bankroll their climb to the top. Hungry for recognition, the group grabbed their chance, never thinking that Uneeda Management might have other reasons for helping them. In his first novel John Eskow takes us behind the scenes in the music business, where drugs, sex, and even blackmail are part of success.

white, translucent nightgown that clung to her body and revealed her nipples that were hard and protruding from underneath. While I was taking the information for my report, she brushed her breasts against my shoulder and I didn't know whether it had sexual overtones or was an accident. Feeling myself getting an erection and my pants noticeably bulging, I knew that I had to leave or I'd lose complete control. I left unrelieved.

At about 2:15 that morning I was dispatched once again to the same house on the same complaint. When I was greeted at the door by Misty, I immediately knew it wasn't necessary to check the basement for noises. This time Misty was wearing a black, see-through nightie exposing her large, firm, ivory breasts.

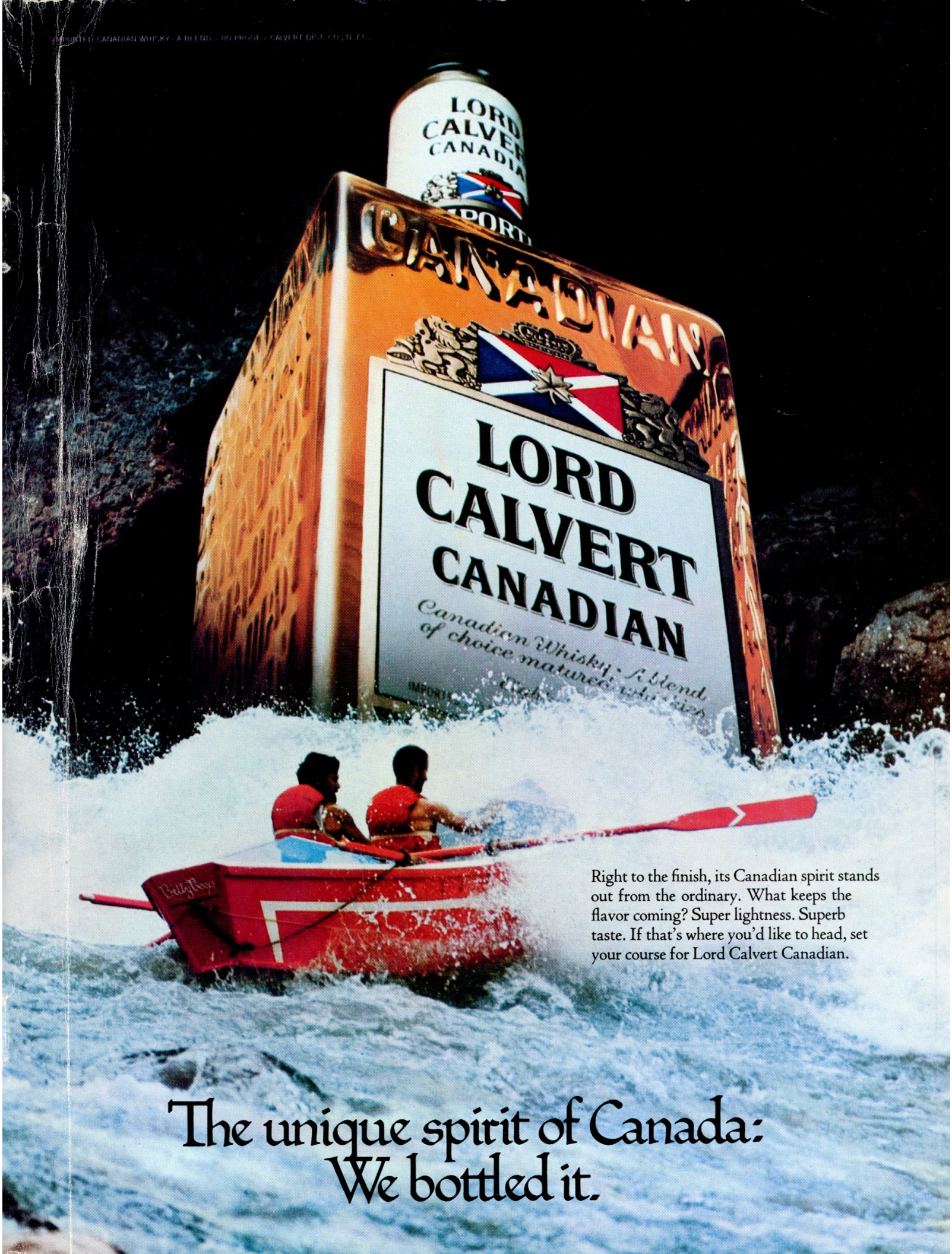
She said, "I called you back because of the familiar noises I heard while you were here." I facetiously asked, "What noises were those?" She answered, "The noises of lust." Without hesitation she reached for my crotch. She dropped to her knees and took out my already hard seven-inch cock. She took the swollen head of my big cock and licked it all around the red rim. With her tongue she worked her way down the shaft to my balls and licked the sensitive area of skin between my balls and ass hole.

In the bedroom she took off all my clothes and slipped off her nightie. We were immediately on the bed, forcing our tongues in each other's mouth. I moved slowly to her tits and sucked, nibbled, and licked. With my tongue I worked my way to her cunt, which was already dripping wet. Her juices ran down to her ass. Then I rammed my cock into that beautiful cunt. I was eating her cunt, and she was sucking my cock. She was finger-fucking my ass hole, and it felt strange and exciting at the same time. I could feel myself ready to explode, and I knew there was no way she was going to stop me.

Then I saw a man standing completely naked, jerking himself off, and he had what looked like a ten-inch cock. Misty yelled from the bed that it was her husband, and he liked to watch her make it with other men. She continued to apologize, and I turned to her and said, "Let's not disappoint him."

Misty had a better idea and suggested her husband join in. I was too horny to care; all I wanted was to fuck that cunt some more. Misty got on her hands and knees and took her husband in her mouth while I fucked her cunt from behind. What a turn-on it was to see her taking it in the mouth and cunt at once. We exploded at the same time, my load shooting into her cunt and Joe's in her ass.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 903, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.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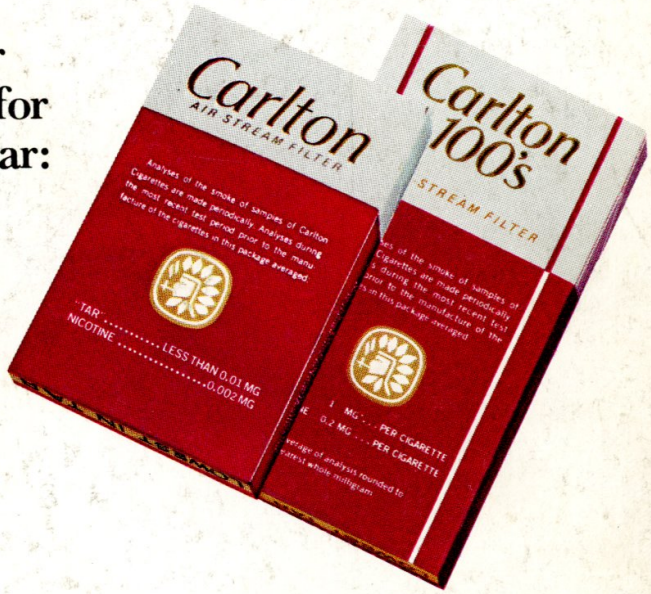

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